STYLE AND RHETORIC

AND

OTHER PAPERS

BY

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EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
MDCCCLXII

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PRINTED BY NEILL AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH

CONTENTS.

PREFATORY MEMORANDA.

I. Milton.—The sketch of Milton's life was written* to meet the hasty demand of a powerful association (then in full activity) for organizing a systematic movement towards the improvement of popular reading. The limitations, as regarded space, which this association found itself obliged to impose, put an end to all hopes that any opening could be found in this case for an improved life as regarded research into the facts, and the true interpretation of facts. These, though often scandalously false, scandalously misconstructed even where true in the *letter* of the narrative, and read by generations of biographers in an odious spirit of malignity to Milton, it was nevertheless a mere necessity, silently and acquiescingly, to adopt in a case where any noticeable change would call for a justification, and any adequate justification would call for much ampler space. Under these circumstances, finding myself cut off from one mode of ser-

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* I believe somewhere about twenty-nine years ago: a date which I deduce indirectly from a casual recollection that the composition of this little paper synchronized pretty exactly in its close with the commencement of the ever-memorable Bristol riots on occasion of Sir Charles Wetherell's official visit.

vice* to the suffering reputation of this greatest among men, it occurred, naturally, that I might imperfectly compensate that defect by service of the same character applied in a different direction. Facts, falsely stated or maliciously coloured, require, too frequently, elaborate details for their exposure: but transient opinions, or solemn judgments, or insinuations dexterously applied to openings made by vagueness of statement or laxity of language, it is possible oftentimes to face and dissipate instantaneously by a single word of seasonable distinction, or by a simple rectification of the logic. Sometimes a solitary whisper, suggesting a fact that had been overlooked, or a logical relation that had been wilfully darkened, is found sufficient for the triumphant overthrow of a scoff that has corroded Milton's memory for three† generations. Accident prevented me from doing much even in this line for the exposure of Milton's injuries: hereafter I hope to do more; but in the meantime I call the reader's attention to one such rectification applied by myself to the effectual prostration of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the worst enemy that Milton and his great cause have ever been called on to confront; the worst as regards undying malice: in which qualification for mischief Dr. Johnson

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* Which service, however, I have little doubt, will by this time have been much more adequately performed than I myself could hope to perform it, by Mr. Masson in his recent *Life of Milton*; founding my hopes, in this particular case, specially upon the very distinguished success which crowned his labours upon Chatterton; labours the same in kind, but in degree much more severe, as applied to more slender materials.

† *i.e.*, since Dr. Johnson gave utterance to that scoff.

was not at all behind the diabolical Lauder or the maniacal Curran; and the foremost by many degrees in talents and opportunities for giving effect to his malice. I will here expand the several steps in the process of the case, so that the least attentive of readers, or least logical, may understand in what mode and in what degree Dr. Johnson, hunting for a triumph, allowed himself to trespass across the frontiers of calumny and falsehood, and at the same time may understand how far my own exposure smashes the Doctor's attempt in the shell

Dr. Johnson is pursuing the narrative of Milton's travels in Italy; and he has arrived at that point where Milton, then in the south of that peninsula, and designing to go forward into Greece, Egypt, and Syria, is suddenly arrested by great tidings from England so great, indeed, that in Milton's ear, who well knew to what issue the public disputes were tending, these tidings must have sounded revolutionary The king was preparing a second military expedition against Scotland; that is against Scotland as the bulwark of an odious anti-episcopal church It was notorious that the English aristocracy by a very large section, and much of the English nation upon motives variously combined, some on religious grounds, some on political, could not be relied on for any effectual support in a war having such objects, and opening so many occasions for diverting the national arms to popular purposes It was pretty well known also, that dreadful pecuniary embarrassments would at last *compel* the king to summon, in right earnest, such a Parliament as would no longer be manageable, but would in

the very first week of its meeting find a security against a sudden dissolution. Using its present advantages prudently, any Parliament would *now* bring the king virtually upon his knees: and the issue must be—ample concession on the king's part to claimants now become national, or else *Revolution and Civil War* At such a time, and with such prospects, what honest patriot could have endured to absent himself, and under no more substantial excuse than a transient gratification to his classical and archæological tastes?—tastes liberal and honourable beyond a doubt, but not of a rank to interfere with more solemn duties. This change in his prospects, and consequently in his duties, was painful enough, we may be sure, to Milton but with *his* principles, and his deep self-denying sense of duty, there seemed no room for question or hesitation · and already at *this* point, before they go a step further, all readers capable of measuring the disappointment, or of appreciating the temper in which such a self-conquest must have been achieved, will sympathize heroically with Milton's victorious resistance to a temptation so specially framed as a snare for *him*, and at the same time will sympathize fraternally with Milton's bitter suffering of self-sacrifice as to all that formed the sting of that temptation. Such is the spirit in which many a noble heart, that may be far from approving Milton's politics, will read this secret Miltonic struggle more than two hundred years after all is over. Such is *not* the spirit (as we shall now see) in which it has been read by falsehood and malice.

2. But before coming to *that*, there is a sort of paren-

thesis of introduction. Dr. Johnson summons us all not to suffer any veneration for Milton to intercept our merriment at what, according to *his* version of the story, Milton is now doing I therefore, on *my* part, call on the reader to observe that in Dr. Johnson's opinion, if a great man, the glory of his race, should happen through human frailty to suffer a momentary eclipse of his grandeur, the proper and becoming utterance of our impressions as to such a collapse would not be by silence and sadness, but by vulgar yells of merriment. The Doctor is anxious that we should not in any case moderate our laughter under any remembrance of *who* it is that we are laughing at.

3. Well, having stated this little item in the Johnson creed, I am not meditating any waste of time in discussing it, especially because the case which the Doctor's maxim contemplates is altogether imaginary. The case in which he recommended unrestrained laughter, was a case of "great promises and small performances" Where then does Dr. Sam. show us such a case? Is it in any part or section of Milton's Italian experience? Logically it ought to be so, because else what relation can it bear to any subject which the Doctor has brought before us? But in anything that Milton on this occasion, or on any occasion whatever connected with the sacrifice of his Greek, Egyptian, or Syrian projects, either said or did, there is no promise at all, small or great. And as to any relation between the supposed promise and the subsequent performance, as though the one were incommensurable to the other, doubtless many are the incommensurable quantities known to mathematicians,

but I conceive that the geometry which measures their relations, where the promise was never made and the performance never contemplated, must be lost and hid away in secret chambers of moonshine beyond the "recuperative" powers (Johnsonically speaking) of Apollonius himself. Milton made no promises at all, consequently could not break any And to represent him for a purpose of blame and ridicule, as doing either *this* or *that*, is malice at any rate, too much, I fear, is wilful, conscious, deliberate falsehood.

4 What was it then which Milton did in Italy, as to which I never heard of his glorying, though most fervently he was entitled to glory? Knowing that in a land which is passing through stages of political renovation, of searching purification, and of all which we now understand by the term *revolution*, golden occasions offer themselves unexpectedly for suggesting golden enlargements or revisions of abuses else overlooked, but that, when the wax has hardened, the opening is lost, so that great interests may depend upon the actual presence of some individual reformer, and that his absence may operate injuriously through long generations, he wisely resolved (though saying little about the enormous sacrifice which this entailed) to be present as soon as the great crucible was likely to be in active operation. And the sacrifice which he made, for this great series of watching opportunities which so memorably he afterwards improved, was—that he renounced the heavenly spectacle of the Ægean Sea and its sunny groups of islands, renounced the sight of Attica, of the Theban

districts, of the Morea; next of that ancient river Nile, the river of Pharaoh and Moses, of the Pyramids, and the hundred-gated Thebes; finally, he renounced the land of Syria, much of which was then doubtless unsafe for a Frank of any religion, and for a Christian of any nation. But he might have travelled in one district of Syria, viz, Palestine, which for him had paramount attractions All these objects of commanding interest to any profound scholar, Greece, the Grecian isles, Egypt, and Palestine, he surrendered to his sense of duty, not by any promise or engagement, but by the *act* then and there of turning his face homewards; well aware at the time that his chance was small indeed, under his peculiar prospects, of ever recovering his lost chance He did not promise any sacrifice Who was then in Italy to whom he could rationally have confided such an engagement? He *made* the sacrifice without a word of promise. So much for Dr Johnson's "small performance"

5 But supposing that there *had* been any words uttered by Milton, authorizing great expectations of what he would do in the way of patriotic service, where is the proof that the very largest promises conceivable, interpreted (as they ought to have been) by the known circumstances of Milton's social position, were not realized in vast over-measure? I contend that even the various polemic works, which Milton

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– *Polemic:* The reader ought to be aware that this word, though commonly restricted through pure ignorance to controversial *theology*, is not properly subject to any such limitation what is hostile is unconditionally polemic.

published through the next twenty years; for instance, his new views on Education, on Freedom of the Press, to some extent, also, his Apology for Tyrannicide, but above all his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, against the most insolent, and in this particular case, the most *ignorant* champion that literary Christendom could have selected,—that immortal Apology for England,

"Whereof all Europe rang from side to side."

Had this been all, he would have redeemed in the noblest manner any promises that he *could* have made, not to repeat that he made none But there is a deeper knavery in Dr Johnson than simply what shows itself thus far. One word remains to be said on another aspect of the case.

6. Thus far we see the Doctor fastening upon Milton a forged engagement, for the one sole purpose of showing that the responsibility thus contracted was ludicrously betrayed. Now let us understand *how*. Supposing Milton to have done what the Doctor vaguely asserts, *i e*, to have promised that, during the coming revolutionary struggle in his country, he would himself do something to make this struggle grand or serviceable,—how was it, where was it, when was it, that he brought his vow to an inglorious solution, to the Horatian solution of *Parturiunt Montes*, &c? Dr Johnson would apparently have thought it a most appropriate and heroic solution, if Milton had made himself a major in the Lobsters of Sir Arthur Hazilrigg,

† *Lobsters* A cavalry regiment (so called from their scarlet uniform) raised and commanded by Sir Arthur for the Parliament.

or among the Ironsides of Cromwell. But, on the contrary, he made himself (*risum teneatis?*) a schoolmaster Dr Johnson (himself a schoolmaster at one time), if he had possessed any sense of true dignity, would have recollected and said secretly to himself, *de te fabula narratur*, and would have abhorred to throw out lures to a mocking audience, when he himself lurked under the mask offered to public banter On this, however, I do not pause; neither do I pause upon a question so entirely childish, as whether Milton ever was, in any legal sense, clothed with the character of schoolmaster? I refuse even, out of reverential sympathy with that majestic mind that would have made Milton refuse, to insist upon the fact that, even under this most puerile assault upon his social rank, Milton did really (by making himself secretary to Cromwell) rise into something very like the official station of Foreign Secretary All this I blow away to the four winds I am now investigating the sincerity and honesty of Dr. Johnson under a trying temptation from malice that cannot be expressed nor measured He had bound himself to bring out Samson blind and amongst enemies to make sport for the Philistines at Gaza And the sport was to lie in the collision between a mighty promise and a miserable performance What the Doctor tells us, therefore, in support of this allegation, is, that somewhere or other Milton announced a magnificent display of patriotism at some time and in some place, but that when he reached London all this pomp of preparation evanesced in his opening a private boarding-school

Upon this I have one question to propound; and I will make it more impressive and perhaps intelligible by going back into history, and searching about for a great man, as to whom the same question may be put with more effect Most of us think that Hannibal was a great man; and amongst distinguished people of letters, my own contemporaries, when any accident has suggested a comparison amongst the intellectual leaders of antiquity, I have noted that a very large majority (two-thirds I should say against one) gave a most cordial vote for the supremacy of this one-eyed Carthaginian. Well, this man was once a boy, and, when not more than nine years old, he was solemnly led by his father to the blazing altar of some fierce avenging deity [Moloch perhaps] such as his compatriots worshipped, and by all the sanctities that ever he had heard of, the boy was pledged and sacramentally bound to an undying hatred and persecution of the Romans And most people are of opinion that he, the man who fought with no backer but a travelling* earthquake at Lake Thrasymene, and subsequently at Cannæ left 50,000 Romans on the ground, and for seventeen years took his pleasure in Italy, pretty well redeemed his vow.

Now let us suppose (and it is no extravagant supposition

* A feat, however, which our Sir Robert Sale found it possible to repeat at Jellalabad in 1842, and under this important disadvantage—that our earthquake made no pretence to equity or neutrality, but most unfairly sided with Akbar Khan and his Affghans, whereas Hannibal's struck out right and left, and scattered its favours *slantindicularly* [to speak after Cousin Jonathan] through both armies

even for those days) that some secretary, a slave in the house of Amilcar, had kept a Boswellian record of Hannibal's words and acts from childhood upwards Naturally there would have been a fine *illustration* (such as the age allowed) of the great vow at the altar. All readers in after times, arrested and impressed by the scene, would inquire for its sequel did *that* correspond? If amongst these readers there were a Samuel Johnson, he would turn over a page or two, so as to advance by a few months, and there he might possibly find a commemoration of some festival or carousing party, in which the too faithful and literal secretary had recorded that the young *malek* Hannibal had insisted angrily on having at dinner beefsteaks and oyster-sauce—a dish naturally imported by the Phœnician sailors from the Cassiterides of Cornwall. Then would rise Sam in his glory, and turning back to the vow would insist that *this* was its fulfilment Others would seek it on Mount St Bernard, on the line of the Apennines, on the deadly field of Cannæ, but Sam would read thus: Suffer not your veneration to intercept your just and reasonable mockery. Our great prince vows eternal hatred to the enemies of his country, and he redeems his vow by eating a beefsteak with a British accompaniment of oyster-sauce

The same question arises severally in the Milton and the Hannibal case—What relation, unless for the false fleeting eye of malice, has the act or the occasion indicated to the supposed solemnity of the vow alleged? Show us the logic which approximates the passages in either life

I fear that at this point any plain man of simple integ-

ity will feel himself disconcerted as in some mystification purposely framed to perplex him. "Let me understand," he will say, "if a man draws a bill payable in twenty years after date, how is he liable to be called upon for payment at a term far within its legal *curriculum?*" Precisely so: the very excess of the knavery avails to conceal it. Hannibal confessedly had pledged himself to a certain result, whereas Milton had *not;* and to that extent Hannibal's case was the weaker. But assume for the moment that both stand on the same footing. Each is supposed to have guaranteed some great event upon the confidence which he has in his own great powers. But, of course, he understands that until the full development of those powers on which exclusively he relies, he does not come within the peril of his own obligation. And this being a postulate of mere natural justice, I contend that there was no more relation, such as could have duped Dr. Johnson for a moment, between any supposable promise of Milton's in Italy and that particular week in which he undertook the training of his youthful nephews (or, if it soothes the rancour of Dr. Johnson to say so, in which he opened a boarding-school), than between Hannibal at the altar and the same Hannibal dining on a beefsteak. From all the days of Milton's life, carefully to pick out that one on which only Milton did what Sam implicitly thinks a mean "low-lived" action, is a knavery that could not have gone undetected had the case been argued at bar by counsel. It was base, it must have been base, to enter on the trade of schoolmaster; for, as Ancient Pistol, that great moralist, teaches us, "base is

the man that pays," and Milton probably had no other durable resource for paying. But still, however vile in Milton, this does not at all mend the logic of the Doctor in singling out that day or week from the thousands through which Milton lived

Dr. Johnson wished to go further, but he was pulled up by an ugly remembrance In earlier years the desperation of malice had led him into a perilous participation in Lauder's atrocities, by haste and by leaps as desperate as the offence, on that occasion he escaped; but hardly. and I believe, much as the oblivions of time and such escapes by obliterating the traces or the meanings of action, and the coherences of oral evidence, that even yet by following the guidance of Dr Douglas (the unmasker of the leading criminal), some discoveries might be made as to Johnson's co-operation

But in writing *The Lives of the Poets*, one of the Doctor's latest works, he had learned caution Malice, he found, was not always safe, and it might sometimes be costly. Still there was plenty of game to be had without too much risk And the Doctor, prompted by the fiend, resolved to "take a shy," before parting, at the most consecrated of Milton's creations It really vexes me to notice this second case at all in a situation where I have left myself so little room for unmasking its hollowness But a whisper is enough if it reaches a watchful ear. What, then, is the supreme jewel which Milton has bequeathed to us? Nobody can doubt that it is *Paradise Lost.*[*]

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[*] Not meaning, however, as so many people do, insolently to gainsay the verdict of Milton himself, with whom for my own part, λ.—b

Into this great *chef-d'œuvre* of Milton, it was no doubt Johnson's secret determination to send a telling shot at parting. He would lodge a little *gage d'inimitié*, a farewell pledge of hatred, a trifling token (trifling, but such things

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making the distinctions that *he* would make, I have always coincided. The poet himself is often the best critic on his own works, and in this case Milton expressed with some warmth, and perhaps scorn, his preference of the *Paradise Regained*. Doubtless what disgusted him naturally enough was, that too often he found the disparagers of the one Paradise quite as guiltless of all real acquaintance with it as were the *prôneurs* of the other. Else the distribution of merits is apparently this: in the later poem the execution is more highly finished, or, at least, partially so. In the elder and larger poem, the scenical opportunities are more colossal and more various. Heaven opening to eject her rebellious children, the unvoyageable depths of ancient Chaos, with its "anarch old" and its eternal war of wrecks, these traversed by that great leading angel that drew after him the third part of the heavenly host, earliest paradise dawning upon the warrior-angel out of this far-distant "sea without shore" of chaos, the dreadful phantoms of sin and death, prompted by secret sympathy, and snuffing the distant scent of "mortal change on earth," chasing the steps of their great progenitor and sultan, finally the heart-freezing visions, shown and narrated to Adam of human misery, through vast successions of shadowy generations, all these scenical opportunities offered in the *Paradise Lost* become in the hands of the mighty artist elements of undying grandeur not matched on earth. The compass being so much narrower in the *Paradise Regained*, if no other reason operated, inevitably the splendours are sown more thinly. But the great vision of the temptation, the banquet in the wilderness, the wilderness itself, the terrific pathos of the ruined archangel's speech—*'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate*, &c. (the effect of which, when connected with the stern unpitying answer, is painfully to shock the reader), all these proclaim the ancient skill and the ancient power. And, as regards the skill naturally brightened by long practice, that succession of great friezes which the archangel unrolls in the pictures of Athens, Rome, and Parthia, besides their native and intrinsic beauty, have an unrivalled beauty of position through the reflex illustration which reciprocally they give and receive.

are not estimated in money) of his eternal malice Milton's admirers might divide it among themselves; and, if it should happen to fester and rankle in their hearts, so much the better, they were heartily welcome to the poison · not a jot would he deduct for himself if a thousand times greater. O Sam ! kill us not with munificence But now, as I must close within a minute or so, what *is* that pretty souvenir of gracious detestation with which our friend took his leave ? The *Paradise Lost*, said he, in effect, is a wonderful work; wonderful, grand beyond all estimate, sublime to a fault But—well, go on; we are all listening. But—I grieve to say it, wearisome. It creates a world of admiration (*one* world, take notice); but—oh, that I, senior offshoot from the house of Malagrowthers, should live to say it !—ten worlds of *ennui* · one world of astonishment; ten worlds of *tædium vitæ.* Half and half might be tolerated—it is often tolerated by the bibulous and others, but one against ten ? No, no !

This, then, was the farewell blessing which Dr Johnson bestowed upon the *Paradise Lost* · what is my reply ? The poem, it seems, is wearisome, Edmund Waller called it *dull* A man, it is alleged by Dr. Johnson, opens the volume; reads a page or two with feelings allied to awe · next he finds himself rather jaded · then sleepy, naturally shuts up the book; and forgets ever to take it down again. Now, when any work of human art is impeached as wearisome, the first reply is—wearisome to *whom?* For it so happens that nothing exists, absolutely nothing, which is not at some time, and to some person, wearisome or even

potentially disgusting. There is no exception for the works of God "Man delights not me, nor woman either," is the sigh which breathes from the morbid misanthropy of the gloomy but philosophic Hamlet. Weariness, moreover, and even sleepiness, is the natural reaction of awe or of feelings too highly strung; and this reaction in some degree proves the sincerity of the previous awe In cases of that class, where the impressions of sympathetic veneration have been really unaffected, but carried too far, the mistake is— to have read too much at a time. But these are exceptional cases: to the great majority of readers the poem is wearisome through mere vulgarity and helpless imbecility of mind; not from overstrained excitement, but from pure defect in the *capacity* for excitement And a moment's reflection at this point lays bare to us the malignity of Dr Johnson. The logic of that malignity is simply this: that he applies to Milton, as if separately and specially true of *him*, a rule abstracted from human experience spread over the total field of civilisation All nations are here on a level Not a hundredth part of their populations is capable of any unaffected sympathy with what is truly great in sculpture, in painting, in music, and by a transcendent necessity in the supreme of Fine Arts—Poetry. To be popular in any but a meagre comparative sense as an artist of whatsoever class, is to be *confessedly* a condescender to human infirmities And as to the test which Dr Johnson, by implication, proposes as trying the merits of Milton in his greatest work, viz., the degree in which it was read, the Doctor knew pretty well, and when by accident he did

not, was inexcusable for neglecting to inquire, that by the same test all the great classical works of past ages, Pagan or Christian, might be branded with the mark of suspicion as works that had failed of their paramount purpose, viz, a deep control over the modes of thinking and feeling in each successive generation Were it not for the continued succession of academic students having a contingent *mercenary* interest in many of the great authors surviving from the wrecks of time, scarcely one edition of fresh copies would be called for in each period of fifty years And as to the arts of sculpture and painting, were the great monuments in the former art, those, I mean, inherited from Greece, such as the groups, &c, scattered through Italian mansions, the Venus, the Apollo, the Hercules, the Faun, the Gladiator, and the marbles in the British Museum, purchased by the Government from the late Lord Elgin,—stripped of their metropolitan advantages, and left to their own unaided attraction in some provincial town, they would not avail to keep the requisite officers of any establishment for housing them in salt and tobacco. We may judge of this by the records left behind by Benjamin Haydon, of the difficulty which *he* found in simply upholding their value as wrecks of the Phidian æra The same law asserts itself everywhere. What is *ideally* grand lies beyond the region of ordinary*

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* In candour I must add—*if uncultured* This will suggest a great addition to the one in a hundred whom I have supposed capable of sympathy with the higher class of models For the majority of men have had no advantages, no training, no discipline How extravagantly unjust, therefore, in the same Benjamin Haydon, whom I have just cited as a witness on *my* side, when he furiously denounces

human sympathies, which must, by a mere instinct of good sense, seek out objects more congenial and upon their own level. One answer to Johnson's killing shot, as he kindly meant it, is, that our brother is not dead but sleeping. Regularly as the coming generations unfold their vast processions, regularly as these processions move forward upon the impulse and summons of a nobler music, regularly as the dormant powers and sensibilities of the intellect in the working man are more and more developed, the *Paradise Lost* will be called for more and more: less and less continually will there be any reason to complain that the immortal book, being once restored to its place, is left to slumber for a generation. So far as regards the Time which is coming; but Dr. Johnson's insulting farewell was an arrow feathered to meet the Past and Present We may

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the mob of mechanics and day-labourers in London rushing carelessly past the exhibition room of a great painting by himself, and paying their sixpences by bushels to see Tom Thumb I have seen Haydon's ignoble and most unjust complaint echoed by multitudes. But this was a mob of pleasure-seekers in Easter week poor fellows, with horny hands, in quest most rightfully of something to refresh and ventilate their bodily systems scorched by the eternal fever of unresting days and nights agitated by care. Anything on earth, anything whatever that would unchain the poor galley-slave's wrists from his everlasting oar! And, as to the oil-painting, surely the fields and the Easter flowers would be better than that. Haydon forgot that these poor fellows had never had their natural sensibilities called forth or educated. Amongst them, after all, might lurk a man or two that, *having* such advantages, would have eclipsed even Haydon And besides, Haydon forgot that *his* exhibition not only cost a shilling, but would not allow of any uproarious jollification such as most of us like (none more than Haydon) after a long confinement to labour.

be glad at any rate that the supposed neglect is not a wrong which Milton does, but which Milton suffers. Yet that Dr Johnson should have pretended to think the case in any special way affecting the reputation or latent powers of Milton,—Dr. Johnson, that knew the fates of Books, and had seen by moonlight, in the Bodleian, the ghostly array of innumerable books long since departed as regards all human interest or knowledge—a review like that in Béranger's Dream of the First Napoleon at St Helena, reviewing the buried forms from Austerlitz or Borodino, horses and men, trumpets and eagles, all phantom delusions, vanishing as the eternal dawn returned,—might have seemed incredible except to one who knew the immortality of malice,—that for a moment Dr. Johnson supposed himself seated on the tribunal in the character of judge, and that Milton was in fancy placed before him at the bar,—

"Quem si non aliquà nocuisset, mortuus esset"

II STYLE —Amongst the vicarious modes of Publication resorted to by the Ancients in default of the Printing-Press, I have forgotten to mention the Roman Recitations in the Porticos of Baths, &c.

THE INCOGNITO; OR COUNT FITZ-HUM

PREFATORY EXPLANATION WRITTEN ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN THIS LITTLE SKETCH WAS FIRST PUBLISHED.

[THE following Tale is translated from the German of Dr. Schulze, a living* author of great popularity, not known at all under that name, but under the *nom-de-plume* of Friederich Laun. A judicious selection (well translated) from the immense body of his tales and *schwatze* would have a triple claim on public attention: *first*, as reflecting in a lively way the general aspect of German domestic life among the middle ranks: *secondly*, as pretty faithful reflexes of German tastes and propensities amongst the most *numerous* class of readers; no writer, except Kotzebue, having dedicated his exertions with more success to the one paramount purpose of meeting the popular taste, and adapting himself to the immediate demands of the market: *thirdly*, as possessing considerable intrinsic merit in the lighter department of comic tales. On this point, and effectually to guard the reader against disappointment from seeking for more than was ever designed, I will say all that needs to be said in a single brief sentence; the tales of Dr. Schulze have exactly that merit, and pretend to that merit, neither more nor less, which we look for in a clever one-act dramatic

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* "*Living*." He certainly *was* living, when I wrote this little passage. But it may make all the difference in the world to the doctor, as also to the doctor's creditors, that the entire notice (consequently that particular word *living*) was written by me in the year 1823.

after-piece; viz., the very slightest basis of incident; a few grotesque or laughable situations; a playful style; and an airy, *sketchy* mode of catching such fugitive revelations, in manners or in character, as are best suited to a comic treatment. The unelaborate narratives of Laun are mines of what is called *Fun*, which in its way, even when German fun, is no bad thing. To apply any more elaborate criticism to them, would be "to break a fly upon the wheel."]

The Town-Council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received), which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one half. At length the chief burgomaster arose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, or (as he was more frequently styled) that worthy mace, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed they were divided on every point except one; and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the pannels of the door outside. What presumption is this? exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on open-

able, it will be proper in that case to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own, Herr Pig, is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honour of the new sovereign's first visit, and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all Germany turned upon you."

"Doubtless, most important intelligence!" said the chairman. "but who is your correspondent?"

"The old and eminent house of Wassermuller, and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay"

"To be sure, to be sure; and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service"

So said all the rest, for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old traditional fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favour. To make the best use of such an opportunity, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house Some drawback, undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig in his next sentence made known that he must be paid for his loyalty However there was no remedy, and his demands were acceded to For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read, at least when read by Pig himself

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "treason!" was raised by a member, and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind

an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant impalement), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, at the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the Commissioner, which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the Commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner, in one half hour let each and all be at work and at work let them continue all day and all night"

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them both out of the room

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the Commissioner went on "And let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the — —"

"The fiddle-stick end, Mr Pig I insist upon knowing what all this is about"

"No matter what, my darling *Sic volo, sic jubeo; stet pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr Commissioner Matters are at length come to a crisis You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife Hear then my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison

roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, this haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr Commissioner Pig, the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before his "passions" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale, for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the Commissioner's news Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals But still, on such occasions, the Commissioner would exclaim· What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former. peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long

ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of visionary politicians.* Pure hypochondriacal fiction! says he. No such affair ever could have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters: they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once, none whatever. Such being the character of the Commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal, amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster, and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The Commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied, it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council table upon a false alarm. Upon my honour, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics." The Commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples, for in rushed a breathless messen-

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* This seeming extravagance might have pleaded its own counterpart in Liverpool. Mr Koster, a gold-merchant in that great town, never to his dying day would hear of any pretended battle at Talavera in the year 1809. Through Southey's introduction I myself formed his acquaintance, and though I found him (as the reader will suppose) by intermitting fits crotchety and splenetically eccentric, no man could refuse his deference to Mr. Koster's intellectual pretensions. I may add, that he was pre-eminently hospitable, and full of friendly services. But, as to Talavera, really you must excuse him.

ger to announce that the blue landau and the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes; Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here; not coming, but come, and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-théâtre*, on the side of the true believers: the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epistolicum* was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy, not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire, something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon? before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room, before the——" At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door: a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy: the steps were audibly let down; and the Commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately in order to do the honours of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum: "for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!" So saying, he stretched out his hand to the Commissioner; and, though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The Commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the Count would not hear of it "Affection to my person," said he, "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you, but for this night at least, I beseech you, let us forget it" And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that those dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—"Ah! what?" said the Count, gaily; "my dear Commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these." Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage Nothing came amiss to him: everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet, which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day, and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and loyal affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose, was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies, and for this one night he notified his pleasure, that no other company should be invited Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library The Count Fitz-

Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air—at the same time bowing to the ladies who sat on his right and left hand, and saying,—"Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?" At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the Commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honour and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbre* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax, that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears such as tender fathers shed," had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the Commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honoured by a long private interview with the Count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host.

Upon this Pig wept copiously: and, upon retiring, being immediately honoured by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his Highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had

once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation By this time it was universally known throughout the city *who* was sleeping at the Commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute The drums awoke the Count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window, bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "*Vivat Serenissimus!*" ascended from the mob, amongst whom the Count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below, that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list, or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labour of love like the present. The Count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Horn, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of being *aguerris* The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words "early promotion," and "order of merit" In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and deep premeditation were required, a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art

property of perishableness, if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe soles The hairdressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands, confining themselves to the request that, for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed upon every man who presumed to wear his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations: a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail stones were scandalously degenerating from their ancestors of the last generation The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price, which was a base insinuation, all they wished for being that they might diminish their loaves in size, and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite: "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles To the bakers succeeded the projectors, the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his Highness would "lend him a thousand pounds" The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press, and abolition of the law of libel.

The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a Prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none Here, then, was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the Commissioner and his wife, but an explanation was soon given, which, however, did but explain one riddle by another The Count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage State policy, he was aware, opposed such connexions; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort, and he requested that with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honour was too much for the Commissioner, he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar Here he imbibed fresh courage, and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the Count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz, in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent· upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company who witnessed it had the honour of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the Commissioner's gate. A special messenger with despatches, no doubt, said the Count, and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box, and from a great body of papers which he said were "*merely*

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petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the Count a "despatch from the Privy Council." The Count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs

"No, no! none of any importance," said the Count, with great suavity, "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr Pig, aloud, "nothing *more*!" said Mr Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth—"

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion; a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! I should think so, and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of—"

"Oh, my dear sir," interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, "make yourself easy; nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigour and well-placed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital; to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field, so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride *without a moment's delay, for I would* not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient"

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door; the Count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride, uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were

the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the Commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stept into the carriage, and in a few moments "the blue landau," together with "the superb whiskers" had rolled back through the city gates to their old original home.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, the "rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town, and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary With respect to the marriage, all parties (fathers especially, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene Highness was a great fool, but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man Meantime, the Commissioner presented his accounts to the council, they were of startling amount, and, although *prompt payment* seemed the *most prudent course* toward the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly, the Commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum* On returning home, the Commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax, this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe, besides, *carte blanche*—simple as it looks—is a profound diplomatic phrase, implying permission to dictate your own stipulations on a wide champaign acreage of white paper, not hedged in right and left by rascally conditions, not intersected by fences that cut up all freedom of motion." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette,

and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime, the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the Commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion, and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs; and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following disclosures:—

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough town not a hundred miles from the little river P— On the accession of our present gracious sovereign, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late Highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new prince. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W— and Co, he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who had betted largely against him This agent bore the name of Von Hoax, and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well, what follows, however, is still better Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr Von H, and

had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed that in connexion with his scheme for winning the wager Fitz-Hum should attempt another, more interesting to them both; in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr Commissioner P—, the father of his mistress; and the result is that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains however to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper. However, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his Serene Highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town of P— for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they *would* kiss his hand, was it for a humble individual of no pretensions whatever arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse their homage, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always listened and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but when the narrator came to

the final article of the "rebellion" (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general combination amongst his creditors for arresting his person), the *good-natured prince laughed immoderately*, and it became easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favour to Von H, could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was, that upon learning the total suppression of the insurrection, he drowned all his scruples for a second and a final time.

The town of M— has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject Dr. B—, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered five hundred dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court-physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, "That he will not consider himself bound by his promise, seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would beggar him to pay for them at any such rate." With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c, they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment that he well deserved to have been a true one.

RHETORIC.[1]

No art cultivated by man has suffered more in the revolutions of taste and opinion than the art of rhetoric. There was a time when, by an undue extension of the term, it designated the whole cycle of accomplishments which prepared a man for public affairs From that height it has descended to a level with the arts of alchemy and astrology, as holding out promises which consist in a mixed degree of impostures wherever its pretensions happened to be weighty, and of trifles wherever they happened to be true If we look into the prevailing theory of rhetoric, under which it meets with so degrading an estimate, we shall find that it fluctuates between two different conceptions, according to one of which it is an art of ostentatious ornament, and according to the other an art of sophistry A man is held to play the rhetorician, when he treats a subject with more than usual gaiety of ornament, and perhaps we may add, as an essential element in the idea, with *conscious* ornament This is one view of rhetoric, and under this what it accomplishes is not so much to persuade as to delight, not so much to win the assent, as to stimulate the attention and captivate the taste And even this purpose is attached to something separable and accidental in the *manner*.

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[1] Suggested as an excursive review by Whately's *Elements of Rhetoric*

But the other idea of rhetoric lays its foundation in something essential to the *matter*. This is that rhetoric of which Milton spoke, as able "to dash maturest counsels, and to make the worse appear the better reason." Now it is clear that *argument* of some quality or other must be taken as the principle of this rhetoric: for those must be immature counsels indeed that could be dashed by *mere* embellishments of manner, or by artifices of diction and arrangement.

Here then we have in popular use two separate ideas of rhetoric, one of which is occupied with the general end of the fine arts, that is to say, intellectual pleasure. The other applies itself more specifically to a definite purpose of utility, viz, fraud

Such is the popular idea of rhetoric, which wants both unity and precision. If we seek these from the formal teachers of rhetoric, our embarrassment is not much relieved. All of them agree that rhetoric may be defined *the art of persuasion*. But if we inquire what *is* persuasion, we find them vague and indefinite or even contradictory. To waive a thousand of others, Dr. Whately, in the work before us, insists upon the *conviction* of the understanding as "an essential part of persuasion," and, on the other hand, the author of the *Philosophy of Rhetoric* is equally satisfied that there is no persuasion without an appeal to the *passions*. Here are two views. We, for our parts, have a third which excludes both: where conviction begins, the field of rhetoric ends; that is our opinion: and, as to the passions, we contend that they are not within the province of rhetoric but of eloquence

In this view of rhetoric and its functions we coincide with Aristotle, as indeed originally we took it up on a suggestion derived from him But as all parties may possibly fancy a confirmation of their views in Aristotle, we

will say a word or two in support of our own interpretation of that author, which will surprise our Oxford friends Our explanation involves* a very remarkable detection, which will tax many thousands of books with error in a particular point supposed to be as well established as the hills. We question, indeed, whether any fulminating powder, descending upon the schools of Oxford, would cause more consternation than the explosion of that novelty which we are going to discharge.

Many years ago, when studying the Aristotelian rhetoric at Oxford, it struck us that, by whatever name Aristotle might describe the main purpose of rhetoric, practically, at least, in his own treatment of it, he threw the whole stress upon finding such arguments for any given thesis as, without positively proving or disproving it, should give it a colourable support It could not be by accident that the topics, or general heads of argument, were never in an absolute and unconditional sense true. but contained so much of plausible or colourable truth as is expressed in the original meaning of the word *probable* A *ratio probabilis*, in the Latin use of the word *probabilis*, is that ground of assent—not which the understanding can solemnly approve and abide by—but the very opposite to this, one which it can submit to for a moment, and countenance as within the limits of the plausible That this was the real governing law of Aristotle's procedure it was not possible to doubt: but was it consciously known to himself? If so, how was it to be reconciled with his own formal account of the office of rhetoric, so often repeated, that it consisted in finding enthymemes? What then was an enthymeme?

* It is ludicrous to see the perplexity of some translators and commentators of the Rhetoric, who, having read it under a false point of view, labour to defend it on that footing On its real footing it needs no defence

Oxford! thou wilt think us mad to ask. Certainly we knew, what all the world knows, that an enthymeme was understood to be a syllogism of which one proposition is suppressed—major, minor, or conclusion. But what possible relation had *that* to rhetoric? Nature sufficiently prompts all men to that sort of ellipsis, and what impertinence in a teacher to build his whole system upon a solemn precept to do this or that, when the rack would not have forced any man to do otherwise! Besides, Aristotle had represented it as the fault of former systems, that they applied themselves exclusively to the treatment of the passions—an object foreign to the purpose of the rhetorician, who, in some situations, is absolutely forbidden by law to use any such arts whereas, says he, his true and universal weapon is the enthymeme, which is open to him everywhere Now what opposition, or what relation of any kind, can be imagined between the system which he rejects and the one he adopts, if the enthymeme is to be understood as it usually has been? The rhetorician is not to address the passions, but—what? to mind that in all his arguments he suppresses one of his propositions! And these follies are put into the mouth of Aristotle!

In this perplexity a learned Scottish friend* communicated to us an Essay of Facciolati's, read publicly about a century ago (Nov 1724), and entitled *De Enthymemate*,† in which he maintains, that the received idea of the enthymeme is a total blunder, and triumphantly restores the lost

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* This "learned Scottish friend" was the late Sir William Hamilton It was in the summer before Waterloo, viz, in the summer of 1814, that I first became acquainted with him, in fact forty-five years ago, on this 20th day of March 1859, from which I date my hurried revision of this paper, entitled *Rhetoric*

† It stands at p 227 of *Jacobi Facciolati Orationes XII*, *Acroases*, *&c Patavii*, 1729. This is the second Italian edition, and was printed at the University Press.

idea "Nego," says he, "nego enthymema esse syllogismum mutilum, ut vulgo dialectici docent. Nego, inquam, et pernego enthymema enunciatione unâ et conclusione constare, quamvis ita in scholis omnibus finiatur, et a nobis ipsis finitum sit aliquando—nolentibus extra locum lites suscipere" *I deny, says he, that the enthymeme properly understood is a truncated syllogism, as commonly is taught by dialecticians I deny, let me repeat, peremptorily and furiously I deny that the enthymeme consists of one premiss and the conclusion: although that doctrine has been laid down universally in the schools, and upon one occasion even by myself, as unwilling to move the question prematurely or out of its natural place*

Facciolati is not the least accurate of logicians, because he may chance to be the most elegant. Yet, we apprehend, that at such innovations, Smiglecius will stir in his grave, Keckermannus will groan, "Dutch * Burgersdyk" will snort, and English Crackenthorpius (who has the honour to be an ancestor of Mr. Wordsworth), though buried for two centuries, will revisit the glimpses of the moon And really, if the question were for a name, Heaven forbid that we should disturb the peace of logicians: they might have leave to say, as of the Strid in Wharfdale,

> "It has borne that name a thousand years,
> And shall a thousand more"

But, whilst the name is abused, the idea perishes. Facciolati undoubtedly is right: nor is he the first who has observed the error. Julius Pacius, who understood Aristotle

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* "*Dutch Burgersdyk*" Pope in the *Dunciad* The other names, if qualified apparently to frighten a horse, are all real names of men who did business in logic some 250 and 200 years ago, and were really no pretenders, though unhappily both grim and grimy in the impertinent estimates of contemporary women.

better than any man that ever lived, had long before remarked it. The arguments of Facciolati we will give below;* it may be sufficient here to state the result An

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* Upon an innovation of such magnitude, and which will be so startling to scholars, it is but fair that Facciolati should have the benefit of all his own arguments and we have therefore resolved to condense them. 1 He begins with that very passage (or one of them) on which the received idea of the Enthymeme most relies, and from this he derives an argument for the new idea The passage is to this effect, that the enthymeme is composed ἐχ πολλαχις ἐλαττονων ἠ ἐξ ὡν ὁ συλλογισμος—i e., *frequently* consists of fewer parts than the syllogism *Frequently!* What logic is there in *that?* Can it be imagined, that so rigorous a logician as Aristotle would notice, as a circumstance of frequent occurrence in an enthymeme, what, by the received doctrine, should be its mere essence and differential principle? To say that this happens frequently, is to say, by implication, that sometimes it does *not* happen—i e, that it is an accident, and no part of the definition, since it may thus confessedly be absent, *salva ratione conceptûs* 2 Waiving this argument, and supposing the suppression of one proposition to be even universal in the enthymeme, still it would be an impertinent circumstance, and (philosophically speaking) an accident Could it be tolerated, that a great systematic distinction (for such it is in Aristotle) should rest upon a mere abbreviation of convenience? "Quasi vero argumentandi ratio et natura varietur, cum brevius effertur," whereas Aristotle himself tells us, that "οὐ προς τον ἐξω λογον ἠ ἀποδειξις, ἀλλα προς τον ἐν τῃ ψυχῃ" 3. From a particular passage in the 2d book of the Prior Analytics (chap 27), generally interpreted in a way to favour the existing account of the enthymeme, after first of all showing, that under a more accurate construction it is incompatible with that account, whilst it is in perfect harmony with the new one, Facciolati deduces an explanation of that accidental peculiarity in the enthymeme, which has attracted such undue attention as to eclipse its true characteristic the peculiarity, we mean, of being entitled (though not, as the common idea is, required) to suppress one proposition. So much we shall here anticipate, as to say, that this privilege arises out of the peculiar *matter* of the enthymeme, which fitted it for the purposes of the rhetorician, and these purposes being loose and popular, brought with them proportionable indulgences, whereas the syllogism, technically so called, employing a severer

enthymeme differs from a syllogism, not in the accident of suppressing one of its propositions, either may do this, or neither, the difference is essential, and in the nature of the

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matter, belonged peculiarly to the dialectician, or philosophic disputant, whose purposes, being rigorous and scientific, imposed much closer restrictions, and one of these was, that he should in no case suppress any proposition, however obvious, but should formally enunciate all: just as in the debating schools of later ages it has always been the rule, that before urging his objection, the opponent should repeat the respondent's syllogism Hence, although the rhetorician naturally used his privilege, and enthymemes were in fact generally shorn of one proposition (and *vice versa* with respect to syllogisms in the strict philosophic sense), yet was all this a mere effect of usage and accident, and it was very possible for an enthymeme to have its full complement of parts, whilst a syllogism might be defective in the very way which is falsely supposed to be of the essence of an enthymeme 4. He derives an argument from an inconsistency with which Aristotle has been thought chargeable under the old idea of the enthymeme, and with which Gassendi has in fact charged him * 5. He meets and rebuts the force of a principal argument in favour of the enthymeme as commonly understood, viz, that in a particular part of the Prior Analytics, the enthymeme is called *συλλογισμος ατελης*—an *imperfect* syllogism, which word the commentators generally expound by "*mutilus atque imminutus*" Here he uses the assistance of the excellent J. Pace, whom he justly describes as "virum Græcarum litterarum peritissimum, philosophum in primis bonum, et Aristotelis interpretum quot sunt, quotque fuerunt, quotque futuri sunt, longe præstantissimum" This admirable commentator, so indispensable to all who would study the *Organon* and the *Περι Ψυχης*, had himself originally started that hypothesis which we are now reporting, as long afterwards adopted and improved by Facciolati. Considering the unrivalled qualifications of Pace, this of itself is a great argument on our side. The objection before us, from the word *ἀτελης*, Pace disposes of briefly and conclusively *first*, he says, that the word is wanting in four

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* However, as in reality the whole case was one of mere misapprehension on the part of Gassendi, and has, in fact, nothing at all to do with the nature of the enthymeme, well or ill understood, Facciolati takes nothing by this particular argument, which, however, we have retained, to make our analysis complete.

an impulse to one side, and by withdrawing the mind so steadily from all thoughts or images which support the other, as to leave it practically under the possession of a one-sided estimate

Upon this theory, what relation to rhetoric shall we assign to style and the ornamental arts of composition? In some respect they seem liable to the same objection as that which Aristotle has urged against appeals to the passions, both are extra-essential, or ἐξω του πραγματος, they are subjective arts, not objective; that is, they do not affect the thing which is to be surveyed, but the eye of him who is to survey. Yet, at a banquet, the epicure holds himself not more obliged to the cook for the venison, than to the physician who braces his stomach to enjoy. And any arts which conciliate regard to the speaker, indirectly promote the effect of his arguments. On this account, and because (under the severest limitation of rhetoric) they are in many cases indispensable to the perfect interpretation of the thoughts, we may admit arts of style and ornamental composition as the ministerial part of rhetoric But with regard to the passions, as contended for by Dr Campbell, it is a sufficient answer that they are already preoccupied by what is called *Eloquence.*

Coleridge, as we have often heard, is in the habit of drawing the line with much philosophical beauty between rhetoric and eloquence. On this topic we were never so fortunate as to hear him: but if we are here called upon for a distinction, we shall satisfy our immediate purpose by a very plain and brief one. By Eloquence, we understand the overflow of powerful feelings upon occasions fitted to excite them. But Rhetoric is the art of aggrandizing and bringing out into strong relief, by means of various and striking thoughts, some aspect of truth which of itself is

supported by no spontaneous feelings, and therefore rests upon artificial aids.

Greece, as may well be imagined, was the birthplace of Rhetoric; to which of the Fine Arts was it not? and here, in one sense of the word Rhetoric, the art had its consummation: for the theory, or *ars docens*, was taught with a fulness and an accuracy by the Grecian masters not afterwards approached. In particular, it was so taught by Aristotle, whose system we are disposed to agree with Dr. Whately in pronouncing the best, as regards the primary purpose of a teacher, though otherwise, for elegance and as a practical model in the art he was expounding, neither Aristotle, nor any less austere among the Greek rhetoricians, has any pretensions to measure himself with Quintilian. In reality, for a triumph over the difficulties of the subject, and as a lesson on the possibility of imparting grace to the treatment of scholastic topics, naturally as intractable as that of Grammar or Prosody, there is no such *chef-d'œuvre* to this hour in any literature, as the Institutions of Quintilian. Laying this one case out of the comparison, however, the Greek superiority was indisputable.

Yet how is it to be explained, that with these advantages on the side of the Greek rhetoric as an *ars docens*, rhetoric as a practical art (the *ars utens*) never made any advances amongst the Greeks to the brilliancy which it attained in Rome? Up to a certain period, and throughout the palmy state of the Greek republics, we may account for it thus: Rhetoric, in its finest and most absolute burnish, may be called an *eloquentia umbratica;* that is, it aims at an elaborate form of beauty, which shrinks from the strife of business, and could neither arise nor make itself felt in a tumultuous assembly. Certain features, it is well known, and peculiar styles of countenance, which

are impressive in a drawing-room, become ineffective on a public stage. The fine tooling and delicate tracery of the cabinet artist is lost upon a building of colossal proportions Extemporaneousness, again, a favourable circumstance to impassioned eloquence, is death to Rhetoric. Two characteristics indeed there were, of a Greek popular assembly, which must have operated fatally on the rhetorician—its fervour, in the first place; and, secondly, the coarseness of a real interest. All great rhetoricians in selecting their subject have shunned the determinate cases of real life: and even in the *single instance of a deviation from the rule* —that of the author (whoever he be) of the Declamations attributed to Quintilian—the cases are shaped with so romantic a generality, and so slightly circumstantiated, as to allow him all the benefit of pure abstractions

We can readily understand, therefore, why the fervid oratory of the Athenian assemblies, and the intense reality of its interest, should stifle the growth of rhetoric: the smoke, tarnish, and demoniac glare of Vesuvius easily eclipse the pallid coruscations of the aurora borealis. And in fact, amongst the greater orators of Greece, there is not a solitary gleam of rhetoric: Isocrates may have a little, being (to say the truth) neither orator nor rhetorician in any eminent sense; Demosthenes has none. But when those great thunders had subsided which reached "to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne," when the "fierce democracy" itself had perished, and Greece had fallen under the common circumstances of the Roman empire, how came it that Greek rhetoric did not blossom concurrently with Roman? Vegetate it did, and a rank crop of weeds grew up under the name of Rhetoric, down to the times of the Emperor Julian and his friend Libanius (both of whom, by the way, were as worthless writers as have ever abused

the Greek language). But this part of Greek literature is a desert with no oasis. The fact is, if it were required to assign the two bodies of writers who have exhibited the human understanding in the most abject poverty, and whose works by no possibility emit a casual scintillation of wit, fancy, just thinking, or good writing, we should certainly fix upon Greek rhetoricians and Italian critics. Amongst the whole mass there is not a page, that any judicious friend to literature would wish to reprieve from destruction. And in both cases we apprehend that the possibility of so much inanity is due in part to the quality of the two languages. The diffuseness and loose structure of Greek style unfit it for the closeness, condensation, and *το αγχιστροφον* of rhetoric; the melodious beauty of the mere sounds, which both in the Italian and in the Greek are combined with much majesty, dwells upon the ear so delightfully, that in no other language is it so easy as in these two to write with little or no meaning, and to flow along through a whole wilderness of inanity, without particularly rousing the reader's disgust.

In the literature of Rome it is that we find the true El Dorado of rhetoric, as we might expect from the sinewy compactness of the language. Livy, and, above all preceding writers, Ovid, display the greatest powers of rhetoric in forms of composition, which were not particularly adapted to favour that talent. The contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the arms of Achilles, in one of the latter books of the *Metamorphoses*, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of rhetoric, considering its metrical form; for metre, and especially the flowing heroic hexameter, is no advantage to the rhetorician.* The

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* This, added to the style and quality of his poems, makes it the more remarkable that Virgil should have been deemed a rhetorician.

two Plinys, Lucan (though again under the disadvantage of verse), Petronius Arbiter, and Quintilian, but above all, the Senecas (for a Spanish cross appears to improve the quality of the rhetorician), have left a body of rhetorical composition such as no modern nation has rivalled. Even the most brilliant of these writers, however, were occasionally surpassed in particular *bravuras* of rhetoric by several of the Latin fathers, particularly Tertullian, Arnobius, St Austin, and a writer whose name we cannot at this moment recall In fact, a little African blood operated as genially in this respect as Spanish, whilst an Asiatic cross was inevitably fatal, by prompting a diffusion and inflation of style radically hostile to the condensation of keen, arrowy, rhetoric Partly from this cause, and partly because they wrote in an unfavourable language, the Greek fathers are, one and all, Birmingham rhetoricians Even Gregory Nazianzen is so, with submission to Messieurs of the Port Royal and other bigoted critics who have pronounced him at the very top of the tree among the fine writers of antiquity Undoubtedly he has a turgid style of mouthy grandiloquence (though often the merest bombast); but for polished rhetoric he is singularly unfitted, by inflated habits of thinking, by loitering diffuseness, and a dreadful trick of calling names. The spirit of personal invective is peculiarly adverse to the coolness of rhetoric. As to Chrysostom and Basil, with less of pomp and swagger than Gregory, they have not at all more of rhetorical burnish and compression Upon the whole, looking back through the dazzling files of the ancient rhetoricians, we are

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Yet so it was. Walsh notices, in the Life of Virgil which he furnished for his friend Dryden's Translation, that "his (Virgil's) rhetoric was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him"

of compositions might be vicious by conforming to its own ideal. The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order, can no more attaint the idea or model of the composition, than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that is not a tragedy. Every species of composition is to be tried by its own laws, and if Dr. Johnson had urged explicitly (what was evidently moving in his thoughts), that a metrical structure, by holding forth the promise of poetry, defrauds the mind of its just expectations, he would have said what is notoriously false Metre is open to any form of composition, provided it will aid the expression of the thoughts; and the only sound objection to it is, that it has *not* done so. Weak criticism, indeed, is that which condemns a copy of verses under the ideal of poetry, when the mere substitution of another name and classification suffices to evade the sentence, and to reinstate the composition in its rights as rhetoric. It may be very true that the age of Donne gave too much encouragement to his particular vein of composition, that, however, argues no depravity of taste, but a taste erring only in being too limited and exclusive.

The next writers of distinction, who came forward as rhetoricians, were Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Milton in many of his prose works They labour under opposite defects. Burton is too quaint, fantastic, and disjointed Milton too slow, solemn, and continuous. In the one we see the flutter of a parachute, in the other the stately and voluminous gyrations of an ascending balloon. Agile movement, and a certain degree of fancifulness, are indispensable to rhetoric. But Burton is not so much fanciful as capricious; his motion is not the motion of freedom, but of lawlessness, he does not dance, but caper.

Milton, on the other hand, *polonaises* with a grand Castilian air, in paces too sequacious and processional; even in his passages of merriment, and when stung into a quicker motion by personal disdain for an unworthy antagonist, his thoughts and his imagery still appear to move to the music of the organ.

In some measure it is a consequence of these peculiarities, and so far it is the more a duty to allow for them, that the rhetoric of Milton though wanting in animation is unusually superb in its colouring; its very monotony is derived from the sublime unity of the presiding impulse; and hence, it sometimes ascends into eloquence of the highest kind, and sometimes even into the raptures of lyric poetry. The main thing, indeed, wanting to Milton, was to have fallen upon happier subjects: for, with the exception of the "Areopagitica," there is not one of his prose works upon a theme of universal interest, or perhaps fitted to be the ground-work of a rhetorical display.

But, as it has happened to Milton sometimes to give us poetry for rhetoric, in one instance he has unfortunately given us rhetoric for poetry: this occurs in the *Paradise Lost*, where the debates of the fallen angels are carried on by a degrading process of gladiatorial rhetoric. Nay, even the councils of God, though not debated to and fro, are, however, expounded rhetorically. This is astonishing; for no one was better aware than Milton* of the distinction between the *discursive* and *intuitive* acts of the mind, as apprehended by the old metaphysicians, and the incompatibility of the former with any but a limitary intellect. This indeed was familiar to all the writers of his day: but, as

* See the Fifth Book of the *Paradise Lost*, and passages in his prose writings.

Mr. Gifford has shown, by a most idle note upon a passage in Massinger, that it is a distinction which has now perished (except indeed in Germany), we shall recall it to the reader's attention. An *intuition* is any knowledge whatsoever, sensuous or intellectual, which is apprehended *immediately*. a notion, on the other hand, or product of the discursive faculty, is any knowledge whatsoever which is apprehended *mediately* All reasoning is carried on discursively; that is, *discurrendo*,—by running about to the right and the left, laying the separate notices together, and thence mediately deriving some third apprehension Now this process, however grand a characteristic of the human species as distinguished from the brute, is *degrading to any* supra-human intelligence, divine or angelic, by arguing limitation God must not proceed by steps and the fragmentary knowledge of accretion, in which case, at starting he has all the intermediate notices as so many bars between himself and the conclusion, and even at the penúltimate or antepenultimate act he is still short of the truth God must *see*, he must *intuit*, so to speak; and all truth must reach him simultaneously, first and last, without succession of time or partition of acts. just as light, before that theory had been refuted by the Satellites of Jupiter, was held not to be propagated in time, but to be here and there at one and the same indivisible instant Paley, from mere rudeness of metaphysical skill, has talked of the *judgment* and the *judiciousness* of God: but this is profaneness, and a language unworthily applied even to an angelic being. To judge, that is to subsume one proposition under another,—to be judicious, that is, to collate the means with the end, are acts impossible in the Divine nature, and not to be ascribed, even under the license of a figure, to any being which transcends the limitations of humanity Many other

instances there are in which Milton is taxed with having too grossly sensualized his supernatural agents; some of which, however, the necessities of the action may excuse; and at the worst they are readily submitted to as having an intelligible purpose—that of bringing so mysterious a thing as a spiritual nature or agency within the limits of the representable But the intellectual degradation fixed on his spiritual beings by the rhetorical debates is purely gratuitous, neither resulting from the course of the action nor at all promoting it Making allowances, however, for the original error in the conception, it must be granted that the execution is in the best style: the mere logic of the debate, indeed, is not better managed than it would have been by the House of Commons But the colours of style are grave and suitable to afflicted angels In the *Paradise Regained*, this is still more conspicuously true. the oratory there, on the part of Satan in the Wilderness, is no longer of a rhetorical cast, but in the grandest style of impassioned eloquence that can be imagined as the fit expression for the movements of an angelic despair, and in particular the speech, on being first challenged by our Saviour, beginning,

"'Tis true, I *am* that spirit unfortunate,"

is not excelled in sublimity by any passage in the poem

Milton, however, was not destined to gather the *spolia opima* of English rhetoric: two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition, and in that amphitheatre became the Protagonistæ These were Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne; who, if not absolutely the foremost in the accomplishments of art, were undoubtedly the richest, the most dazzling, and, with reference to their matter, the most captivating of all rhetori-

cians. In them first, and perhaps (if we except occasional passages in the German John Paul Richter) in them only, are the two opposite forces of eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy brought into an exquisite equilibrium, approaching, receding—attracting, repelling—blending, separating—chasing and chased, as in a fugue, and again lost in a delightful interfusion, so as to create a middle species of composition, more various and stimulating to the understanding than pure eloquence, more gratifying to the affections than naked rhetoric. Under this one circumstance of coincidence, in other respects their minds were of the most opposite temperament: Sir Thomas Browne, deep, tranquil, and majestic as Milton, silently premeditating and "disclosing his golden couplets," as under some genial instinct of incubation Jeremy Taylor, restless, fervid, aspiring, scattering abroad a prodigality of life, not unfolding but creating, with the energy and the "myriad-mindedness" of Shakspere Where, but in Sir T B, shall one hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the Urn-burial—"Now, since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and tramplings of three conquests," &c What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the pomps of earth, and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric! Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by the vast periods of conquests and dynasties, by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations, by the drums and tramplings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals,

the everlasting sabbaths of the grave! Show us, O pedant, such another strain from the oratory of Greece or Rome! For it is not an *Οὐ μα τους ἐν Μαραθωνι τεθνηκοτας*, or any such bravura, that will make a fit antiphony to this sublime rapture. We will not, however, attempt a descant upon the merits of Sir T. Browne, after the admirable one by Coleridge · and as to Jeremy Taylor, we would as readily undertake to put a belt about the ocean as to characterize him adequately within the space at our command It will please the reader better that he should characterize himself, however imperfectly, by a few specimens selected from some of his rarest works, a method which will, at the same time, have the collateral advantage of illustrating an important truth in reference to this florid or Corinthian order of rhetoric, which we shall have occasion to notice a little further on —

"It was observed by a Spanish confessor, that in persons not very religious, the confessions which they made upon their deathbeds, were the coldest, the most imperfect, and with less contrition than all which he had observed them to make in many years before For, so the canes of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud, and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and uninterrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beauteous, with great distances and intervals, but, when they are grown to their full length, they lessen into the point of a pyramid, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace At first, when he springs up from his impurity by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety, and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted,

till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life, then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaks are frequent, and they seek excuses, and labour for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less, till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses, light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful."

"If we consider the price that the Son of God paid for the redemption of a soul, we shall better estimate of it, than from the weak discourses of our imperfect and unlearned philosophy. Not the spoil of rich provinces—not the estimate of kingdoms—not the price of Cleopatra's draught—not anything that was corruptible or perishing, for that which could not one minute retard the term of its own natural dissolution, could not be a price for the redemption of one perishing soul. When God *made* a soul, it was only *faciamus hominem ad imaginem nostram;* he spake the word, and it was done But when man had lost his soul, which the spirit of God had breathed into him, it was not so soon *recovered* It is like the resurrection, which hath troubled the faith of many, who are more apt to believe that God made a man from nothing, than that he can return a man from dust and corruption But for this resurrection of the soul, for the re-implacing of the Divine image, for the re-entitling it to the kingdoms of grace and glory, God did a greater work than the creation, He was fain to contract Divinity to a span, to send a person to die for us, who of himself could not die, and was constrained to use rare and mysterious arts to make him capable of dying: He prepared a person instrumental to

his purpose, by sending his Son from his own bosom—a person both God and man, an enigma to all nations and to all sciences; one that ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars; whose understanding is larger than that infinite space which we imagine in the uncircumscribed distance beyond the first orb of heaven, a person to whom felicity was as essential as life to God. This was the only person that was designed in the eternal decrees, to pay the price of a soul, less than this person could not do it. Nothing less than an infinite excellence could satisfy for a soul lost to infinite ages; who was to bear the load of an infinite anger from the provocation of an eternal God. And yet, if it be possible that Infinite can receive degrees, this is but one-half of the abyss, and I think the lesser."

"It was a strange variety of natural efficacies, that manna should corrupt in twenty-four hours, if gathered upon Wednesday or Thursday, and that it should last till forty-eight hours, if gathered upon the even of the Sabbath, and that it should last many hundreds of years when placed in the sanctuary by the ministry of the high priest. But so it was in the Jews' religion; and manna pleased every palate, and it filled all appetites, and the same measure was a different proportion, it was much, and it was little, as if nature, that it might serve religion, had been taught some measures of infinity, which is everywhere and nowhere, filling all things, and circumscribed with nothing, measured by one omer, and doing the work of two, like the crowns of kings, fitting the brows of Nimrod and the most mighty warrior, and yet not too large for the temples of an infant prince."

"His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are

more than we can feel: for all the world, in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable: and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity."

These passages are not cited with so vain a purpose as that of furnishing a sea-line for measuring the "soundless deeps" of Jeremy Taylor, but to illustrate that one remarkable characteristic of his style, which we have already noticed, viz., the everlasting strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence, which maintain their alternations with a force and inevitable recurrence, like the systole and diastole, the contraction and expansion, of some living organ. For this characteristic he was indebted in mixed proportions to his own peculiar style of understanding, and the nature of his subject. Where the understanding is not active and teeming, but possessed and filled by a few vast ideas (which was the case of Milton), there the funds of a varied rhetoric are wanting. On the other hand, where the understanding is all alive with the subtilty of distinctions, and nourished (as Jeremy Taylor's was) by casuistical divinity, the variety and opulence of the rhetoric is apt to be oppressive. But this tendency, in the case of Taylor, was happily checked and balanced by the commanding passion, intensity, and solemnity of his exalted theme, which gave a final unity to the tumultuous motions of his intellect. The only very obvious defects of Taylor were in the mechanical part of his art, in the mere *technique*; he

writes like one who never revises, nor tries the effect upon his ear of his periods as musical wholes, and in the syntax and connexion of the parts seems to have been habitually careless of slight blemishes.

Jeremy Taylor[*] died in a few years after the Restoration

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[*] In retracing the history of English rhetoric, it may strike the reader that we have made some capital omissions But in these he will find we have been governed by sufficient reasons Shakspere is no doubt a rhetorician, *majorum gentium*, but he is so much more, that scarcely an instance is to be found of his rhetoric which does not pass by fits into a higher element of eloquence or poetry. The first and the last acts, for instance, of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, in point of composition, is perhaps the most superb work in the language, and beyond all doubt from the loom of Shakspere, would have been the most gorgeous rhetoric, had they not happened to be something far better The supplications of the widowed Queens to Theseus, the invocations of their tutelar divinities by Palamon and Arcite, the death of Arcite, &c, are finished in a more elaborate style of excellence than any other almost of Shakspere's most felicitous scenes In their first intention, they were perhaps merely rhetorical, but the furnace of composition has transmuted their substance Indeed, specimens of mere rhetoric would be better sought in some of the other great dramatists, who are under a less fatal necessity of turning everything they touch into the pure gold of poetry. Two other writers, with great original capacities for rhetoric, we have omitted in our list from separate considerations we mean Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon. The first will hardly have been missed by the general reader, for his finest passages are dispersed through the body of his bulky history, and are touched with a sadness too pathetic, and of too personal a growth, to fulfil the conditions of a gay rhetoric as an art rejoicing in its own energies With regard to Lord Bacon, the case is different. He had great advantages for rhetoric, being figurative and sensuous (as great thinkers must always be), and having no feelings too profound, or of a nature to disturb the balance of a pleasurable activity; but yet, if we except a few letters, and parts of a few speeches, he never comes forward as a rhetorician. The reason is, that being always in quest of absolute truth, he contemplates all subjects—not through the rhetorical fancy, which is most excited by mere seeming resemblances, and such as can only sustain themselves

Sir Thomas Browne, though at that time nearly thirty years removed from the first surreptitious edition of his *Religio Medici*, lingered a little longer. But, when both were gone, it may be truly affirmed that the great oracles of rhetoric were finally silenced South and Barrow, indeed, were brilliant dialecticians in different styles, but after Tillotson with his meagre intellect, his low key of feeling, and the smug and scanty draperies of his style, had announced a new era, English divinity ceased to be the racy vineyard that it had been in ages of ferment and struggle. Like the soil of Sicily (*vide* Sir H Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry*), it was exhausted for ever by the tilth and rank fertility of its golden youth

Since then great passions and high thinking have either disappeared from literature altogether, or thrown themselves into poetic forms which, with the privilege of a masquerade, are allowed to assume the spirit of past ages, and to speak in a key unknown to the general literature At all events, no pulpit oratory of a rhetorical cast, for upwards of a century, has been able to support itself when stripped of the aids of voice and action. Robert Hall and Edward Irving when printed exhibit only the spasms of weakness Nor do we remember one memorable burst of rhetoric in the pulpit eloquence of the last one hundred and fifty years, with the exception of a fine oath ejaculated by a dissenting minister of Cambridge, who, when appealing for the con-

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under a single phasis, but through the philosophic fancy, or that which rests upon real analogies Another unfavourable circumstance, arising in fact out of the plethoric fulness of Lord B's mind, is the short-hand style of his composition, in which the connexions are seldom fully developed. It was the lively *mot* of a great modern poet, speaking of Lord B's Essays, "that they are not plants, but seeds, not oaks, but acorns"

formation of his words to the grandeur of man's nature swore,—By this and by the other, and at length, "By the Iliad, by the Odyssey"—as the climax, in a long bead-roll of *speciosa miracula*, which he had apostrophized as monuments of human power. As to Foster, he has been prevented from preaching by a complaint affecting the throat; but, judging from the quality of his celebrated Essays, he could never have figured as a truly splendid rhetorician, for the imagery and ornamental parts of his Essays have evidently not grown up in the loom, and concurrently with the texture of the thoughts, but have been separately added afterwards, as so much embroidery or fringe.

Politics, meantime, however inferior in any shape to religion, as an ally of real eloquence, might yet, either when barbed by an interest of intense personality, or on the very opposite footing of an interest *not* personal but comprehensively national, have irritated the growth of rhetoric such as the spirit of the times allowed. In one conspicuous instance it did so; but generally it had little effect, as a cursory glance over the two last centuries will show.

In the reign of James I. the House of Commons first became the theatre of struggles truly national. The relations of the people and the crown were then brought to issue, and under shifting names, continued *sub judice* from that time to 1688; and from that time, in fact, a corresponding interest was directed to the proceedings of Parliament. But it was not until 1612 that any free communication was made of what passed in debate. During the whole of the Civil War, the speeches of the leading members upon all great questions were freely published in occasional pamphlets. Naturally they were very much compressed; but enough survives to show that from the agitations of the times and the religious gravity of the House, no rhetoric

was sought or would have been tolerated. In the reign of Charles II, judging from such records as we have of the most critical debates (that preserved by Locke, for instance, through the assistance of his patron Lord Shaftesbury), the general tone and standard of Parliamentary eloquence had taken pretty nearly its present form and level. The religious gravity had then given way, and the pedantic tone, stiffness, and formality of punctual divisions, had been abandoned for the freedom of polite conversation It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the qualities and style of parliamentary eloquence were submitted to public judgment; this was on occasion of the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, which was managed by members of the House of Commons. The Whigs, however, of that era had no distinguished speakers. On the Tory side, St John (Lord Bolingbroke) was the most accomplished person in the House His style may be easily collected from his writings, which have all the air of having been dictated without premeditation; and the effect of so much showy and fluent declamation, combined with the graces of his manner and person, may be inferred from the deep impression which they seem to have left upon Lord Chesterfield, himself so accomplished a judge, and so familiar with the highest efforts of the next age in Pulteney and Lord Chatham. With two exceptions, indeed, to be noticed presently, Lord Bolingbroke came the nearest of all parliamentary orators who have been particularly recorded, to the ideal of a fine rhetorician. It was no disadvantage to him that he was shallow, being so luminous and transparent, and the splendour of his periodic diction, with his fine delivery, compensated his defect in imagery Sir Robert Walpole was another Lord Londonderry; like him, an excellent statesman, and a first-rate leader of the House of Commons, but in

other respects a plain unpretending man; and like Lord Londonderry he had the reputation of a blockhead with all eminent blockheads, and of a man of talents with those who were themselves truly such. "When I was very young," says Burke, "a general fashion told me I was to admire some of the writings against that minister, a little more maturity taught me as much to despise them." Lord Mansfield, "the fluent Murray," was, or would have been, but for the counteraction of law, another Bolingbroke "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!" says Pope, and, if the comparison were suggested with any thoughtful propriety, it ascribes to Lord Mansfield the talents of a first-rate rhetorician. Lord Chatham had no rhetoric at all, any more than Charles Fox of the next generation. both were too fervent, too Demosthenic, and threw themselves too ardently upon the graces of nature Mr Pitt came nearer to the idea of a rhetorician, in so far as he seemed to have more artifice, but this was only in the sonorous rotundity of his periods, which were cast in a monotonous mould, for in other respects he would have been keenly alive to the ridicule of rhetoric in a First Lord of the Treasury

All these persons, whatever might be their other differences, agreed in this, that they were no jugglers, but really *were* that which they appeared to be, and never struggled for distinctions which did not naturally belong to them But next upon the roll comes forward an absolute *charlatan*, a *charlatan* the most accomplished that can ever have figured upon so intellectual a stage This was Sheridan, a mocking-bird through the entire scale, from the highest to the lowest note of the gamut, in fact, to borrow a coarse word, the mere impersonation of humbug Even as a wit, he has been long known to be a wholesale plagiarist, and the exposures of his kind biographer, Mr.

Moore, exhibit him in that line as the most hide-bound and sterile of performers, lying perdu through a whole evening for a natural opportunity, or by miserable stratagem creating an artificial one, for exploding some poor starveling jest, and in fact sacrificing to this petty ambition, in a degree never before heard of, the ease and dignity of his life. But it is in the character of a rhetorical orator that he, and his friends on his behalf, have put foward the hollowest pretensions. In the course of the Hastings trial, upon the concerns of paralytic *Begums*, and mouldering queens—hags that, if ever actually existing, were no more to us and our British sympathies, than we to Hecuba—did Mr. Sheridan make his capital exhibition. The real value of his speech was never at any time misappreciated by the judicious; for his attempts at the grand, the pathetic, and the sentimental, had been continually in the same tone of falsetto and horrible fustian. Burke, however, who was the most double-minded person in the world, cloaked his contempt in hyperbolical flattery, and all the unhappy people who have since written lives of Burke adopt the whole for gospel truth. Exactly in the same vein of tumid inanity, is the speech which Mr. Sheridan puts into the mouth of Rolla the Peruvian. This the reader may chance to have heard upon the stage; or, in default of that good luck, we present him with the following flagrant twaddle from one of the Begummiads, which has been enshrined in the praises (si quid sua carmina possunt) of many worthy critics; the subject is *Filial Piety*. "Filial piety," Mr. Sheridan said, "it was impossible by words to describe, but description by words was unnecessary. It was that duty which they all felt and understood, and which required not the powers of language to explain. It was in truth more properly to be called a *principle* than a duty. It required not the aid of

memory; it needed not the exercise of the understanding, it awaited not the slow deliberations of reason; it flowed spontaneously from the fountain of our feelings; it was involuntary in our natures; it was a quality of our being, innate and coeval with life, which, though afterwards cherished as a passion, was independent of our mental powers, it was earlier than all intelligence in our souls; it displayed itself in the earliest impulses of the heart, and was an emotion of fondness that returned in smiles of gratitude the affectionate solicitudes, the tender anxieties, the endearing attentions experienced before memory began, but which were not less dear for not being remembered. It was the sacrament of nature in our hearts, by which the union of the parent and child was sealed and rendered perfect in the community of love, and which, strengthening and ripening with life, acquired vigour from the understanding, and was most lively and active when most wanted." Now, we put it to any candid reader whether the above Birmingham ware might not be vastly improved by one slight alteration, viz, omitting the two first words, and reading it as a conundrum. Considered as rhetoric, it is evidently fitted "to make a horse sick," but, as a conundrum in the *Lady's Magazine*, we contend that it would have great success.

How it aggravates the disgust with which these paste-diamonds are now viewed, to remember that they were paraded in the presence of Edmund Burke, nay—*credite posteri!*—in jealous rivalry of his genuine and priceless jewels. Irresistibly, one is reminded of the dancing efforts of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs, against the native grace of the Vicar of Wakefield's family. —"The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. *They swam, sprawled, languished;*

and frisked; but all would not do. The gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo." Of Goldsmith it was said, in his epitaph,—*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit:* of the Drury Lane rhetorician it might be said with equal truth,—*Nil tetigit quod non fuco adulteravit* But avaunt, Birmingham! let us speak of a great man.

All hail to Edmund Burke, the supreme writer of his century, the man of the largest and finest understanding! Upon that word, *understanding,* we lay a stress: for oh! ye immortal donkeys, who have written "about him and about him," with what an obstinate stupidity have ye brayed away for one third of a century about that which ye are pleased to call his "fancy" Fancy in your throats, ye miserable twaddlers! as if Edmund Burke were the man to play with his fancy, for the purpose of separable ornament He was a man of fancy in no other sense than as Lord Bacon was so, and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers are and must be: that is to say, the fancy which he had in common with all mankind, and very probably in no eminent degree, in him was urged into unusual activity under the necessities of his capacious understanding His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the understanding under more relations than other men, and under more complex relations According to the multiplicity of these relations, a man is said to have a *large* understanding, according to their subtilty, a *fine* one, and in an angelic understanding, all things would appear to be related to all Now, to apprehend and detect more relations, or to pursue them steadily, is a process absolutely impossible without the intervention of physical analogies To say, therefore, that a man is a great

thinker, or a fine thinker, is but another expression for saying that he has a *schematizing* (or, to use a plainer but less accurate expression, a figurative) understanding In that sense, and for that purpose, Burke is figurative: but understood, as he *has* been understood by the long-eared race of his critics, not as thinking in and by his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after-ornament,—not as *incarnating*, but simply as *dressing* his thoughts in imagery,—so understood, he is not the Burke of reality, but a poor fictitious Burke, modelled after the poverty of conception which belongs to his critics

It is true, however, that in some rare cases Burke *did* indulge himself in a pure rhetorician's use of fancy, consciously and profusely lavishing his ornaments for mere purposes of effect Such a case occurs for instance in that admirable picture of the degradation of Europe, where he represents the different crowned heads as bidding against each other at Basle for the favour and countenance of Regicide Others of the same kind there are in his ever memorable letter on the Duke of Bedford's attack upon him in the House of Lords · and one of these we shall here cite, disregarding its greater chance for being already familiar to the reader, upon two considerations, first, that it has all the appearance of being finished with the most studied regard to effect, and secondly, for an interesting anecdote connected with it which we have never seen in print, but for which we have better authority than could be produced perhaps for most of those which are The anecdote is, that Burke conversing with Dr Lawrence and another gentleman on the *literary* value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range of his works which had cost him the most labour, and upon which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labour seemed

France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and commons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break, the solemn sworn constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being and each other's rights, the joint and several securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity,—as long as these endure so long the Duke of Bedford is safe, and we are all safe together, the high from the blights of envy and the spoliation of rapacity, the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt Amen! and so be it and so it will be,

> 'Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
> Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit'"

This was the sounding passage which Burke alleged as the *chef-d'œuvre* of his rhetoric; and the argument upon which he justified his choice is specious if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance which was brought forward prominently, and relied upon as a *key* (to use the language of war) in sustaining the main position of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image, and a sentiment, and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted This criticism, over and above the pleasure which it always gives to hear a great man's opinion of himself, is valuable as showing that Burke, because negligent of trivial inaccuracies, was not at all the less anxious about the larger proprieties and decorums [for this passage, confessedly so laboured, has several instances of slovenliness in trifles], and that in the midst of his apparent hurry he carried out a jealous vigilance upon what he wrote, and the eye of a person practised in artificial effects.

an elegance which, after all, excluded eloquence and every other *positive* quality of excellence? That this can have been believed, shows the readiness with which men swallow marvels The real secret was this. Junius was read with the profoundest interest by members of the cabinet, who would not have paid half-a-crown for all the wit and elegance of this world, simply because it was most evident that some traitor was amongst them; and that either directly by one of themselves, or through some abuse of his confidence by a servant, the secrets of office were betrayed The circumstances of this breach of trust are now fully known; and it is readily understood why letters, which were the channel for those perfidies, should interest the ministry of that day in the deepest degree The existence of such an interest, but not its cause, had immediately become known; it descended, as might be expected, amongst all classes, once excited, it seemed to be justified by the real merits of the letters; which merit again, illustrated by its effects, appeared a thousand times greater than it was; and, finally, this interest was heightened and sustained by the mystery which invested the author. How much that mystery availed in keeping alive the public interest in Junius, is clear from this fact, that since the detection of Junius as Sir Philip Francis, the Letters have suddenly declined in popularity, and are no longer the saleable article which once they were.

In fact, upon any other principle, the continued triumph of Junius, and his establishment as a classical author, is a standing enigma. One talent, undoubtedly, he had in a rare perfection—the talent of sarcasm. He stung like a scorpion But, besides that such a talent has a narrow application, an interest of personality cannot be other than fugitive, take what direction it may; and malignity cannot embalm

summary sentence, announcing that snakes in Iceland —there are none. Rhetoric, in fact, or any form of ornamented prose, could not possibly arise in a literature, in which prose itself had no proper existence till within these seventy years Lessing was the first German who wrote prose with elegance; and even at this day, a decent prose style is the rarest of accomplishments in Germany We doubt, indeed, whether any German has written prose with grace, unless he had lived abroad (like Jacobi, who composed indifferently in French and German), or had at least cultivated a very long acquaintance with English and French models Frederick Schlegel was led by his comprehensive knowledge of other literatures to observe this singular defect in that of his own country. Even he, however, must have fixed his standard very low, when he could praise, as elsewhere he does, the style of Kant Certainly in any literature where good models of prose existed, Kant would be deemed a monster of vicious diction, so far as regards the construction of his sentences He does not, it is true, write in the hybrid dialect, which prevailed up to the time of our George the First, when every other word was Latin with a German inflexion, but he has in perfection that obtuseness which renders a German taste insensible to all beauty in the balancing and structure of periods, and to the art by which a succession of periods modify each other. Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail-coach but for the waggon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can Having framed a sentence, therefore, he next proceeds to *pack* it, which is effected partly by unwieldy tails and codicils, but chiefly by enormous parenthetic involutions All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and

violently rammed into the bowels of the principal proposition. That all this equipage of accessaries is not so arranged as to assist its own orderly development, no more occurs to a German as any fault, than that in a package of shawls or of carpets the colours and patterns are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are *there*. And Mr. Kant, when he has succeeded in packing up a sentence which covers three close-printed octavo pages, stops to draw his breath with the air of one who looks back upon some brilliant and meritorious performance Under these disadvantages it may be presumed that German rhetoric is a nonentity; but these disadvantages would not have arisen had there been a German bar or a German senate with any public existence. In the absence of all forensic and senatorial eloquence, no standard of good prose style—nay, which is more important, no example of ambition directed to such an object—has been at any time held up to the public mind in Germany; and the pulpit style has been always either rustically negligent, or bristling with pedantry.

These disadvantages with regard to public models of civil eloquence have in part affected the Italians; the few good prose writers of Italy have been historians, and it is observable that no writers exist in the department of what are called *Moral Essayists*, a class which, with us and the French, were the last depositaries of the rhetorical faculty when depressed to its lowest key. Two other circumstances may be noticed as unfavourable to an Italian rhetoric: one, to which we have adverted before, in the language itself, which is too loitering for the agile motion and the τὸ ἀγχιστροφον of rhetoric; and the other in the constitution of the national mind, which is not reflective nor remarkably fanciful, the two qualities most indispensable to rhetoric. As a proof of the little turn for reflection which there is in

the Italian mind, we may remind the reader that they have no meditative or philosophic poetry,* such as that of our Young, Cowper, Wordsworth, &c , a class of poetry which existed very early indeed in the English literature (*e g*, Sir T Davies, Lord Brooke, Henry More, &c), and which in some shape has arisen at some stage of almost every European literature

Of the Spanish rhetoric, *à priori*, we should have augured well; but the rhetoric of their pulpit in past times, which is all that we know of it, is vicious and unnatural, whilst, on the other hand, for eloquence profound and heartfelt, measuring it by those heart-stirring proclamations issued in all quarters of Spain during 1808-9, the national capacity must be presumed to be of the very highest order.

We are thus thrown back upon the French pulpit orators as the only considerable body of modern rhetoricians out of our own language No writers are more uniformly praised, none are more entirely neglected. This is one of those numerous hypocrisies so common in matters of taste, where the critic is always ready with his good word as the readiest way of getting rid of the subject To blame might be hazardous; for blame demands reasons; but praise enjoys a ready dispensation from all reasons and from all discrimination Superstition, however, as it is under which the French rhetoricians hold their reputation, we have no thought of attempting any disturbance to it in so slight and incidental a notice as this Let critics by all means continue to invest them with every kind of imaginary splendour Meantime let us suggest, as a judicious caution,

* The nearest approach to reflective poetry which we ourselves remember in Italian literature, lies amongst the works of Salvator Rosa (the great painter)—where, however, it assumes too much the character of satire.

that French rhetoric should be praised with a reference only to its own narrow standard; for it would be a most unfortunate trial of its pretensions to bring so meagre a style of composition into a close comparison with the gorgeous opulence of the English rhetoric of the same century. Under such a comparison two capital points of weakness would force themselves upon the least observant of critics; first, the defect of striking imagery; and secondly, the slenderness of the thoughts. The rhetorical manner is supported in the French writers chiefly by an abundance of *ohs* and *ahs*; by interrogatories, apostrophes, and startling exclamations; all which are mere mechanical devices for raising the style; but in the substance of the composition, apart from its dress, there is nothing properly rhetorical. The leading thoughts in all pulpit eloquence being derived from religion, and in fact the common inheritance of human nature, if they cannot be novel, for that very reason cannot be undignified, but for the same reason they are apt to become unaffecting and trite unless varied and individualized by new infusions of thought and feeling. The smooth monotony of the leading religious topics, as managed by the French orators, receives under the treatment of Jeremy Taylor at each turn of the sentence a new flexure, or what may be called a separate *articulation*,"

' We may take the opportunity of noticing what it is that constitutes the peculiar and characterizing circumstance in Burke's manner of composition. It is this, that under his treatment every truth, be it what it may, every thesis of a sentence, *grows* in the very act of unfolding it. Take any sentence you please from Dr. Johnson, suppose, and it will be found to contain a thought, good or bad, fully preconceived. Whereas in Burke, whatever may have been the preconception, it receives a new determination or inflexion at every clause of the sentence Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its

old thoughts are surveyed from novel stations and under various angles, and a field absolutely exhausted throws up eternally fresh verdure under the fructifying lava of burning imagery *Human life*, for example, *is short; human happiness is frail*, how trite, how obvious a thesis! Yet in the beginning of the *Holy Dying*, upon that simplest of themes how magnificent a descant! Variations the most original upon a ground the most universal, and a sense of novelty diffused over truths coeval with human life! Finally, it may be remarked of the imagery in the French rhetoric that it is thinly sown, commonplace, deficient in splendour, and above all merely ornamental; that is to say, it does no more than echo and repeat what is already said in the thought which it is brought to illustrate, whereas in Jeremy Taylor and in Burke, it will be found usually to extend and amplify the thought, or to fortify it by some indirect argument of its truth Thus for instance in the passage above quoted from Taylor, upon the insensibility of man to the continual mercies of God, at first view the mind is staggered by the apparent impossibility that so infinite a reality, and of so continual a recurrence, should escape our notice; but the illustrative image, drawn from the case of a man standing at the bottom of the ocean, and yet insensible to that world of waters above him, from the uniformity and equality of its pressure, flashes upon us with a sense of something equally marvellous in a case which we

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remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences, like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith's hammer Hence whilst a writer of Dr Johnson's class seems only to look back upon his thoughts, Burke looks forward, and does in fact advance and change his own station concurrently with the advance of the sentences This peculiarity is no doubt in some degree due to the habit of extempore speaking, but not to that only.

know to be a physical fact We are thus reconciled to the proposition by the same image which illustrates it

In a single mechanical quality of good writing, that is in the structure of their sentences, the French rhetoricians, in common with French writers generally of that age, are superior to ours. This is what in common parlance is expressed (though inaccurately) by the word *style*, and is the subject of the third part of the work before us. Dr Whately, however, somewhat disappoints us by his mode of treating it He alleges, indeed, with some plausibility, that his subject bound him to consider style no further than as it was related to the purpose of persuasion But besides that it is impossible to treat it with effect in that mutilated section, even within the limits assumed we are not able to trace any outline of the law or system by which Dr Whately has been governed in the choice of his topics, we find many very acute remarks delivered, but all in a desultory way, which leave the reader no means of judging how much of the ground has been surveyed and how much omitted We regret also that he has not addressed himself more specifically to the question of English style, a subject which has not yet received the comprehensive discussion which it merits In the age of our great rhetoricians, it is remarkable that the English language had never been made an object of conscious attention No man seems to have reflected that there was a wrong and a right in the choice of words, in the choice of phrases, in the mechanism of sentences, or even in the grammar. Men wrote eloquently because they wrote feelingly, they wrote idiomatically, because they wrote naturally and without affectation, but if a false r – acephalous structure of sentence, if a barbarous idiom or conce, clause ot ... atic word happened to present itself, no writer of the tion, some ...h century seems to have had any such scrupulous

sense of the dignity belonging to his own language as should make it a duty to reject it or worth his while to remodel a line The fact is that verbal criticism had not as yet been very extensively applied even to the classical languages, the Scaligers, Casaubon, and Salmasius, were much more critics on things than critics philologically However, even in that age the French writers were more attentive to the cultivation of their mother tongue than any other people It is justly remarked by Schlegel, that the most worthless writers amongst the French as to matter generally take pains with their diction, or perhaps it is more true to say, that with equal pains in their language it is more easy to write well than in one of greater compass It is also true that the French are indebted for their greater purity from foreign idioms, to their much more limited acquaintance with foreign literature. Still with every deduction from the merit the fact is as we have said; and it is apparent not only by innumerable evidences in the *concrete*, but by the superiority of all their *abstract* auxiliaries in the art of writing We English even at this day have no learned grammar of our language, nay, we have allowed the blundering attempt in that department of an imbecile stranger (Lindley Murray) to supersede the learned (however imperfect) works of our own Wallis, Lowth, &c, we have also no sufficient dictionary, and we have no work at all, sufficient or insufficient, on the phrases and idiomatic niceties of our language, corresponding to the works of Vaugelas and others for the French

Hence an anomaly, not found perhaps in any literature but ours, that the most eminent English writers do not write their mother tongue without continual violations of propriety. With the single exception of William Wordsworth, who has paid an honourable attention to the purity

and accuracy of his English, we believe that there is not one celebrated author of this day who has written two pages consecutively, without some flagrant impropriety in the grammar (such as the eternal confusion of the preterite with the past participle, confusion of verbs transitive with intransitive, &c), or some violation more or less of the vernacular idiom. If this last sort of blemish does not occur so frequently in modern books, the reason is that since Dr Johnson's time the freshness of the idiomatic style has been too frequently abandoned for the lifeless mechanism of a style purely bookish and artificial

The practical judgments of Dr. Whately are such as will seldom be disputed Dr. Johnson for his triads and his antithetic balances, he taxes more than once with a plethoric and tautologic tympany of sentence; and in the following passage with a very happy illustration: "Sentences which might have been expressed as simple ones are expanded into complex ones by the addition of clauses which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared to the false handles and key-holes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to *correspond to the real ones.* Much of Dr Johnson's writing is chargeable with this fault"

We recollect a little biographic sketch of Dr Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well-known lines from the Doctor's imitation of Juvenal—

> "Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

and contends with some reason that this is saying in effect,—"*Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively*" Certainly Dr. Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has

played tricks with language* On the other hand, Burke was the least so; and we are petrified to find him described by Dr. Whately as a writer "qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam," and as on that account offensive to good taste. The understanding of Burke was even morbidly impatient of tautology, progress and motion, everlasting motion, was a mere necessity of his intellect We will venture to offer a king's ransom for one unequivocal case of tautology from the whole circle of Burke's writings The *principium indiscernibilium*, upon which Leibnitz affirmed the impossibility of finding any two leaves of a tree that should be mere duplicates of each other, in what we might call the *palmistry* of their natural markings, may be applied to Burke as safely as to nature, no two propositions, we are satisfied, can be found in *him*, which do not contain a larger variety than is requisite to their sharp discrimination.

Speaking of the advantages for energy and effect in the license of arrangement open to the ancient languages, especially to the Latin, Dr Whately cites the following sentence from the opening of the 4th Book of Q Curtius :—*Darius tanti modo exercitûs rex, qui, triumphantis magis quam dimicantis more, curru sublimis inierat prælium,—per loca, quæ prope immensis agminibus compleverat, jam*

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* The following illustration, however, from Dr Johnson's critique on Prior's *Solomon*, is far from a happy one: "He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought, had often *polished* it to *elegance*, *dignified* it with *splendour*, and sometimes *heightened* it to *sublimity*, he perceived in it many excellences, and did not perceive that it wanted that, without which all others are of small avail, the power of *engaging attention* and *alluring curiosity*." The parts marked in italics are those to which Dr Whately would object as tautologic Yet this objection can hardly be sustained, the ideas are all sufficiently discriminated, the fault is, that they are applied to no real corresponding differences in Prior.

inania, et ingenti solitudine vasta fugiebat. "The effect," says he, "of the concluding verb, placed where it is, is most striking"* The sentence is far enough from a good one, but, confining ourselves to the sort of merit for which it is here cited as a merit peculiar to the Latin, we must say that the very same position of the verb, with a finer effect, is attainable, and in fact often attained in English sentences; see, for instance, the passage in Richard's opening soliloquy—*Now is the winter of our discontent*—and ending, *In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.* See also another at the beginning of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* on the thanklessness of the labour employed upon the *foundations* of truth, which, says he, like those of buildings, "are in the bosom of the earth concealed." The fact is, that the common cases of inversion, such as the suspension of the verb to the end, and the anticipation of the objective case at the beginning, are not sufficient illustrations of the Latin structure All this can be done as well by the English It is not mere power of inversion, but of self-intrication, and of self-dislocation, which mark the extremity of the artificial structure; that power by which a sequence of words, that naturally is directly consecutive, commences, intermits, and reappears at a remote part of the sentence, like what is called drake-stone on the surface of a river In this power the Greek is almost as much below the Latin as all modern languages, and in this, added to its elliptic brevity of connexion and transition, and to its wealth in abstractions, "the long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*," lie the peculiar capacities of the Latin for rhetoric

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* We wish that in so critical a notice of an effect derived from the fortunate position of a single word, Dr Whately had not shocked our ears by this hideous collision of a double "*is*,"—"where it *is*, *is*" Dreadful!

Dr. Whately lays it down as a maxim in rhetoric, that "elaborate stateliness is always to be regarded as a worse fault than the slovenliness and languor which accompany a very loose style" But surely this is a rash position: stateliness the most elaborate, in an *absolute* sense, is no fault at all, though it may happen to be so in relation to a given subject, or to any subject under given circumstances "Belshazzar the king made a great feast for a thousand of his lords." Reading these words, who would not be justly offended in point of taste, had his feast been characterized by elegant simplicity? Again, at a coronation, what can be more displeasing to a philosophic taste than a pretended chastity of ornament, at war with the very purposes of a solemnity essentially magnificent? An imbecile friend of ours, in 1825, brought us a sovereign of a new coinage, "Which," said he, "I admire, because it is so elegantly simple" This, he flattered himself, was thinking like a man of taste But mark how we sent him to the right about: "And *that*, weak-minded friend, is exactly the thing which a coin ought not to be: the duty of a golden coin is to be as florid as it can, rich with Corinthian ornaments, and as gorgeous as a peacock's tail." So of rhetoric, imagine that you read these words of introduction, "*And on a set day, Tullius Cicero returned thanks to Cæsar on behalf of Marcus Marcellus,*" what sort of a speech is reasonably to be expected? The whole purpose being a festal and ceremonial one, thanksgiving its sole burden first and last, what else than the most "elaborate stateliness?" If it were not stately, and to the very verge of the pompous, Mr Wolf would have had one argument more than he had, and a better than any he has produced, for suspecting the authenticity of that thrice famous oration.

In the course of his dissertation on style, Dr. Whately

very needlessly enters upon the thorny question of the *quiddity*, or characteristic difference, of poetry as distinguished from prose.* We could much have wished that he had forborne to meddle with a *quæstio vexata* of this nature, both because in so incidental and cursory a discussion it could not receive a proper investigation, and because Dr. Whately is apparently not familiar with much of what has been written on that subject. On a matter so slightly discussed, we shall not trouble ourselves to enter farther, than to express our astonishment that a logician like Dr Whately should have allowed himself to deliver so nugatory an argument as this which follows:—"Any composition in *verse* (and none that is not), is always called, whether good or bad, a poem, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain." And the inference manifestly is, that it is rightly so called. Now, if a man has taken up any fixed opinion on the subject, no matter whether wrong or right, and has reasons to give for his opinion, this man comes under the description of those who have a favourite hypothesis to maintain. It follows, therefore, that the only class of people whom Dr. Whately

* "*As distinguished from prose.*" Here is one of the many instances in which a false answer is prepared beforehand, by falsely shaping the question. The accessary circumstance, as "*distinguished from prose,*" already prepares a false answer by the very terms of the problem. Poetry *cannot* be distinguished from prose without presupposing the whole question at issue. Those who deny that metre is the characteristic distinction of poetry, deny, by implication, that prose *can* be truly opposed to poetry. Some have imagined that the proper opposition was between poetry and science; but suppose that this is an imperfect opposition, and suppose even that there is no adequate opposition, or counterpole, this is no more than happens in many other cases. One of two poles is often without a name even where the idea is fully assignable in analysis. But at all events the expression, as "distinguished from prose," is a subtle instance of a *petitio principii.*

ject of this nature has necessarily imposed upon him. Had it coincided with our purpose to go more into detail, we could have delighted our readers with some brilliant examples of philosophical penetration, applied to questions interesting from their importance or difficulty, with the happiest effect. As it is, we shall content ourselves with saying, that in any elementary work it has not been our fortune to witness a rarer combination of analytical acuteness with severity of judgment; and when we add that these qualities are recommended by a scholar-like elegance of manner, we suppose it hardly necessary to add, that Dr. Whately's is incomparably the best book of its class, since Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*.

[NOTE.—In what is said at the beginning of this paper of the true meaning of the Enthymeme, as determined by Facciolati, we must be understood with an exclusive reference to rhetoric. In logic the old acceptation cannot be disturbed.]

LIFE OF MILTON.

THAT sanctity which settles on the memory of a great man, ought, upon a double motive, to be vigilantly sustained by his countrymen, first, out of gratitude to him as one column of the national grandeur; secondly, with a practical purpose of transmitting unimpaired to posterity the benefit of ennobling models High standards of excellence are among the happiest distinctions by which the modern ages of the world have an advantage over earlier, and we are all interested, by duty as well as policy, in preserving them inviolate. To the benefit of this principle none amongst the great men of England is better entitled than Milton, whether as respects his transcendent merit, or the harshness with which his memory has been treated.

John Milton was born in London on the 9th day of December 1608. His father, in early life, had suffered for conscience' sake, having been disinherited upon his abjuring the Popish faith. He pursued the laborious profession of a scrivener, and having realized an ample fortune retired into the country to enjoy it. Educated at Oxford, he gave his son the best education that the age afforded. At first, young Milton had the benefit of a private tutor: from him he was removed to St. Paul's School; next he proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge; and finally, after several years' preparation by extensive reading, he pursued a

course of continental travel. It is to be observed, that his tutor, Thomas Young, was a Puritan, and there is reason to believe that Puritan politics prevailed among the fellows of his college. This must not be forgotten in speculating on Milton's public life, and his inexorable hostility to the established government in Church and State; for it will thus appear probable, that he was at no time withdrawn from the influence of Puritan connexions.

In 1632, having taken the degree of M.A., Milton finally quitted the University, leaving behind him a very brilliant reputation, and a general good-will in his own college. His father had now retired from London, and lived upon his own estate at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. In this rural solitude, Milton passed the next five years, resorting to London only at rare intervals, for the purchase of books or music. His time was chiefly occupied with the study of Greek and Roman, and no doubt also of Italian literature. But that he was not negligent of composition, and that he applied himself with great zeal to the culture of his native literature, we have a splendid record in his "Comus," which, upon the strongest presumptions, is ascribed to this period of his life. In the same neighbourhood, and within the same five years, it is believed that he produced also the "Arcades" and the "Lycidas," together with "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

In 1637, Milton's mother died, and in the following year he commenced his travels. The state of Europe confined his choice of ground to France and Italy. The former excited in him but little interest. After a short stay at Paris he pursued the direct route to Nice, where he embarked for Genoa, and thence proceeded to Pisa, Florence, Rome, and Naples. He originally meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece, but the news of the first Scotch

war having now reached him, agitated his mind with too much patriotic sympathy to allow of his embarking on a scheme of such uncertain duration. Yet his homeward movements were not remarkable for expedition. He had already spent two months in Florence and as many in Rome, but he devoted the same space of time to each of them on his return. From Florence he proceeded to Lucca, and thence, by Bologna and Ferrara, to Venice, where he remained one month, and then pursued his homeward route through Verona, Milan, and Geneva.

Sir Henry Wotton had recommended as the rule of his conduct a celebrated Italian proverb, inculcating the policy of reserve and dissimulation. And so far did this old fox carry his refinements of cunning that even the dissimulation was to be dissembled *I pensieri stretti* the thoughts being under the closest restraint, nevertheless *il viso sciolto*, the countenance was to be open as the day. From a practised diplomatist this advice was characteristic; but it did not suit the frankness of Milton's manners, nor the nobleness of his mind He has himself stated to us his own rule of conduct, which was to move no questions of controversy, yet not to evade them when pressed upon him by others Upon this principle he acted, not without some offence to his associates, nor wholly without danger to himself But the offence, doubtless, was blended with respect, the danger was passed, and he returned home with all his purposes fulfilled. He had conversed with Galileo, he had seen whatever was most interesting in the monuments of Roman grandeur or the triumphs of Italian art; and he could report with truth, that in spite of his religion, everywhere undissembled, he had been honoured by the attentions of the great and by the compliments of the learned

After fifteen months of absence, Milton found himself

again in London at a crisis of unusual interest. The king was on the eve of his second expedition against the Scotch; and we may suppose Milton to have been watching the course of events with profound anxiety, not without some anticipation of the patriotic labour which awaited him. Meantime he occupied himself with the education of his sister's two sons; and soon after, by way of obtaining an honourable maintenance, increased the number of his pupils.

Dr Johnson, himself at one period of his life a schoolmaster, on this occasion indulges in a sneer and a false charge too injurious to be neglected. "Let not our veneration for Milton," says he, "forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance: on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." It is not true that Milton had made "great promises," or any promises at all. But if he had made the greatest, his exertions for the next sixteen years nobly redeemed them. In what way did Dr Johnson expect that his patriotism should be expressed? As a soldier? Milton has himself urged his bodily weakness and intellectual strength, as reasons for following a line of duty ten thousand times nobler. Was he influenced in his choice by fear of military dangers or hardships? Far from it. "For I did not," he says, "shun those evils without engaging to render to my fellow-citizens services much more useful, and attended with no less of danger." What services were those? We will state them in his own words, anticipated from an after period. "When I observed that there are in all three modes of liberty—first, ecclesiastical liberty; secondly, civil liberty; thirdly, domestic: having myself already treated of the first, and

noticing that the magistrate was taking steps in behalf of the second, I concluded that the third, that is to say, domestic, or household liberty, remained to me as my peculiar province. And whereas this again is capable of a threefold subdivision, accordingly as it regards the interests of conjugal life in the first place, or those of education in the second, or finally the freedom of speech, and the right of giving full publication to sound opinions,—I took it upon myself to defend all three, the first, by my 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;' the second, by my Tractate upon Education; the third, by my 'Areopagitica'"

In 1641, he conducted his defence of ecclesiastical liberty in a series of attacks upon Episcopacy. These are written in a spirit of rancorous hostility, for which we find no sufficient apology in Milton's too exclusive converse with a faction of bishop-haters, or even in the alleged low condition of the episcopal bench at that particular era*

At Whitsuntide, in the year 1645, having reached his 35th year, Milton married Mary Powel,† a young lady of

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* It was bad policy in logic to urge at that time the intellectual deficiencies (true or false) of the individual bishops, because this dilemma instantly arose —These personal deficiencies in the bishops had, or had not, caused the prevailing ecclesiastical grievances If they had *not*, then it was confessedly impertinence to notice them at all On the other hand, if they *had*, then in whatsoever proportion they were responsible for the alleged grievances connected with the Church, in that proportion they exonerated the institution of Episcopacy from any share in producing those grievances Such grievances could not be chargeable upon the personal insufficiency of the individual bishop, and yet at the same time separately chargeable upon the original vice of Episcopacy.

† "*Mary Powel*."—We have seen in the hands of young ladies a romance bearing this title, which (whether meant or not to injure Milton) must do so if applied to the real facts of the case Novels professedly historical may, in some rare instances, have illuminated

good extraction, in the county of Oxford. One month after
he allowed his wife to visit her family. This permission, ir
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vivified history; much oftener they have perplexed it; and the famous *Recess* of Miss Sophia Lee, some seventy years back, arising from the basis of a marriage between our English Duke of Norfolk and the Scottish Queen Mary, have utterly falsified both the facts and the traditions of the case. But when applied to the facts or the traditions of Biography, such romantic fictions have a far more calumnious tendency. Every step which is made towards the white-washing of the frivolous and unprincipled Mary Powel is a step towards the impeachment of Milton, and impeachment in a case which, if any within the records of human experience, drew forth and emblazoned Milton's benign spirit of forgiveness, and his magnanimous forbearance when a triumph was offered at once to his partisanship as a politician, and to his insulted rights as a husband. Look back, reader, for a few lines, and fix your attention upon the particular date of Milton's marriage. There is something very significant and important in *that*. It was celebrated, as you see, at Whitsuntide in the year 1645. Now, as Whitsuntide is a movable festival, and dependent upon Easter, it is difficult to guess on what day it would fall in that year. But at the very earliest, Whitsuntide would fall in May, and at the latest, within the month of June. Now in that very June was fought and won by the Parliament forces under Fairfax the decisive battle of Naseby in Northamptonshire. That battle prostrated the party to which the Powels belonged, and raised to the supreme administration of public affairs the party of Milton, and eventually Milton himself. It is true that a lingering resistance to the Parliament was kept up in garrisoned and fortified towns throughout the nine months succeeding to Naseby. But about Lady day [March 25] of the following year, 1646, the very last act of hostility took place, viz., an extensive cavalry action at Stow in the Wolds, a town of Gloucestershire. Sir Jacob Astley, who commanded for the king, was totally defeated, and the prostration of the Royalists was on that day finally sealed. Now it was some months *after* Naseby that Milton, without reserve, forgave his erring wife, and reinstated her at the head of his family. Some private calamity must have concurred about this time with their political overthrow to overwhelm the Powels. For a season they were ruined. But Milton, forgetting all injuries, received the entire family into his own house. So much for the real historic Mary Powel as compared with the Mary Powel of romance.

itself somewhat singular, the lady abused; for when sum-
moned back to her home she refused to return. Upon this
provocation, Milton set himself seriously to consider the
extent of the obligations imposed by the nuptial vow; and
soon came to the conclusion, that in point of conscience it
was not less dissoluble for hopeless incompatibility of tem-
per than for positive adultery; and that human laws, in so
far as they opposed this principle, called for reformation.
These views he laid before the public in his "Doctrine
and Discipline of Divorce." In treating this question he
had relied entirely upon the force of argument, not aware
that he had the countenance of any great authorities; but
finding soon afterwards that some of the early reformers,
Bucer and P. Martyr, had taken the same view as himself,
he drew up an account of their comments on this subject.
Hence arose the second of his tracts on Divorce. Mean-
time, as it was certain that many would abide by what
they supposed to be the positive language of Scripture, in
opposition to all authority whatsoever, he thought it ad-
visable to write a third tract on the proper interpretation
of the chief passages in Scripture which refer to this point.
A fourth tract, by way of answer to the different writers
who had opposed his opinions, terminated the series.

Meantime the lady, whose rash conduct had provoked
her husband into these speculations, saw reason to repent
of her indiscretion; and finding that Milton held her deser-
tion to have cancelled all claims upon his justice, wisely
resolved upon making her appeal to his generosity. This
appeal was not made in vain: in a single interview at the
house of a common friend, where she had contrived to sur-
prise him, and suddenly to throw herself at his feet, he
granted her a full forgiveness; and so little did he allow
himself to remember her misconduct or that of her family

by official labours Yet at this time he undertook a service to the state, more invidious and perhaps more perilous than any in which his politics ever involved him On the very day of the king's execution, and even below the scaffold, had been sold the earliest copies of a work admirably fitted to shake the new government, and which, for the sensation produced at the time, and the lasting controversy as to its authorship, is one of the most remarkable known in literary history. This was the "Eikon Basilike, or Royal Image," professing to be a series of meditations drawn up by the late king, on the leading events from the very beginning of the national troubles Appearing at this critical moment, and co-operating with the strong reaction of the public mind, already effected in the king's favour by his violent death, this book produced an impression absolutely unparalleled in that century. Fifty thousand copies, it is asserted, were sold within one year ; and a posthumous power was thus given to the king's name by one little book, which exceeded, in alarm to his enemies, all that his armies could accomplish in his lifetime No remedy could meet the evil in degree As the only one that seemed fitted to it in kind, Milton drew up a running commentary upon each separate head of the original , and as that had been entitled the king's image, he gave to his own the title of "Eikonoclastes, or Image Breaker," the famous surname of some amongst the Byzantine Cæsars, who broke in pieces what they considered superstitious images

This work was drawn up with the usual polemic ability of Milton ; but by its very plan and purpose, it threw him upon difficulties which no ability could meet It had that inevitable disadvantage which belongs to all ministerial and secondary works , the order and choice of topics being all determined by the Eikon, Milton. for the first time, wore

an air of constraint and servility, following a leader and obeying his motions, as an engraver is controlled by the designer, or a translator by his original. It is plain, from the pains he took to exonerate himself from such a reproach, that he felt his task to be an invidious one. The majesty of grief, expressing itself with Christian meekness, and appealing, as it were, from the grave to the consciences of men, could not be violated without a recoil of angry feeling, ruinous to the effect of any logic, or rhetoric the most persuasive The affliction of a great prince, his solitude, his rigorous imprisonment, his constancy to some purposes which were not selfish, his dignity of demeanour in the midst of his heavy trials, and his truly Christian fortitude in his final sufferings—these formed a rhetoric which made its way to all hearts Against such influences the eloquence of Greece would have been vain. The nation was spellbound, and a majority of its population neither could nor would be disenchanted.

Milton was ere long called to plead the same great cause upon an ampler stage, and before an audience less preoccupied with hostile views; to plead not on behalf of his party against the Presbyterians and Royalists, but on behalf of his country against the insults of a hired Frenchman, and at the bar of the whole Christian world Charles II had resolved to state his father's case to all Europe. This was natural, for very few people on the Continent knew what cause had brought his father to the block, or why he himself was a vagrant exile from his throne For his advocate he selected Claudius Salmasius, and that was most injudicious This man, eminent among the scholars of the day, had some brilliant accomplishments, which were useless in such a service, while in those which were really indispensable, he was singularly deficient. He was ignorant of the world,

reformed minister then resident in Holland, and at one time a friend of Salmasius. Two years after the publication of this man's book ("Regii Sanguinis Clamor") Milton received multiplied assurances from Holland that Morus was its true author. This was not wonderful Morus had corrected the press, had adopted the principles and passions of the book, and perhaps at first had not been displeased to find himself reputed the author. In reply, Milton published his "Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano," seasoned in every page with some stinging allusions to Morus All the circumstances of his early life are recalled, and some were such as the grave divine would willingly have concealed from the public eye He endeavoured to avert too late the storm of wit and satire about to burst on him, by denying the work, and even revealing the author's real name, but Milton resolutely refused to make the slightest alteration. The true reason of this probably was that the work was written so exclusively against Morus, full of personal scandal, and puns and gibes upon his name, which in Greek signifies a fool, that it would have been useless and irrelevant as an answer to any other person In Milton's conduct on this occasion, there is a want both of charity and candour. Personally, however, Morus had little ground for complaint; he had bearded the lion by submitting to be reputed the author of a work not his own Morus replied, and Milton closed the controversy by a defence of himself, in 1655

He had, indeed, about this time some domestic afflictions, which reminded him of the frail tenure on which all human blessings were held, and the necessity that he should now begin to concentrate his mind upon the great works which he meditated In 1651 his first wife died, after she had

given him three daughters. In that year he had already lost the use of one eye, and was warned by the physicians that if he persisted in his task of replying to Salmasius, he would probably lose the other The warning was soon accomplished, according to the common account, in 1654, but upon collating his letter to Philaras the Athenian, with his own pathetic statement in the "Defensio Secunda," we are disposed to date it from 1652 In 1655 he resigned his office of secretary, in which he had latterly been obliged to use an assistant.

Some time before this period, he had married his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom it is supposed that he was very tenderly attached In 1657 she died in childbirth, together with her child, an event which he has recorded in a very beautiful sonnet This loss, added to his blindness, must have made his home, for some years, desolate and comfortless Distress, indeed, was now gathering rapidly upon him. The death of Cromwell in the following year, and the unaspiring character of his eldest son, held out an invitation to the ambitious intriguers of the day, which they were not slow to improve. It soon became too evident to Milton's discernment, that all things were hurrying forward to restoration of the ejected family. Sensible of the risk, therefore, and without much hope, but obeying the summons of his conscience, he wrote a short tract on the ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth, concluding with those noble words, "Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to, but with the prophet, Oh, earth! earth! earth! to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to Nay, though what I have spoken should happen [which Thou

suffer not, who didst create free, nor Thou next, who didst redeem us from being servants of men] to be the last words of our expiring liberty." A slighter pamphlet on the same subject, "Brief Notes" upon a sermon by one Dr. Griffiths, must be supposed to be written rather with a religious purpose of correcting a false application of sacred texts, than with any great expectation of political benefit to his party. Dr. Johnson, with his customary insolence, says, that he kicked when he could strike no longer: more justly it might be said that he held up a solitary hand of protestation on behalf of that cause, now in its expiring struggles, which he had maintained when prosperous; and that he continued to the last one uniform language, though he now believed resistance to be hopeless, and knew it to be full of peril.

That peril was soon realized In the spring of 1660, the Restoration was accomplished amidst the tumultuous rejoicings of the people It was certain that the vengeance of government would lose no time in marking its victims; for some of them, in anticipation, had already fled. Milton wisely withdrew from the first fury of the persecution, which now descended on his party. He secreted himself in London, and when he returned into the public eye in the winter, found himself no farther punished, than by a general disqualification for the public service, and the disgrace of a public burning inflicted on his "Eikonoclastes," and his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano."

Apparently it was not long after this time that he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, a lady of good family in Cheshire In what year he began the composition of his "Paradise Lost" is not certainly known. some have supposed in 1658 There is better ground for fixing the period of its close During the plague of 1655, he

retired to Chalfont, and at that time Elwood the Quaker read the poem in a finished state. The general interruption of business in London, occasioned by the plague, and prolonged by the great fire in 1666, explains why the publication was delayed for nearly two years. The contract with the publisher is dated April 26, 1667, and in the course of that year the "Paradise Lost" was published. Originally it was printed in ten books: in the second and subsequent editions, the seventh and tenth books were each divided into two. Milton received five pounds in the first instance on the publication of the book. His farther profits were regulated by the sale of the three first editions Each was to consist of 1500 copies, and on the second and third respectively reaching a sale of 1300, he was to receive a further sum of five pounds for each, making a total of fifteen pounds The receipt for the second sum of five pounds is dated April 26, 1669

In 1670, Milton published his "History of Britain," from the fabulous period to the Norman conquest. And in the same year he published, in one volume, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" The "Paradise Regained," it has been currently asserted that Milton preferred to "Paradise Lost" This is not true; but he may have been justly offended by the false principles on which some of his friends maintained a reasonable opinion. The "Paradise Regained" is inferior, but only by the necessity of its subject and design, not by less finished composition. In the "Paradise Lost," Milton had a field properly adapted to a poet's purposes: a few hints in Scripture were expanded Nothing was altered, nothing absolutely added: but that, which was told in the Scriptures in sum, or in its last results, was developed into its whole

succession of parts. Thus, for instance, "There was war in heaven," furnished the matter for a whole book. Now for the latter poem,—which part of our Saviour's life was it best to select as that in which Paradise was Regained? He might have taken the Crucifixion, and here he had a much wider field than in the Temptation; but then he was subject to this dilemma. If he modified, or in any way altered, the full details of the four Evangelists, he shocked the religious sense of all Christians; yet, the purposes of a poet would often require that he should so modify them. With a fine sense of this difficulty, he chose the narrow basis of the Temptation in the Wilderness, because there the whole had been wrapt up by Scripture in a few obscure abstractions. Thus, "He showed him all the kingdoms of the earth," is expanded, without offence to the nicest religious scruple, into that matchless succession of pictures, which bring before us the learned glories of Athens, Rome in her civil grandeur, and the barbaric splendour of Parthia. The actors being only two, the action of "Paradise Regained" is unavoidably limited. But in respect of composition, it is perhaps more elaborately finished than "Paradise Lost."

In 1672, he published in Latin a new scheme of Logic, on the method of Ramus, in which Dr. Johnson suspects him to have meditated the very eccentric crime of rebellion against the universities. Be that as it may, this little book is in one view not without interest; all scholastic systems of logic confound logic and metaphysics; and some of Milton's metaphysical doctrines, as the present Bishop of Winchester has noticed, have a reference to the doctrines brought forward in his posthumous Theology. The history of the last named work is remarkable. That such a

treatise had existed was well known, but it had disappeared and was supposed to be irrecoverably lost Meantime, in the year 1823, a Latin manuscript was discovered in the State-Paper Office, under circumstances which leave little doubt of its being the identical work which Milton was known to have composed By the king's command, it was edited by Mr Sumner, the present Bishop of Winchester, and separately published in a translation

What he published after the scheme of logic is not important enough to merit a separate notice His end was now approaching In the summer of 1674 he was still cheerful and in the possession of his intellectual faculties But the vigour of his bodily constitution had been silently giving way, through a long course of years, to the ravages of gout It was at length thoroughly undermined · and about the 10th of November 1674 he died with tranquillity so profound, that his attendants were unable to determine the exact moment of his decease He was buried, with unusual marks of honour, in the chancel of St. Giles', at Cripplegate

[The published lives of Milton are very numerous Among

* This closing paragraph must (from internal evidence) have been added at the press, I presume, in or about the year 1830 or 1831, when the little sketch was written and probably printed I have no wish or design to charge the unknown writer with any *intentional* falsification of my very determinate opinions upon the chief biographers of Milton Bishop Newton and Archdeacon Todd, I believe to have been honest men, but brought unavoidably into positions trying to that honesty, and even into inextricable perplexities by the collision between two most solemn obligations,—viz, on the one hand loyalty to the Church of England, and on the other hand loyalty to the mighty poet whose intellectual interests they had spontaneously

founded upon the latter, will be found in Rees's *Cyclopædia* But the most remarkable is that written by Dr. Johnson in his *Lives of the British Poets;* a production grievously disfigured by prejudice, yet well deserving the student's attention, for its intrinsic merits, as well as for the celebrity which it has attained]

THE REVOLUTION OF GREECE.

It is falsely charged upon itself by this age, in its character of *censor morum*, that effeminacy in a practical sense lies either amongst its full-blown faults, or amongst its lurking tendencies A rich, a polished, a refined age, may, by mere necessity of inference, be presumed to be a luxurious one; and the usual principle which sets in motion the whole trivial philosophy which speculates upon the character of a particular age or a particular nation, is first of all to adopt some one central idea of its characteristics, and then without further effort to pursue its integration, that is, having assumed (or, suppose even having demonstrated) the existence of some great influential quality in excess sufficient to overthrow the apparent equilibrium demanded by the common standards of a just national character, the speculator then proceeds, as in a matter of acknowledged right, to push this predominant quality into all its consequences, and all its closest affinities To give one illustration of such a case, now perhaps beginning to be forgotten · Somewhere about the year 1755, the once celebrated Dr Brown, after other little attempts in literature and paradox, took up the conceit that England was ruined at her heart's core by excess of luxury and sensual self-indulgence He had persuaded himself that the ancient activities and energies of

the country were sapped by long habits of indolence, and by a morbid plethora of enjoyment in every class Courage, and the old fiery spirit of the people, had gone to wreck with the physical qualities which had sustained them Even the faults of the public mind had given way under its new complexion of character, ambition and civil dissension were extinct It was questionable whether a good hearty assault and battery, or a respectable knock-down blow, had been dealt by any man in London for one or two generations. The doctor carried his reveries so far, that he even satisfied himself and one or two friends (probably by looking into the parks at hours propitious to his hypothesis) that horses were seldom or ever used *for riding*; that, in fact, this accomplishment was too boisterous or too perilous for the gentle propensities of modern Britons; and that, by the best accounts, few men of rank or fashion were now seen on horseback. This pleasant collection of dreams did Dr. Brown solemnly propound to the English public, in two octavo volumes, under the title of *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, and the report of many who lived in those days assures us that for a brief period the book had a prodigious run In some respects the doctor's conceits might seem too startling and extravagant, but, to balance *that*, every nation has some pleasure in being heartily abused by one of its own number, and the English nation has always had a special delight in being alarmed, and in being clearly convinced that it is and ought to be on the brink of ruin. With such advantages in the worthy doctor's favour, he might have kept the field until some newer extravaganza had made his own obsolete, had not one ugly turn in political affairs given so smashing a refutation to his practical conclusions, and called forth so sudden a rebound of public feeling in the very opposite

direction, that a bomb-shell descending right through the whole impression of his book could not more summarily have laid a chancery "injunction" upon its further sale. This arose under the brilliant administration of the first Mr. Pitt · England was suddenly victorious in three quarters of the globe; land and sea echoed to the voice of her triumphs; and the poor Doctor Brown, in the midst of all this hubbub, cut his own throat with his own razor. Whether this dismal catastrophe were exactly due to his mortification as a baffled visionary, whose favourite conceit had suddenly exploded like a rocket into smoke and stench, is more than any man is entitled to swear judicially, but, at all events, the sole memorial of his hypothesis which now reminds the English reader that it ever existed is one solitary notice of good-humoured satire pointed at it by Cowper* And the possibility of such exceeding folly in a man otherwise of good sense and judgment, not depraved by any brain-fever or enthusiastic infatuation, not drunk with new wine, not frantic with delirium tremens, is to be found in the vicious process of reasoning applied to such estimates, the doctor, having taken up one novel idea of the national character, proceeded afterwards by no tentative inquiries or comparison with actual facts and phenomena of daily experience, but resolutely developed out of his one idea all that it appeared analytically to involve, and postulated audaciously as a solemn fact whatsoever could be exhibited in any possible connexion with his one central principle, whether in the way of consequence or of affinity

Pretty much upon this unhappy Brunonian mode of deducing our national character, it is a very plausible speculation, which has been and will again be chanted, that we,

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* "The Inestimable Estimate of Brown."

Waterloo? So again of Colonel De Lacy Evans, who, after losing a fine estate long held out to his hopes, five times over put himself at the head of *forlorn hopes* Such cases are memorable, and were conspicuous at the time, from the lustre of wealth and high connexions which surrounded the parties; but many thousand others, in which the sacrifices of personal ease were less noticeable from their narrower scale of splendour, had equal merit for the cheerfulness with which those sacrifices were made

Here, again, in the person of the author before us,* we have another instance of noble and disinterested heroism, which, from the magnitude of the sacrifices that it involved, must place him in the same class as the Mellishes and the Lees This gallant Scotsman, who was born in 1788 or 1789, lost his father in early life Inheriting from him a good estate in Aberdeenshire, and one more considerable in Jamaica, he found himself at the close of a long minority in the possession of a commanding fortune Under the vigilant care of a sagacious mother, Mr Gordon received the very amplest advantages of a finished education, studying first at the University of Aberdeen and afterwards for two years at Oxford, whilst he had previously enjoyed as a boy the benefits of a private tutor from Oxford Whatever might be the immediate result from this careful tuition, Mr Gordon has since completed his own education in the most comprehensive manner, and has carried his accomplishments as a linguist to a point of rare excellence Sweden and Portugal excepted, we understand that he has personally visited every country in Europe He has travelled also in Asiatic Turkey, in Persia, and in Barbary From this personal residence in foreign countries, we under-

* *History of the Greek Revolution*, by Thomas Gordon.

stand that Mr Gordon has obtained an absolute mastery over certain modern languages, especially the French, the Italian, the Modern Greek, and the Turkish.* Not content, however, with this extensive education in a literary sense, Mr. Gordon thought proper to prepare himself for the part which he meditated in public life, by a second, or military education, in two separate services: first, in the British, where he served in the Greys, and in the forty-third regiment; and subsequently, during the campaign of 1813, as a captain on the Russian staff.

Thus brilliantly accomplished for conferring lustre and benefit upon any cause which he might adopt amongst the many revolutionary movements then continually emerging in Southern Europe, he finally carried the whole weight of his great talents, prudence, and energy, together with the unlimited command of his purse, to the service of Greece in her heroic struggle with the Sultan. At what point his services and his countenance were appreciated by the ruling persons in Greece, will be best collected from the accompanying letter, translated from the original in modern Greek, addressed to him by the provisional government of Greece in 1822. It will be seen that this official document notices with great sorrow Mr Gordon's absence from Greece, and with some surprise, as a fact at that time unexplained and mysterious; but the simple explanation of this mystery was, that Mr. Gordon had been brought to the very brink of the grave by a contagious fever, at Tripolizza, and that his native air was found essential to his restoration. Subsequently he returned, and rendered the most powerful

* Mr. Gordon is privately known to be the translator of the work written by a Turkish minister, "*Tchelebi Effendi*," published in the Appendix to Wilkinson's *Wallachia*, and frequently referred to by the *Quarterly Review* in its notices of Oriental affairs.

friends from the Christian nations throughout Europe For it was agreeable neither to humanity nor to piety, that the rights of nations, liable to no grudges of malice or scruples of jealousy, should be surreptitiously and wickedly filched away, or mocked with outrage and insult; but that they should be settled firmly on those foundations which Nature herself has furnished in abundance to the condition of man in society However, so it was, that Greece, cherishing these most reasonable expectations, met with most unmerited disappointments

"But you, noble and generous Englishman, no sooner heard the trumpet of popular rights echoing melodiously from the summits of Taygetus, of Ida, of Pindus, and of Olympus, than turning with listening ears to the sound, and immediately renouncing the delights of country, of family ties, and (what is above all) of domestic luxury and ease, and the happiness of your own fireside, you hurried to our assistance But suddenly, and in contradiction to the universal hope of Greece, by leaving us you have thrown us all into great perplexity and amazement, and that at a crisis when some were applying their minds to military pursuits, some to the establishment of a civil administration, others to other objects, but all alike were hurrying and exerting themselves wherever circumstances seemed to invite them.

"Meantime, the government of Greece having heard many idle rumours and unauthorized tales disseminated, but such as seemed neither in correspondence with their opinion of your own native nobility from rank and family, nor with what was due to the newly-instituted administration, have slighted and turned a deaf ear to them all, coming to this resolution, that in absenting yourself from Greece you are doubtless obeying some strong necessity, for that it is not possible nor credible of a man such as you

displayed yourself to be whilst living amongst us, that he should mean to insult the wretched; least of all to insult the unhappy and much-suffering people of Greece Under these circumstances, both the deliberative and the executive bodies of the Grecian Govern[illegible] have come to a resolution, wit[illegible] invite you back to Greece, in o[illegible] a share in the Grecian contest; [illegible] and not alien from your charac[illegible] liberty of any one nation cann[illegible] altogether indifferent to the rest, but natu[illegible]mmon and diffusive interest, and nothing [illegible] reasonable than that the Englishman and the Gr[illegible]ch a cause, should make themselves yoke-fellows, [illegible]ld participate as brothers in so holy a struggle [illegible]efore the Grecian Government hastens, by this present distinguished expression of its regard, to invite you to the soil of Greece, a soil united by such tender memorials with yourself; confident that you, preferring glorious poverty and the hard living of Greece to the luxury and indolence of an obscure seclusion, will hasten your return to Greece, agreeably to your native character, restoring to us our valued English connexion Farewell!

"The Vice-President of the Executive,

"ATHANASIUS KANAKARES

"The Chief-Secretary, Minister of Foreign Relations,

"NEGENZZ"

Since then, having in 1817 connected himself in marriage with a beautiful young lady of Armenian Greek extraction, and having purchased land and built a house in Argos, Mr Gordon may be considered in some sense as a Grecian citizen. Services in the field having now for some

years been no longer called for, he has exchanged his patriotic sword for a patriotic pen; judging rightly that in no way so effectually can Greece be served at this time with Western Europe, as by recording faithfully the course of her [illegible], tracing the difficulties which lay or which should be [illegible] her path, the heroism with which she surmounted them, and the multiplied errors by which she raised up others to herself. Mr Gordon, of forty authors who have partially treated this theme, is the first who can be considered either impartial or comprehensive; and upon his authority, not seldom using his words, we shall now present to our readers the first continuous abstract of this most interesting and romantic war —

GREECE, in the largest extent of that term, having once belonged to the Byzantine empire, is included, by the misconception of hasty readers, in the great wreck of 1453. They take it for granted that, concurrently with Constantinople and the districts adjacent, these Grecian provinces passed at that disastrous era into the hands of the Turkish conqueror, but this is an error Parts of Greece, previously to that era, had been dismembered from the Eastern empire, other parts did not until long *after* it share a common fate with the metropolis Venice had a deep interest in the Morea, *in* that, and *for* that, she fought with various success for generations, and it was not until the year 1717, nearly three centuries from the establishment of the crescent in Europe, that "the banner of St Mark, driven finally from the Morea and the Archipelago," was henceforth exiled (as respected Greece) to the Ionian Islands.

In these contests, though Greece was the prize at issue, the children of Greece had no natural interest. Whether the cross prevailed over the crescent, the same, for all sub-

stantial results, was the fate which awaited themselves The Moslem might be the more intolerant by his maxims, and he might be harsher in his professions; but a slave is not the less a slave though his master should happen to hold the same creed with himself; and towards a member of the Greek church one who looked westward to Rome for his religion was likely to be little less of a bigot than one who looked to Mecca So that we are not surprised to find a Venetian rule of policy recommending—for the daily allowance of these Grecian slaves—"a *little* bread and a liberal application of the cudgel!" Whichever yoke were established was sure to be hated; and therefore it was fortunate for the honour of the Christian name, that from the year 1717 the fears and the enmity of the Greeks were to be henceforward pointed exclusively towards *Mohammedan* tyrants

To be hated, however, sufficiently for resistance, a yoke must have been long and continuously felt Fifty years might be necessary to season the Greeks with a knowledge of Turkish oppression, and less than two generations* could hardly be supposed to have manured the whole territory with an adequate sense of the wrongs they were enduring, and the withering effects of such wrongs on the sources of public prosperity. Hatred, besides, without hope, is no root out of which an effectual resistance can be expected to grow; and fifty years almost had elapsed before a great power had arisen in Europe, having in any capital circumstance a joint interest with Greece, or specially authorized by visible right and power to interfere as her protector The semi-Asiatic power of Russia, from the era

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* Time must be allowed, often a century even, for the play room of the *occasions* for tyranny.

of the Czar Peter the Great, had arisen above the horizon with the sudden sweep and splendour of a meteor. The arch described by her ascent was as vast in compass as it was rapid, and in all history no political growth, not that of our own Indian empire, had travelled by accelerations of speed so terrifically marked Not that even Russia could have really grown in strength according to the *apparent* scale of her progress The strength was doubtless there, or much of it, before Peter and Catherine, but it was latent, there had been no such sudden growth as people fancied, but there had been a sudden evolution Infinite resources had been silently accumulating from century to century, but before the Czar Peter no mind had come across them of power sufficient to reveal their situation or to organize their efforts In some nations the manifestations of power are coincident with its growth, in others, from vicious institutions, a vast crystallization goes on for ages blindly and in silence, which the lamp of some meteoric mind is required to light up into brilliant display. Thus it had been in Russia, and hence, to the abused judgment of all Christendom, she had seemed to leap like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter, gorgeously endowed, and in panoply of civil array for all purposes of national grandeur, at the *fiat* of one coarse barbarian As the metropolitan home of the Greek Church, she could not disown a maternal interest in the humblest of the Grecian tribes, holding the same faith with herself, and celebrating their worship by the same rites This interest she could at length venture to express in a tone of sufficient emphasis, and Greece became aware that she could, about the very time when Turkish oppression had begun to unite its victims in aspirations for redemption, and had turned their eyes abroad in search of some great standard under whose shadow they could flock

for momentary protection or for future hope. What cabals were reared upon this condition of things by Russia, and what premature dreams of independence were encouraged throughout Greece in the reign of Catherine II, may be seen sufficiently developed in the once celebrated work of Mr. William Eton.

Another great circumstance of hope for Greece, coinciding with the dawn of her own earliest impetus in this direction, and travelling *pari passu* almost with the growth of her mightiest friend, was the advancing decay of her oppressor. The wane of the Turkish crescent had seemed to be in some secret connexion of fatal sympathy with the growth of the Russian cross. Perhaps the reader will thank us for rehearsing the main steps by which the Ottoman power had flowed and ebbed The foundations of this empire were laid in the thirteenth century by Ortogrul, the chief of a Turkoman tribe, residing in tents not far from Dorylæum (a Phrygian name so memorable in the early crusades), about the time when Jenghiz had overthrown the Seljukian dynasty. His son Osman first assumed the title of Sultan; and, in 1300, having reduced the city of Prusa, in Bithynia, he made that the capital of his dominions The Sultans who succeeded him for some generations, all men of vigour, and availing themselves not less of the decrepitude which had by that time begun to palsy the Byzantine sceptre, than of the martial and religious fanaticism which distinguished their own followers, crossed the Hellespont, conquering Thrace and the countries up to the Danube. In 1453, the most eminent of these Sultans, Mahomet II., by storming Constantinople, put an end to the Roman empire: and before his death he placed the Ottoman power in Europe pretty nearly on that basis to which it had again fallen back by 1821. The long interval

of time between these two dates involved a memorable flux and reflux of power, and an oscillation between two extremes of panic-striking grandeur, in the ascending scale (insomuch that the Turkish Sultan was supposed to be charged in the Apocalypse with the dissolution of the Christian thrones), and in the descending scale of paralytic dotage tempting its own instant ruin In speculating on the causes of the extraordinary terror which the Turks once inspired, it is amusing and illustrative of the revolutions worked by time, to find it imputed, in the first place, to superior discipline, for, if their discipline was imperfect, they had, however, a *standing* army of Janissaries, whilst the whole of Christian Europe was accustomed to fight merely summer campaigns with hasty and necessarily untrained levies, a second cause lay in their superior finances, for the Porte had a regular revenue, when the other powers of Europe relied upon the bounty of their vassals and clergy, and, thirdly, which is the most surprising feature of the whole statement, the Turks were so far ahead of others in the race of improvement, that to them belongs the credit of having first adopted the extensive use of gunpowder, and of having first brought battering-trains against fortified places To his artillery and his musketry it was that Selim the Ferocious (grandson of that Sultan who took Constantinople) was indebted for his victories in Syria and Egypt Under Solyman the Magnificent (the well-known contemporary of the Emperor Charles V., Francis I, and Henry VIII) the crescent is supposed to have attained its utmost altitude, and already for fifty years the causes had been in silent progress which were to throw the preponderance into the Christian scale. In the reign of his son, Selim the Second, this crisis was already passed, and the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, which crippled the Turkish navy in

a degree never wholly recovered, gave the first overt signal to Europe of a turn in the course of their prosperity. Still, as this blow did not equally affect the principal arm of their military service, and as the strength of the German empire was too much distracted by Christian rivalship, the *prestige* of the Turkish name continued almost unbroken until their bloody overthrow in 1664, at St. Gothard, by the imperial General Montecuculi. In 1673 they received another memorable defeat from Sobieski, on which occasion they lost 25,000 men. In what degree, however, the Turkish Samson had been shorn of his original strength, was not yet made known to Europe by any adequate expression, before the great catastrophe of 1683. In that year, at the instigation of the haughty vizier, Kara Mustafa, the Turks had undertaken the siege of Vienna; and great was the alarm of the Christian world. But, on the 12th of September, their army of 150,000 men was totally dispersed by 70,000 Poles and Germans, under John Sobieski: "He conquering *through* God, and God *by* him."* Then followed the treaty of Carlovitz, which stripped the Porte of Hungary, the Ukraine, and other places; and "henceforth," says Mr. Gordon, "Europe ceased to dread the Turks; and began even to look upon their existence as a necessary element of the balance of power among its states." Spite of their losses, however, during the first half of the eighteenth century, the Turks still maintained a respectable attitude against Christendom. But the wars of the Empress Catherine II., and the French invasion of Egypt and Syria, demonstrated that either their native vigour was exhausted and superannuated, or, at least, that the institutions were superan-

* See the sublime Sonnet on the subject, as translated by Mr. Wordsworth.

nuated by which their resources had been so long administered. Accordingly, at the commencement of the present century, the Sultan Selim II. endeavoured to reform the military discipline; but in the first collision with the prejudices of his people, and the interest of the Janissaries, he perished by sedition. Mustafa, who succeeded to the throne, in a few months met the same fate. But then (1808) succeeded a prince formed by nature for such struggles: cool, vigorous, cruel, and intrepid. This was Mahmoud II. He perfectly understood the crisis, and determined to pursue the plans of his uncle Selim, even at the hazard of the same fate. Why was it that Turkish soldiers had been made ridiculous in arms, as often as they had met with French troops, who yet were so far from being the best in Christendom, that Egypt herself, and the beaten Turks, had seen *them* in turn uniformly routed by the British? Physically, the Turks were equal, at the very least, to the French. In what lay their inferiority? Simply in discipline, and in their artillery. And so long as their constitution and discipline continued what they had been, suited (that is) to centuries long past and gone, and to a condition of Christendom obsolete for ages, so long it seemed inevitable that the same disasters should follow the Turkish banners. And to this point, accordingly, the Sultan determined to address his earliest reforms. But caution was necessary; he waited and watched. He seized all opportunities of profiting by the calamities or the embarrassments of his potent neighbours. He put down all open revolt. He sapped the authority of all the great families in Asia Minor, whose hereditary influence could be a counterpoise to his own. Mecca and Medina, the holy cities of his religion, he brought again within the pale of his dominions. He augmented and fostered, as a counterbalancing force to the Janissaries,

fanatical character of her Moslem subjects And we may add, as a concluding circumstance of some interest in this sketch of her modern condition, that pretty nearly the same European territories as were assigned to the eastern Roman empire at the time of its separation from the western,[*] were included within the frontier line of Turkey, on the 1st of January 1821.

Precisely in this year commenced the Grecian revolution. Concurrently with the decay of her oppressor the Sultan, had been the prodigious growth of her patron the Czar In what degree she looked up to that throne, and the intrigues which had been pursued with a view to that connexion, may be seen (as we have already noticed) in Eton's *Turkey*, a book which attracted a great deal of notice about thirty years ago. Meantime, besides this secret reliance on Russian countenance or aid, Greece had since that era received great encouragement to revolt from the successful experiment in that direction made by the Turkish province of Servia In 1800, Czerni George came forward as the asserter of Servian independence, and drove the Ottomans out of that province *Personally* he was not finally successful But his example outlived him; and, after fifteen years' struggle, Servia (says Mr. Gordon) offered "the unwonted spectacle of a brave and armed Christian nation living under its own laws in the heart of Turkey," and retaining no memorial of its former servitude, but the payment of a slender and precarious tribute to the Sultan, with a *verbal* profession of allegiance to his sceptre Appearances were thus saved to the pride of the haughty Moslem

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[*] "The vitals of the monarchy lay within that vast triangle circumscribed by the Danube, the Save, the Adriatic, Euxine, and Ægean Seas, whose altitude may be computed at five hundred, and the length of its base at seven hundred geographical miles "—GORDON

by barren concessions which cost no real sacrifice to the substantially victorious Servian.

Examples, however, are thrown away upon a people utterly degraded by long oppression. And the Greeks were pretty nearly in that condition. "It would, no doubt," says Mr Gordon, "be possible to cite a more *cruel* oppression than that of the Turks towards their Christian subjects, but none *so fitted to break men's spirit*." The Greeks in fact (under which name are to be understood not only those who speak Greek, but the Christian Albanians of Roumelia and the Morea, speaking a different language, but united with the Greeks in spiritual obedience to the same church), were, in the emphatic phrase of Mr. Gordon, "the slaves of slaves:" that is to say, not only were they liable to the universal tyranny of the despotic Divan, but "throughout the empire they were in the habitual intercourse of life subjected to vexations, affronts, and exactions, from Mohammedans of every rank. Spoiled of their goods, insulted in their religion and domestic honour, they could rarely obtain justice The slightest flash of courageous resentment brought down swift destruction on their heads, and cringing humility alone enabled them to live in ease, or even in safety." Stooping under this iron yoke of humiliation, we have reason to wonder that the Greeks preserved sufficient nobility of mind to raise so much as their wishes in the direction of independence. In a condition of abasement, from which a simple act of religious apostasy was at once sufficient to raise them to honour and wealth, "and from the meanest serfs gathered them to the caste of oppressors," we ought not to wonder that some of the Greeks should be mean, perfidious, and dissembling, but rather that any, as Mr. Gordon says, "had courage to adhere to their religion, and to eat the bread of affliction."

But noble aspirations are fortunately indestructible in human nature. And in Greece the lamp of independence of spirit had been partially kept alive by the existence of a native militia, to whom the Ottoman Government, out of mere necessity, had committed the local defence. These were called *Armatoles* (or Gendarmerie); their available strength was reckoned by Pouqueville (for the year 1814) at 10,000 men, and as they were a very effectual little host for maintaining from age to age the "true faith militant" of Greece, namely, that a temporary and a disturbed occupation of the best lands in the country did not constitute an absolute conquest on the part of the Moslems, most of whom flocked for security with their families into the stronger towns; and as their own martial appearance, with arms in their hands, lent a very plausible countenance to their insinuations that they, the Christian Armatoles, were the true *bonâ fide* governors and possessors of the land under a Moslem Suzerain; and as the general spirit of hatred to Turkish insolence was not merely maintained in their own local stations,[*] but also propagated thence with activity to every part of Greece,—it may be interesting to hear Mr. Gordon's account of their peculiar composition and habits

"The Turks," says he, "from the epoch of Mahommed the Second, did not (unless in Thessaly) generally settle there. Beyond Mount Œta, although they seized the best

[*] Originally, it seems, there were fourteen companies (or *capitanerias*) settled by imperial diplomas in the mountains of Olympus, Othrys, Pindus, and Œta, and distinct appropriations were made by the Divan for their support. *Within* the Morea, the institution of the Armatoles was never tolerated; but there the same spirit was kept alive by tribes, such as the Mainatts, whose insurmountable advantages of natural position enabled them eternally to baffle the most powerful enemy.

lands, the Mussulman inhabitants were chiefly composed of the garrisons of towns with their families. Finding it impossible to keep in subjection with a small force so many rugged cantons, peopled by a poor and hardy race, and to hold in check the robbers of Albania, the Sultans embraced the same policy which has induced them to court the Greek hierarchy, and respect ecclesiastical property, by enlisting in their service the armed bands that they could not destroy. When wronged or insulted, these Armatoles threw off their allegiance, infested the roads, and pillaged the country; while such of the peasants as were driven to despair by acts of oppression joined their standard; the term Armatole was then exchanged for that of Klefthis [Κλεπτης] or Thief, a profession esteemed highly honourable, when it was exercised, sword in hand, at the expense of the Moslems.* Even in their quietest mood, these soldiers curbed Turkish tyranny; for the captains and Christian primates of districts understanding each other, the former, by giving to some of their men a hint to desert and turn Klefts, could easily circumvent Mohammedans who came on a mission disagreeable to the latter. The habits and manners of the Armatoles, living among forests and in mountain passes, were necessarily rude and simple: their magnificence consisted in adorning with silver their guns, pistols, and daggers, their amusements, in shooting at a mark, dancing, and sing-

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* And apparently, we may add, when exercised at the expense of whomsoever at sea. The old Grecian instinct, which Thucydides states so frankly, under which all seafarers were dedicated to spoil as people who courted attack, seems never to have been fully rooted out from the little creeks and naval fastnesses of the Morea, and of some of the Ægean Islands. Not, perhaps, the mere spirit of wrong and aggression, but some old traditionary conceits and maxims, brought on the great crisis of piracy, which fell under no less terrors than of the triple thunders of the great allies.

ing the exploits of the most celebrated chiefs. Extraordinary activity and endurance of hardships and fatigue made them formidable light troops in their native fastnesses; wrapped in shaggy cloaks, they slept on the ground, defying the elements, and the pure mountain air gave them robust health. Such were the warriors that, in the very worst times, kept alive a remnant of Grecian spirit."

But all these facts of history or institutions of policy, nay, even the more violent appeals to the national pride in such memorable transactions as the expatriation of the illustrious Suliotes (as also of some eminent predatory chieftains from the Morea), were, after all, no more than indirect excitements of the insurrectionary spirit. If it were possible that any adequate occasion should arise for combining the Greeks in one great movement of resistance, such continued irritations must have the highest value, as keeping alive the national spirit, which must finally be relied on, to improve it and to turn it to account; but it was not to be expected that any such local irritations could ever of themselves avail to create an occasion of sufficient magnitude for imposing silence on petty dissensions, and for organizing into any unity of effort a country so splintered and naturally cut into independent chambers as that of Greece. That task, transcending the strength* (as might seem) of any real agencies or powers then existing in Greece, was assumed by a mysterious,† and, in some sense, a fictitious society of

* Epirus and Acarnania, &c., to the north-west; Roumelia, Thebes, Attica, to the east; the Morea, or Peloponnesus, to the south-west; and the islands so widely dispersed in the Ægean, had from position a separate interest over and above their common interest as members of a Christian confederacy. And in the absence of some great representative society, there was no voice commanding enough to merge the local interest in the universal one of Greece. The original (or *Philomuse* society), which adopted literature for its ostensible object,

corresponding members, styling itself the *Hetæria* (Ἑταιρια). A more astonishing case of mighty effects prepared and carried on to their accomplishment by small means, magnifying their own extent through great zeal and infinite concealment, and artifices the most subtle, is not to be found in history The *Vehm-Gericht*, or *secret tribunal*, of the middle ages is not to be compared with it for the depth and expansion of its combinations, or for the impenetrability of its mask Nor is there in the whole annals of man a manœuvre so admirable as that by which this society, silently effecting its own transfiguration, and recasting as in a crucible its own form, organs, and most essential functions, contrived, by mere force of seasonable silence, or by the very pomp of mystery, to carry over from the first or innoxious model of the Hetæria, to its new organization, all those weighty names of kings or princes who would not have given their sanction to any association having political objects, however artfully veiled The early history of the Hetæria is shrouded in the same mystery as the whole course of its political movements Some suppose that Alexander Maurocordato, ex-Hospodar of Wallachia, during his long exile in Russia, founded it for the promotion of education, about the beginning of the present century Others ascribe it originally to Riga At all events, its purposes were purely intellectual in its earliest form In 1815, in consequence chiefly of the disappointment which

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as a mask to its political designs, expired at Munich in 1807, but not before it had founded a successor more directly political Hence arose a confusion, under which many of the crowned heads in Europe were judged uncharitably as dissemblers or as traitors to their engagements They had subscribed *to the first society*, but they reasonably held that this did not pledge them to another, which, though inheriting the secret purposes of the first, no longer masked or disavowed them.

the Greeks met with in their dearest hopes from the Congress of Vienna, the Hetæria first assumed a political character under the secret influence of Count Capodistria of Corfu, who, having entered the Russian service as mere private secretary to Admiral Tchitchagoff,* in 1812, had, in a space of three years, insinuated himself into the favour of the Czar, so far as to have become his private secretary, and a cabinet minister of Russia. He, however, still masked his final objects under plans of literature and scientific improvement. In deep shades he organized a vast apparatus of agents and apostles; and then retired behind the curtain to watch or to direct the working of his blind machine. It is an evidence of some latent nobility in the Greek character, in the midst of that levity with which all Europe taxes it, that never except once were the secrets of the society betrayed; nor was there the least ground for jealousy offered either to the stupid Moslems, in the very centre of whom, and round about them, the conspiracy was daily advancing, or even to the rigorous police of Moscow,

* "*Tchitchagoff*."—That famous Russian admiral, who being suddenly liberated from a Turkish war in Moldavia, came down when least expected, by a right-angled movement, to the French line of retreat from Moscow, upon the perishing columns of Napoleon, already floundering through accumulated snow-drifts. For the British public he became for many months, in 1813, even less familiarized by the splendour and critical seasonableness of his descents upon the French line of retreat, than by the following comic notice of his uncouth name in the body of Southey's *Excursion to Moscow*—an admirable sketch of Napoleon's expedition (which had the honour to be sung on the stage of every theatre great and small throughout the three kingdoms)—

> "And last of all an admiral came,
> A terrible man with a terrible name,
> A name which you all must know very well,
> Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell."

where the Hetæria had its head-quarters In the single instance of treachery which occurred, it happened that the Zantiote, who made the discovery to Ali Pacha on a motive of revenge, was himself too slenderly and too vaguely acquainted with the final purposes of the Hetæria for effectual mischief, having been fortunately admitted only to its lowest degree of initiation, so that all passed off without injury to the cause, or even personally to any of its supporters There were, in fact, five degrees in the Hetæria A candidate of the lowest class (styled *Adelphoi*, or brothers), after a minute examination of his past life and connexions, and after taking a dreadful oath, under impressive circumstances, to be faithful in all respects to the society and his afflicted country, and even to assassinate his nearest and-dearest relation, if detected in treachery, was instructed only in the general fact that a design was on foot to ameliorate the condition of Greece The next degree of *Systimenoi*, or bachelors, who were selected with more anxious discrimination, were informed that this design was to move towards its object *by means of a revolution* The third class, called *Priests of Eleusis*, were chosen from the aristocracy, and to them it was made known that *this revolution was near at hand*, and, also, that there were in the society higher ranks than their own The fourth class was that of the *prelates*, and to this order, which never exceeded the number of one hundred and sixteen, and comprehended the leading men of the nation, the most unreserved information was given upon all the secrets of the Hetæria, after which they were severally appointed to a particular district, as superintendent of its interests, and as manager of the whole correspondence on its concerns with the Grand Arch Thus, the crowning order and key stone of the society, was reputed to comprehend sixteen "mysterious and illustrious

names," amongst which were obscurely whispered those of the Czar, the Crown Prince of Bavaria and of Wurtemberg, of the Hospodar of Wallachia, of Count Capodistria, and some others. The orders of the Grand Arch were written in cipher, and bore a seal having in sixteen compartments the same number of initial letters The revenue which it commanded must have been considerable; for the lowest member, on his noviciate, was expected to give at least fifty piastres (at that time about two pounds sterling); and those of the higher degrees gave from three hundred to one thousand each. The members communicated with each other, in mixed society, by masonic signs.

It cannot be denied that a secret society, with the grand and almost awful purposes of the Hetæria, spite of some taint which it had received in its early stages from the spirit of German mummery, is fitted to fill the imagination, and to command homage from the coldest. Whispers circulating from mouth to mouth of some vast conspiracy mining subterraneously beneath the very feet of their accursed oppressors, whispers of a great deliverer at hand, whose mysterious *Labarum*, or mighty banner of the Cross, was already dimly descried through northern mists, and whose eagles were already scenting the carnage and "savour of death" from innumerable hosts of Moslems, whispers of a revolution which was again to call, as with the trumpet of resurrection, from the grave, the land of Timoleon and Epaminondas, such were the preludings, low and deep, to the tempestuous overture of revolt and patriotic battle which now ran through every nook of Greece, and caused every ear to tingle.

The knowledge that this mighty cause must be sowed in dishonour—propagated, that is in respect to the knowledge of its plans, by redoubled cringings to their brutal masters,

in order to shield it from suspicion—but that it would probably be reaped in honour; the belief that the poor Grecian, so abject and trampled under foot, would soon reappear amongst the nations who had a name, in something of his original beauty and power; these dim but elevating perceptions, and these anticipations, gave to every man the sense of an ennobling secret confided to his individual honour, and, at the same time, thrilled his heart with sympathetic joy, from approaching glories that were to prove a personal inheritance to his children. Over all Greece a sense of power, dim and vast, brooded for years; and a mighty phantom, under the mysterious name of *Arch*, in whose cloudy equipage were descried, gleaming at intervals, the crowns and sceptres of far-distant potentates, sustained whilst it agitated their hearts. *London*, that "mighty heart" of an organization ebullient with imperishable life, was one of the secret watchwords in their impenetrable cipher; *Moscow*, holy capital and crest of the gorgeous Grecian Christianity, was a countersign; Bavaria and Austria bore mysterious parts in the drama; and, though no sound was heard, nor voice given to the powers that were working, yet, as if by mere force of secret sympathy, all mankind who were worthy to participate in the enterprise seemed to be linked in brotherhood with Greece. These notions were, much of them, mere phantasms and delusions; but they were delusions of mighty efficacy for arming the hearts of this oppressed country against the terrors that must be faced; and for the whole of them Greece was indebted to the Hetæria, and to its organized agency of *apostles* (as they were technically called), who compassed land and sea as pioneers for the coming crusade.*

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* Considering how very much the contest did finally assume a religious character (even Franks being attached, not as friends of

By 1820, Greece was thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of resistance, all things were ready, so far, perhaps, as it was possible that they ever *should* be ready under the eyes and scimitars of the enemy. Now came the question of time, *when* was the revolt to begin? Some contend, says Mr Gordon, that the Hetæria should have waited for a century, by which time they suppose that the growth of means in favour of Greece would have concurred with a more than corresponding decay in her enemy. But, to say nothing of the extreme uncertainty which attends such remote speculations, and the utter impossibility of training men with no personal hopes to labour for the benefit of distant generations, there was one political argument against that course, which Mr Gordon justly considers unanswerable It is this. Turkey in Europe has been long tottering on its basis Now, were the attempt delayed until Russia had displaced her and occupied her seat, Greece would then have received her liberty as a boon from the conqueror, and the construction would have been that she held it by sufferance, and under a Russian warrant This argument is conclusive But others there were who fancied that 1825 was the year at which all the preparations for a successful revolt could have been matured Probably some gain in such a case would have been balanced against some loss But it is not necessary to discuss that question Accident, it was clear, might bring on the first hostile movement at any hour, when the *minds* of all men were prepared, let the means in other respects be as deficient as they might Already, in 1820, circumstances made it

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Greece, but simply as Christians), one cannot but wonder that this grand romantic name of *Crusade* has not been applied to the Greek war in Western Europe

evident that the outbreak of the insurrection could not long be delayed. And, accordingly, in the following year all Greece was in flames.

This affair of 1820 has a separate interest of its own, connected with the character of the very celebrated person to whom it chiefly relates; but we notice it chiefly as the real occasion, the momentary spark, which, alighting upon the combustibles by this time accumulated everywhere in Greece, caused a general explosion of the long-hoarded insurrectionary fury. Ali Pacha, the far-famed vizier of Yannina,* had long been hated profoundly by the Sultan, who in the same proportion loved and admired his treasures. However, he was persuaded to wait for his death, which could not (as it seemed) be far distant, rather than risk anything upon the chances of war. And in this prudent resolution he would have persevered, but for an affront which he could not overlook. An Albanian, named Ismael Pasho Bey, once a member of Ali's household, had incurred his master's deadly hatred; and, flying from his wrath to various places under various disguises, had at length taken refuge in Constantinople, and there sharpened the malice of Ali by attaching himself to his enemies. Ali was still further provoked by finding that Ismael had won the Sultan's favour, and obtained an appointment in the palace. Mastered by his fury, Ali hired assassins to shoot his enemy in the very midst of Constantinople, and under the very eyes of imperial protection. The assassins failed, having only wounded him; they were arrested, and disclosed the name of their employer.

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* Pronounced *Yannĭna*, as I have always understood, i.e., with the accent on the antepenultimate, and the i of the penultimate as short (as in the English word *animal*), not long (as in the word *repining* or *refinement*).

Here was an insult which could not be forgiven: Ali Pacha was declared a rebel and a traitor; and solemnly excommunicated by the head of the Mussulman law. The Pachas of Europe received orders to march against him, and a squadron was fitted out to attack him by sea.

In March 1820, Ali became acquainted with these strong measures, which at first he endeavoured to parry by artifice and bribery. But, finding *that* mode of proceeding absolutely without hope, he took the bold resolution of throwing himself, in utter defiance, upon the native energies of his own ferocious heart. Having, however, but small reliance on his Mohammedan troops in a crisis of this magnitude, he applied for Christian succours, and set himself to *court* the Christians generally. As a first step, he restored the Armatoles, that very body whose suppression had been so favourite a measure of his policy, and pursued so long, so earnestly, and so injuriously to his credit amongst the Christian part of the population. It happened, at the first opening of the campaign, that the Christians were equally courted by the Sultan's generalissimo, Solyman, the Pacha of Thessaly. For this, however, that Pacha was removed and decapitated, and a new leader was now appointed in the person of that very enemy, Ismael Pasho, whose attempted murder had brought the present storm upon Ali. Ismael was raised to the rank of Seraskier, and was also made Pacha of Yannina and Delvino. Three other armies, besides a fleet under the Captain Bey, advanced upon Ali's territories simultaneously from different quarters. But at that time, in defiance of these formidable and overwhelming preparations, bets were strongly in Ali's favour amongst all who were acquainted with his resources: for he had vast treasures, fortresses of great strength, inexhaustible supplies of artillery and amunition, a country

almost inaccessible, and fifteen thousand light troops, whom Mr Gordon, upon personal knowledge, pronounces "excellent"

Scarcely had the war commenced, when Ali was abandoned by almost the whole of his partisans, in mere hatred of his execrable cruelty and tyrannical government To Ali, however, this defection brought no despondency, and with unabated courage he prepared to defend himself to the last, in three castles, with a garrison of three thousand men That he might do so with entire effect he began by destroying his own capital of Yannina, lest it should afford shelter to the enemy Still his situation would have been most critical, but for the state of affairs in the enemy's camp. The Seraskier was attended by more than twenty other pashas But they were all at enmity with each other. One of them, and the bravest, was even poisoned by the Seraskier. Provisions were running short in consequence of their own dissensions Winter was fast approaching, the cannonading had produced no conspicuous effect, and the soldiers were disbanding In this situation the Sultan's lieutenants again saw the necessity of courting aid from the Christian population of the country Ali on his part never scrupled to bid against them at any price, and at length, irritated by the ill-usage of the Turks on their first entrance, and disgusted with the obvious insincerity of their reluctant and momentary kindness, some of the bravest Christian tribes (especially the celebrated Suliotes) consented to take Ali's bribes, forgot his past outrages and unnumbered perfidies, and reading his sincerity in the extremity of his peril, these bravest of the brave ranged themselves amongst the Sultan's enemies During the winter they gained some splendid successes; other alienated friends came back to Ali; and even some Mohammedan Beys were

their escape seemed impossible. Yet all was ruined by one officer of rank, who got drunk and advanced with an air of bravado, followed, on a principle of honour, by a sacred cohort [*hieros lochos*], composed of 500 Greek volunteers of birth and education, the very *élite* of the insurgent infantry. The Turks gave themselves up for lost; but, happening to observe that this drunkard seemed unsupported by other parts of the army, they suddenly mounted, came down upon the noble young volunteers before they could even form in square, and nearly the whole disdaining to fly were cut to pieces on the ground. An officer of rank and a brave man, appalled by this hideous disaster, the affair of a few moments, rode up to the spot and did all he could to repair it. But the cow-

kard had fled at the first onset with all his

panic spread rapidly, and the whole force of

Hosp en fled before 800 Turks, leaving 400 men dead

talion. ld, of whom 350 belonged to the sacred bat-

The Tur

neglected to occupied with gathering a trophy of heads,

feated adva ursue But the work was done The de-

same nigh fell back upon the main body; and that

bewildered the whole army, panic-struck, ashamed, and

momen commenced a precipitate retreat From this

This p Prince Ypsilanti thought only of saving himself

Austri ose he effected in a few days by retreating into

the day from which territory he issued his final order of

with cow ing his army, in violent and unmeasured terms,

sense tr dice and disobedience. This was in a limited

mere ju, many distinctions, however, were called for in

himself. e, and the capital defects after all were in

better, he his plan was originally bad; and, had it been

was quite unequal to the execution of it The

results were unfortunate to all concerned in it. Ypsilanti himself was arrested by Austria, and thrown into the unwholesome prison of Mongatz, where, after languishing for six years, he perished miserably. Some of the subordinate officers prolonged the struggle in a guerilla-style for some little time, but all were finally suppressed. Many were put to death, many escaped into neutral ground, and it is gratifying to add, that of two traitors amongst the higher officers, one was detected and despatched in a summary way of vengeance by his own associates; the other, for some unexplained reason, was beheaded by his Turkish friends at the very moment when he had put himself into their power, in fearless obedience to their own summons, to *come and receive his well-merited reward*, and under an express assurance from the Pacha of Silistria, that he was impatiently waiting to invest him with a pelisse of honour. Such faith is kept with traitors, such faith be ever kept with the betrayers of nations and their holiest hopes! Though in this instance the particular motives of the Porte are still buried in mystery, and (buried or *not* buried) those motives could not have been other than detestably base, let the Greek officers have been rotten with perfidy to their own compatriots, *that* was a crime which concerned God and their own brethren, to the Turks it brought no rights of vengeance. *Them* it did not in the remotest degree concern. And, supposing even that it *had*, perfidy is not the righteous instrument for chastising perfidy.

Thus terminated the first rash enterprise, which resulted from the too tempting invitation held out in the rebellion then agitating Epirus, locking up, as it did, and neutralizing so large a part of the disposable Turkish forces. To this we return. Kourshid Pacha quitted the Morea with a large body of troops in the first days of January 1821, and took

the command of the army already before Yannina. But, with all his great numerical superiority to the enemy with whom he contended, and now enjoying undisturbed union in his own camp, he found it impossible to make his advances rapidly. Though in hostility to the Porte, and though now connected with Christian allies, Ali Pacha was yet nominally a Mohammedan. Hence it had been found impossible as yet to give any colour of an anti-Christian character to the war, and the native Mohammedan chieftains had therefore no scruple in coalescing with the Christians of Epirus, and making joint cause with Ali. Gradually, from the inevitable vexations incident to the march and residence of a large army, the whole population became hostile to Kourshid, and their remembrance of Ali's former oppressions, if not effaced, was yet suspended in the presence of a nuisance so immediate and so generally diffused, so that eventually most of the Epirots turned their arms against the Porte. The same feelings which governed *them* soon spread to the provinces of Etolia and Acarnania; or rather, perhaps, being previously ripe for revolt, these provinces resolved to avail themselves of the same occasion. Missolonghi now became the centre of rebellion, and Kourshid's difficulties were daily augmenting. In July of this year (1821) these various insurgents, actively co-operating, defeated the Seraskier in several actions, and compelled a Pacha to lay down his arms on the road between Yannina and Souli. It was even proposed by the gallant partisan, Mark Bozzaris, that all should unite to hem in the Seraskier, but a wound received in a skirmish defeated this plan. In September following, however, the same Mark intercepted and routed Hassan Pacha in a defile on his march to Yannina; and in general the Turks were defeated everywhere, except at the head-quarters of the Seraskier,

and with losses in men enormously disproportioned to the occasions This arose partly from the necessity under which they lay of attacking expert musketeers who were under cover of breastworks, and partly from their own precipitance and determination to carry everything by summary force · "Whereas," says Mr Gordon, "a little patience would surely have caused them to succeed, and at least saved them much dishonour, and thousands of lives thrown away in mere wantonness" But, in spite of all blunders, and every sort of failure elsewhere, the Seraskier was still advancing slowly towards his main objects—the reduction of Ali Pacha And by the end of October, on getting possession of an important part of Ali's works, he announced to the Sultan that he should soon be able to send him the head of that rebel, who was already reduced to 600 men. A little before this, however, the celebrated Maurocordato, with other persons of influence, had arrived at Missolonghi with the view of cementing a general union of Christian and Mohammedan forces against the Turks In this he was so far successful, that in November a combined attack was made upon Ismael the old enemy of Ali, and three other Pachas, shut up in the town of Arta This attack succeeded partially, but it was attempted at a moment dramatically critical, and with an effect ruinous to the whole campaign as well as that particular attack The assailing party, about 3400 men, were composed in the proportion of two Christians to one Mohammedan They had captured one half of the town, and Mark Bozzaris having set this on fire to prevent plundering, the four Pachas were on the point of retreating under cover of the smoke At that moment arrived a Mohammedan of note, instigated by Kourshid, who was able to persuade those of his own faith that the Christians were not fighting with any sincere views

of advantage to Ali, but with ulterior purposes hostile to Mohammedanism itself On this, the Christian division of the army found themselves obliged to retire without noise, in order to escape their own allies, now suddenly united with the four Pachas Nor, perhaps, would even this evasion have been effected, but for the precaution of Mark Bozzaris in taking hostages from two leading Mohammedans. Thus failed the last diversion in favour of Ali Pacha, who was henceforward left to his own immediate resources All the Mohammedan tribes now ranged themselves on the side of Kourshid; and the winter of 1821-2 passed away without further disturbance in Epirus.

Meantime, during the absence of Kourshid Pacha from the Morea, the opportunity had not been lost for raising the insurrection in that important part of Greece Kourshid had evacuated the province early in January 1821, and already in February symptoms of the coming troubles appeared at Patrass, "the most flourishing and populous city of the Peloponnesus, the emporium of its trade, and residence of the foreign consuls and merchants." Its population was about 18,000, of which number two-thirds were Christian In March, when rumours had arrived of the insurrection beyond the Danube, under Alexander Ypsilanti, the fermentation became universal, and the Turks of Patrass hastily prepared for defence. By the 25th, the Greeks had purchased all the powder and lead which could be had, and about the 2d of April they raised the standard of the Cross Two days after this, fighting began at Patrass The town having been set on fire, "the Turkish castle threw shot and shells at random; the two parties fought amongst the ruins, and massacred each other without mercy, the only prisoners that were spared owed their lives to fanaticism, some Christian youths being en-

cumcised by the Mollahs, and some Turkish boys baptized by the priests"

"While the commencement of the war," says Mr Gordon, "was thus signalized by the ruin of a flourishing city, the insurrection gained ground with wonderful rapidity; and from mountain to mountain, and village to village, propagated itself to the furthest corner of the Peloponnesus Everywhere the peasants flew to arms, and those Turks who resided in the open country or unfortified towns were either cut to pieces, or forced to fly into strongholds" On the 2d of April, the flag of independence was hoisted in Achaia On the 9th, a Grecian senate met at Calamata in Messenia, having for its president Mavromichalis, Prince or Bey of Maina, a rugged territory in the ancient Sparta, famous for its hardy race of robbers and pirates *

On the 6th of April, the insurrection had spread to the narrow territory of Megaris, situated to the north of the isthmus The Albanian population of this country, amounting to about 10,000, and employed by the Porte to guard the defiles of the entrance into Peloponnesus, raised the

* These Mainatts have been supposed to be of Sclavonian origin; but Mr Gordon, upon the authority of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitos, asserts that they are of pure Laconian blood, and became Christians in the reign of that emperor's grandfather, Basil the Macedonian They are, and ever have been, robbers by profession, robbers by land, pirates by sea, for which last branch of their mixed occupation they enjoy singular advantages in their position at the point of junction between the Ionian and Ægean seas To illustrate their condition of perpetual warfare, Mr. Gordon mentions that there were very lately individuals who had lived for twenty years in towers, not daring to stir out lest their neighbours should shoot them They were supplied with bread and cartridges by their wives, for the persons of women are sacred in Maina Two other good features in their character are their hospitality and their indisposition to bloodshed They are in fact *gentle thieves*—the Robin Hoods of Greece

standard of revolt, and marched to invest the Acrocorinthus In the Messenian territory, the Bishop of Modon, having made his guard of Janissaries drunk, cut the whole of them to pieces, and then encamping on the heights of Navarin, his lordship blockaded that fortress The abruptness of these movements, and their almost simultaneous origin at distances so considerable, sufficiently prove how ripe the Greeks were for this revolt as respected temper; and in other modes of preparation they never *could* have been ripe whilst overlooked by Turkish masters That haughty race now, from every part of the Morea, retreated within the ramparts of Tripolizza

In the first action which occurred, the Arcadian Greeks did not behave well, they fled at the very sound of the Moslem tread. Colocotroni commanded, and he rallied them again, but again they deserted him at the sight of their oppressors "And I," said Colocotroni afterwards, when relating the circumstances of this early affair, "having with me only ten companions, including my horse, sat down in a bush and wept"

Meantime affairs went ill at Patrass Yussuf Pacha, having been detached from Epirus to Eubœa by the Seraskier, heard on his route of the insurrection in Peloponnesus Upon which, altering his course, he sailed to Patrass, and reached it on the 15th of April. This was Palm Sunday, and it dawned upon the Greeks with evil omens First came a smart shock of earthquake, next a cannonade announcing the approach of the Pacha, and, lastly, an Ottoman brig of war, which saluted the fort and cast anchor before the town

The immediate consequences were disastrous The Greeks retreated, and the Pacha detached Kihaya-Bey, a Tartar officer of distinguished energy, with near 3000 men, to the

tions which would follow a retreat, brought over the rest to his opinion; and it was resolved to take up a position at Valtezza, a village three hours' march from Tripolizza. Thither, on the 27th of May, the Kihaya arrived with 5000 men, in three columns, having left Tripolizza at dawn; and immediately raised redoubts opposite to those of the Greeks, and placed three heavy pieces of cannon in battery. He hoped to storm the position, but, if he should fail, he had a reason for still anticipating a victory, and *that* was the situation of the fountains, which must soon have drawn the Greeks out of their position, as they had water only for twenty-four hours' consumption.

The battle commenced; and the first failure of the Kihaya was in the cannonade, for his balls, passing over the Greeks, fell amongst a corps of his own troops. These now made three assaults, but were repulsed in all. Both sides kept up a fire till night, and each expected that his enemy would retire in the darkness. The 28th, however, found the two armies still in the same positions. The battle was renewed for five hours, and then the Kihaya, finding his troops fatigued, and that his retreat was likely to be intercepted by Nikitas (a brave partisan officer bred to arms in the service of England), who was coming up by forced marches from Argos with 800 men, gave the signal for retreat. This soon became a total rout, the Kihaya lost his horse, and the Greeks, besides taking two pieces of cannon, raised a trophy of 400 Moslem heads.

Such was the battle of Valtezza, the inaugural performance of the insurrection, and we have told it thus circumstantially, because Mr Gordon characterizes it as "remarkable for the moral effect it produced," and he does not scruple to add, that it "certainly decided the campaign in Peloponnesus *and perhaps even the fate of the revolution.*"

Three days after, that is, on the last day of May 1821, followed the victory of Doliana, in which the Kihaya, anxious to recover his lost ground, was encountered by Nikitas The circumstances were peculiarly brilliant; for the Turkish general had between 2000 and 3000 men, besides artillery, whereas Nikitas at first sustained the attack in thirteen barricaded houses with no more than ninety-six soldiers, and thirty armed peasants After a resistance of eleven hours, he was supported by 700 men, and in the end he defeated the Kihaya with a very considerable loss

These actions raised the enthusiasm of the Morea to a high point, and in the meantime other parts of Greece had joined in the revolt In the first week of April an insurrection burst out in the eastern provinces of Greece, Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis The insurgents first appeared near Livadia, one of the best cities in northern Greece. On the 13th, they occupied Thebes without opposition. Immediately after, Odysseus (that is, my unlearned friend, the Greek form of the name Ulysses) propagated the revolt in Phocis, where he had formerly commanded as a lieutenant of Ali Pacha's Next arose the Albanian peasantry of Attica, gathering in armed bodies to the west of Athens. Towards the end of April, the Turks, who composed one-fifth of the Athenian population (then rated at 10,000), became greatly agitated, and twice proposed a massacre of the Christians This was resisted by the humane Khadi; and the Turks, contenting themselves with pillaging absent proprietors, began to lay up stores in the Acropolis With ultra-Turkish stupidity, however, out of pure laziness, at this critical moment, they confided the night duty on the ramparts of the city to Greeks The consequence may be supposed On the 8th of May, the Ottoman standard had

overboard, the Mohammedan crews and passengers, for the contest already assumed a character of terrible ferocity. It would be vain to deny that the Greeks were guilty of shocking barbarities, at the little island of Castel Rosso, on the Karamanian* shore, they butchered in cold blood several beautiful Turkish females, and a great number of defenceless pilgrims (mostly old men), who, returning from Mecca, fell into their power off Cyprus, were slain without mercy, because they would not renounce their faith" Many such cases of hideous barbarity had already occurred, and did afterwards occur, on the mainland. But this is the eternal law and providential retribution of oppression The tyrant teaches to his slave the crimes and the cruelties which he inflicts, blood will have blood; and the ferocious oppressor is involved in the natural reaction of his own wickedness, by the frenzied retaliation of the oppressed Now was indeed beheld the realization of the sublime imprecation in Shakspere: "One spirit of the first-born Cain' did verily reign in the hearts of men, and now, if ever upon this earth, it seemed likely, from the dreadful *acharnement* which marked the war on both sides—the *acharnement* of long-hoarded vengeance and maddening remembrances in the Grecian, of towering disdain in the alarmed oppressor —that, in very simplicity of truth, Shakspere's deep word would be realized, and "*Darkness be the burier of the dead*"

Such was the opening scene in the astonishing drama of the Greek insurrection, which through all its stages, was destined to move through fire and blood, and beyond any war in human annals to command the interest of mankind through their sterner affections We have said that it was eminently a romantic war, but not in the meaning with

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* Karamanian, *i e*, the southern coast of Asia Minor (Anatolia).

which we apply that epithet to the semi-fabulous wars of Charlemagne and his Paladins, or even to the Crusaders. Here are no memorable contests of generosity; no triumphs glorified by mercy, no sacrifices of interest the most basely selfish to martial honour; no ear on either side for the pleadings of desolate affliction, no voice in any quarter of commanding justice; no acknowledgment of a common nature between the belligerents; nor sense of a participation in the same human infirmities, dangers, or necessities. To the fugitive from the field of battle there was scarcely a retreat; to the prisoner there was absolutely no hope. Stern retribution, and the very rapture of vengeance, were the passions which presided on the one side; on the other, fanaticism and the cruelty of fear and hatred, maddened by old hereditary scorn. Wherever the war raged, there followed upon the face of the land one blank Aceldama. A desert tracked the steps of the armies, and a desert in which was no oasis, and the very atmosphere in which men lived and breathed was a chaos of murderous passions. Still it is true that the war was a great romance. For it was filled with change, and with elastic rebound from what seemed final extinction, with the spirit of adventure carried to the utmost limits of heroism; with self devotion on the sublimest scale, and the very frenzy of patriotic martyrdom; with resurrection of everlasting hope upon ground seven times blasted by the blighting presence of the enemy, and with flowers radiant in promise, springing for ever from under the very tread of the accursed Moslem.

Supplementary Note on the Revolution of Greece.

We have thought that we should do an acceptable service to the reader by presenting him with a sketch of the Suliotes, and the most memorable points in their history. We have derived it (as to the facts) from a little work originally composed by an Albanian in modern Greek, and printed at Venice in 1815 This work was immediately translated into Italian, by Gherardini, an Italian officer of Milan, and shortly afterwards, with some few omissions, it was reproduced in an English version, but in this country it seems never to have attracted public notice, and is probably now forgotten

With respect to the name of Suli, the Suliotes themselves trace it to an accident —"Some old men," says the Albanian author, reciting his own personal investigations amongst the oldest of the Suliotes, "replied that they did not remember having any information from their ancestors concerning the first inhabitants of Suli, except this only, that some goat and swine herds used to lead their flocks to graze on the mountains where Suli and Ghiafa now stand, that these mountains were not only steep and almost inaccessible, but clothed with thickets of wood and infested by wild boars; that these herdsmen, being oppressed by the tyranny of the Turks of a village called to this day Gardichi, took the resolution of flying for a distance of six hours' journey to this sylvan and inaccessible position, of sharing in common the few animals which they had, and of suffering voluntarily every physical privation, rather than submit to the slightest wrong from their foreign tyrants This resolution, they added, must be presumed to have been executed with success, because we find that, in the lapse of five or six years, these original occupants of the fastness were joined by thirty other families Somewhere about that time it was that they began to awaken the jealousy of the Turks; and a certain Turk, named Suli, went in high scorn and defiance, with many other associates, to expel them from this strong position, but our stout forefathers met them with arms in their hands Suli, the leader and inciter of the Turks, was killed outright upon

the ground, and, on the very spot where he fell, at this day stands the centre of our modern Suli, which took its name, therefore, from that same slaughtered Turk, who was the first insolent and malicious enemy with whom our country in its days of infancy had to contend for its existence."

Such is the most plausible account which can now be obtained of the *incunabula* of this most indomitable little community, and of the circumstances under which it acquired its since illustrious name. It was, perhaps, natural that a little town, in the centre of insolent and bitter enemies, should assume a name which would long convey to their whole neighbourhood a stinging lesson of mortification, and of prudential warning against similar molestations. As to the *chronology* of this little state, the Albanian author assures us, upon the testimony of the same old Suliotes, that "*seventy years before*" there were barely one hundred men fit for the active duties of war, which, in ordinary states of society, would imply a total population of four hundred souls. That may be taken, therefore, as the extreme limit of the Suliote population at a period of seventy years antecedently to the date of the conversation on which he founds his information. But, as he has unfortunately omitted to fix the exact era of these conversations, the whole value of his accuracy is neutralized by his own carelessness. However, it is probable, from the internal evidence of his book, which brings down affairs below the year 1812, that his information was collected somewhere about 1810. We must carry back the epoch, therefore, at which Suli had risen to a population of four hundred, pretty nearly to the year 1740; and since, by the same traditionary evidence, Suli had *then* accomplished an independent existence through a space of eighty years, we have reason to conclude that the very first gatherings of poor Christian herdsmen to this sylvan sanctuary, when stung to madness by Turkish insolence and persecution, would take place about the era of the Restoration (of our Charles II.), that is, in 1660.

In more modern times, the Suliotes had expanded into four separate little towns peopled by 560 families, from which they were able to draw 1000 first-rate soldiers. But, by a very politic arrangement, they had colonized with sixty-six other families seven neighbouring towns, over which, from

stepping between her or her cattle until their own wants are fully supplied

This social consideration of the female sex, in right of their husbands' military honours, is made available for no trifling purposes, on one occasion it proved the absolute salvation of the tribe In one of the most desperate assaults made by Ali Pacha upon Suli, when that tyrant was himself present at the head of 8000 picked men, animated with the promise of 500 piastres a man, to as many as should enter Suli, after ten hours' fighting under an enfeebling sun, and many of the Suliote muskets being rendered useless by continual discharges, a large body of the enemy had actually succeeded in occupying the sacred interior of Suli itself At that critical moment, when Ali was in the very paroxysms of frantic exultation, the Suliote women, seeing that the general fate hinged upon the next five minutes, turned upon the Turks *en masse*, and with such a rapture of sudden fury that the conquering army was instantly broken, thrown into panic, pursued, and in that state of ruinous disorder was met and flanked by the men, who were now recovering from their defeat The consequences, from the nature of the ground, were fatal to the Turkish army and enterprise, the whole camp equipage was captured, none saved their lives but by throwing away their arms, one-third of the Turks (one-half by some accounts) perished on the retreat; the rest returned at intervals as an unarmed mob, and the bloody, perfidious Pacha himself saved his life only by killing two horses in his haste So total was the rout, and so bitter the mortification of Ali, who had seen a small band of heroic women snatch the long-sought prize out of his very grasp, that for some weeks he shut himself up in his palace at Yannina, would receive no visits, and issued a proclamation imposing instant death upon any man detected in looking out at a window or other aperture —as being *presumably* engaged in noticing the various expressions of his defeat which were continually returning to Yannina

The wars, in which the adventurous courage of the Suliotes (together with their menacing position) could not fail to involve them, were in all eleven The first eight of these occurred in times before the French Revolution, and with Pachas who have left no memorials behind them of the terrific energy or hellish

perfidy which marked the character of Ali Pacha. These Pachas, who brought armies at the lowest of 5000, and at the most of 12,000 men, were uniformly beaten, and apparently were content to be beaten Sometimes a Pacha was even made prisoner,* but, as the simple Suliotes little understood the art of improving advantages, the ransom was sure to be proportioned to the value of the said Pacha's sword-arm in battle, rather than to his rank and ability to pay, so that the terms of liberation were made ludicrously easy to the Turkish chiefs

These eight wars naturally had no other ultimate effect than to extend the military power, experience, and renown, of the Suliotes But their ninth war placed them in collision with a new and far more perilous enemy than any they had yet tried, above all, he was so obstinate and unrelenting an enemy, that, excepting the all-conquering mace of death, it was certain that no obstacles born of man ever availed to turn him aside from an object once resolved on The reader will understand, of course, that this enemy was Ali Pacha. Their ninth war was with him, and he, like all before him, was beaten, but *not* like all before him did Ali sit down in resignation under his defeat His hatred had now become fiendish, no other prosperity or success had any grace in his eyes so long as Suli stood, by which he had been overthrown, trampled on, and signally humbled Life itself was odious to him, if he must continue to witness the triumphant existence of the abhorred little mountain village which had wrung laughter at his expense from every nook of Epirus *Delenda est Carthago!—Suli must be exterminated!* became, therefore, from this time, the master watchword of his secret policy And on the 1st of June, in the year 1792, he commenced his second war against the Suliotes at the head of 22,000 men This was the second war of Suli with Ali Pacha, but it was the tenth war on their annals, and as far as their own exertions were concerned, it had the same result as

* On the same occasion the Pacha's son, and sixty officers of the rank of *Aga*, were also made prisoners by a truly rustic mode of assault The Turks had shut themselves up in a church, into this, by night, the Suliotes threw a number of hives full of bees, whose insufferable stings soon brought the haughty Moslems into the proper surrendering mood. The whole body were afterwards ransomed for so trifling a sum as 1000 sequins

all the rest. But about the sixth year of the war, in an indirect way Ali made one step towards his final purpose, which first manifested its disastrous tendency in the new circumstances which succeeding years brought forward In 1797 the French made a lodgement in Corfu, and agreeably to their general spirit of intrigue they had made advances to Ali Pacha and to all other independent powers in or about Epirus Amongst other states, in an evil hour for that ill-fated city, they wormed themselves into an alliance with Prevesa, and in the following year their own quarrel with Ali Pacha gave that crafty robber a pretence which he had long courted in vain, for attacking the place with his overwhelming cavalry before they could agree upon the mode of defence, and long before *any* mode could have been tolerably matured. The result was one universal massacre which raged for three days, and involved every living Prevesan, excepting some few who had wisely made their escape in time, and excepting those who were reserved to be tortured for Ali's special gratification, or to be sold for slaves in the shambles This dreadful catastrophe, which in a few hours rooted from the earth an old and flourishing community, was due in about equal degrees to the fatal intriguing of the interloping French, and to the rankest treachery in a quarter where it could least have been held possible, namely in a Suliote, and a very distinguished Suliote, Captain George Botzari, but the miserable man yielded up his honour and his patriotism to Ali's bribe of one hundred purses (perhaps at that time equal to £2500 sterling) The way in which this catastrophe operated upon Ali's final views was obvious to everybody in that neighbourhood Parga on the sea-coast was an indispensable ally to Suli, now Prevesa stood in the same relation to Parga, as an almost indispensable ally, that Parga occupied towards Suli.

This shocking tragedy had been perpetrated in the October of 1798, and in less than two years from that date, namely, on the 2d of June 1800, commenced the eleventh war of the Suliotes, being then third with Ali, and the last which, from their own guileless simplicity, meeting with the craft of the most perfidious amongst princes, they were ever destined to wage For two years, that is until the middle of 1802, the war, as managed by the Suliotes, rather resembles a romance or

some legend of Paladins, than any grave chapter in modern history. Amongst the earliest victims it is satisfactory to mention the traitor George Botzari, who, being in the power of the Pacha, was absolutely compelled to march with about 200 of his kinsmen, whom he had seduced from Suli, against his own countrymen, under whose avenging swords the majority of them fell, whilst the arch-traitor himself soon died of grief and mortification After this Ali himself led a great and well-appointed army in various lines of assault against Suli. But so furious was the reception given to the Turks, so deadly and so uniform their defeat, that panic seized on the whole army, who declared unanimously to Ali that they would no more attempt to contend with the Suliotes, "who," said they, "neither sit nor sleep, but are born only for the destruction of men." Ali was actually obliged to submit to this strange resolution of his army; but, by way of compromise, he built a chain of forts pretty nearly encircling Suli, and simply exacted of his troops that, being for ever released from the dangers of the open field, they should henceforward shut themselves up in these forts and constitute themselves a permanent blockading force, for the purpose of bridling the marauding excursions of the Suliotes It was hoped that from the close succession of these forts the Suliotes would find it impossible to slip between the cross fires of the Turkish musketry, and that, being thus absolutely cut off from their common resources of plunder, they must at length be reduced by mere starvation. That termination of the contest was in fact repeatedly within a trifle of being accomplished, the poor Suliotes were reduced to a diet of acorns; and even of this food had so slender a quantity that many died, and the rest wore the appearance of blackened skeletons All this misery, however, had no effect to abate one jot of their zeal and their undying hatred to the perfidious enemy who was bending every sinew to their destruction. It is melancholy to record that such perfect heroes, from whom force the most disproportioned, nor misery the most absolute, had ever wrung the slightest concession or advantage, were at length entrapped by the craft of their enemy, and by their own foolish confidence in the oaths of one who had never been known to keep any engagement which he had a momentary interest in breaking

Ali contrived first of all to trepan the matchless leader of the Suliotes, Captain Foto Giavella, who was a hero after the most exquisite model of ancient Greece, Epaminondas, or Timoleon, and whose counsels were uniformly wise and honest After that loss all harmony of plan went to wreck amongst the Suliotes; and at length, about the middle of December 1803, this immortal little independent state of Suli solemnly renounced by treaty to Ali Pacha its sacred territory, its three famous little towns, and those unconquerable positions among the crests of wooded inaccessible mountains which had baffled all the armies of the crescent, led by the most eminent of the Ottoman Pachas, and not seldom amounting to 20,000, 25,000, and in one instance even to more than 30,000 men. The articles of a treaty, which on one side there never was an intention of executing, are scarcely worth repeating, the amount was, that the Suliotes had perfect liberty to go whither they chose, retaining the whole of their arms and property, and with a title to payment in cash for every sort of warlike store which could not be carried off. In excuse for the poor Suliotes in trusting to treaties of any kind with an enemy whom no oaths could bind for an hour, it is but fair to mention that they were now absolutely without supplies either of ammunition or provisions, and that for seven days they had suffered under a total deprivation of water, the sources of which were now in the hands of the enemy and turned into new channels The winding up of the memorable tale is soon told The main body of the fighting Suliotes, agreeably to the treaty, immediately took the route to Parga, where they were sure of a hospitable reception, that city having all along made common cause with Suli against their common enemy Ali The son of Ali, who had concluded the treaty, and who inherited all his father's treachery, as fast as possible despatched 4000 Turks in pursuit, with orders to massacre the whole But in this instance, through the gallant assistance of the Parghiotes, and the energetic haste of the Suliotes, the accursed wretch was disappointed of his prey As to all the other detachments of the Suliotes, who were scattered at different points, and were necessarily thrown everywhere upon their own resources without warning or preparation of any kind, they, by the terms of the treaty, had liberty to go

away or to reside peaceably in any part of Ali's dominions But as these were mere windy words, it being well understood that Ali's fixed intention was to cut every throat among the Suliotes, whether of man, woman, or child , nay, as he thought himself dismally ill-used by every hour's delay which interfered with the execution of that purpose, what rational plan awaited the choice of the poor Suliotes, finding themselves in the centre of a whole hostile nation, and their own slender divisions cut off from communication with each other? What could people so circumstanced propose to themselves as a suitable resolution for their situation? Hope there was none , sublime despair was all that their case allowed , and considering the unrivalled splendours of their past history for more than one hundred and sixty years, perhaps most readers would reply in the famous words of Corneille, *Qu'ils mourussent* That was their own reply to the question now so imperatively forced upon them , and die they all did. It is an argument of some great original nobility in the minds of these poor people, that none disgraced themselves by useless submissions, and that all alike, women as well as men, devoted themselves in the "high Roman fashion" to the now expiring cause of their country The first case which occurred exhibits the very perfection of *nonchalance* in circumstances the most appalling Samuel, a Suliote monk of somewhat mixed and capricious character, and at times even liable to much suspicion amongst his countrymen, but of great name and of unquestionable merit in his military character, was in the act of delivering over to authorized Turkish agents a small outpost which had greatly annoyed the forces of Ali, together with such military stores as it still contained By the treaty, Samuel was perfectly free, and under the solemn protection of Ali , but the Turks, with the utter shamelessness to which they had been brought by daily familiarity with treachery the most barefaced, were openly descanting to Samuel upon the unheard-of tortures which must be looked for at the hands of Ali, by a soldier who had given so much trouble to that Pacha as himself Samuel listened coolly , he was then seated on a chest of gunpowder, and powder was scattered about in all directions He watched in a careless way until he observed that all the Turks, exulting in their own damnable perfidies, were assembled

under the roof of the building He then coolly took the burning snuff of a candle, and threw it into a heap of combustibles, still keeping his seat upon the chest of powder. It is unnecessary to add that the little fort, and all whom it contained, were blown to atoms. And with respect to Samuel in particular, no fragment of his skeleton could ever be discovered.* After this followed as many separate tragedies as there were separate parties of Suliotes, when all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women lead the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices, which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand in hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further union impossible, upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters Thus, in a few days from the signing of that treaty which nominally secured to them peaceable possession of their property, and paternal treatment from the perfidious Pacha, none remained to claim his promises or to experience his abominable cruelties. In their native mountains of Epirus, the name of Suliote was now blotted from the books of life, and was heard no more in those wild sylvan haunts, where once it had filled every echo with the breath of panic to the quailing hearts of the Moslems In the most "palmy" days of Suli, she had never counted more than 2500 fighting men, and of these no considerable body escaped, excepting the corps who hastily fought their way to Parga. From that city they gradually transported themselves to Corfu, then occupied by the Russians Into the service of the Russian Czar, as the sole means left to a perishing corps of soldiers for earning daily bread, they naturally entered, and when Corfu afterwards passed from Russian to English masters, it was equally inevitable that for the same urgent purposes they should enter

* The deposition of two Suliote sentinels at the door, and of a third person who escaped with a dreadful scorching, sufficiently established the facts, otherwise the whole would have been ascribed to the treachery of Ali or his son

the military service of England In that service they received the usual honourable treatment, and such attention as circumstances would allow to their national habits and prejudices They were placed also, we believe, under the popular command of Sir R Church, who, though unfortunate as a supreme leader, made himself beloved in a lower station by all the foreigners under his authority These Suliotes have since then returned to Epirus and to Greece, the peace of 1815 having, perhaps, dissolved their connexion with England, and they were even persuaded to enter the service of their arch-enemy, Ali Pacha Since his death their diminished numbers, and the altered circumstances of their situation, should naturally have led to the extinction of their political importance Yet we find them, in 1832, still attracting (or rather concentrating) the wrath of the Turkish Sultan, made the object of a separate war, and valued (as in all former cases) on the footing of a distinct and independent nation. On the winding up of this war, we find part of them at least an object of indulgent solicitude to the British Government, and under their protection transferred to Cephalonia Yet again others of their scanty clan meet us at different points of the war in Greece, especially at the first decisive action with Ibrahim, when, in the rescue of Costa Botzaris, every Suliote of his blood perished on the spot, and again, in the fatal battle of Athens (May 6, 1827), Mr Gordon assures us that "almost all the Suliotes were exterminated." We understand him to speak not generally of the Suliotes, as of the total clan who bear that name, but of those only who happened to be present at that dire catastrophe Still, even with this limitation, such a long succession of heavy losses descending upon a people who never numbered above 2500 fighting men, and who had passed through the furnace seven times heated of Ali Pacha's wrath, and suffered those many and dismal tragedies which we have just recorded, cannot but have brought them latterly to the brink of utter extinction.

STYLE.

AMONGST the never-ending arguments for thankfulness in the privilege of a British birth—arguments more solemn even than numerous, and telling more when weighed than when counted, *pondere quàm numero*—three aspects there are of our national character which trouble the uniformity of our feelings A good son, even in such a case, is not at liberty to describe himself as "ashamed." Some gentler word must be found to express the character of his distress. And, whatever grounds of blame may appear against his venerated mother, it is one of his filial duties to suppose—either that the blame applies but partially, or, if it should seem painfully universal, that it is one of those excesses to which energetic natures are liable, through the very strength of their constitutional characteristics Such things do happen It is certain, for instance, that to the deep sincerity of British nature, and to that shyness or principle of reserve which is inseparable from self-respect, must be traced philosophically the churlishness and unconciliatory bearing, for which we are often and angrily arraigned by the smooth south of Europe That facile obsequiousness, which attracts the inconsiderate in Belgians, Frenchmen, and Italians, is too generally a mixed product from impudence and insincerity Want of principle and want of moral sensibility

compose the original *fundus* of southern manners; and the natural product, in a specious hollowness of demeanour, has been afterwards propagated by imitation through innumerable people, who may have partaken less deeply, or not at all, in the original moral qualities that have moulded such a manner

Great faults, therefore—such is my inference—may grow out of great virtues in excess And this consideration should make us cautious even towards an enemy; much more when approaching so holy a question as the merits of our maternal land Else, and supposing that a strange nation had been concerned in our judgment, we should declare ourselves mortified and humiliated by three expressions of the British character, too public to have escaped the notice of Europe. First, we writhe with shame when we hear of semi-delirious lords and ladies, sometimes theatrically costumed in caftans and turbans—Lord Byrons, for instance, and Lady Hester Stanhopes—proclaiming to the whole world, as the law of their households, that all nations and languages are free to enter their gates, with one sole exception directed against their British compatriots, that is to say, abjuring by sound of trumpet the very land through which only they themselves have risen into consideration, spurning those for countrymen "without whom" (as M Gourville had the boldness to tell Charles II), "without whom, by G—, sir, you yourself are nothing" We all know who *they* are that have done this thing: we *may* know, if we inquire, how many conceited coxcombs are at this moment acting upon that precedent; in which, we scruple not to avow, are contained funds for everlasting satire, more crying than any which Juvenal found in the worst days of Rome And we may ask calmly, Would not death, judicial death, have visited such an act amongst the

ancient republics? Next, but with that indulgence which belongs to an infirmity rather than an error of the will, we feel ashamed for the obstinate obtuseness of our country in regard to one and the most effective of the Fine Arts. It will be understood that we speak of music. In painting and in sculpture it is now past disputing, that if we are destined to inferiority at all, it is an inferiority only to the Italians of the fifteenth century B.C., an inferiority which, if it were even sure to be permanent, we share with all the other malicious nations around us. On that head we are safe. And in the most majestic of the Fine Arts, in poetry, we have a clear and vast pre-eminence as regards all nations; no nation but ourselves has equally succeeded in both forms of the higher poetry, epic and tragic. Whilst of meditative or philosophic poetry (Young's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's)—to say nothing of lyric—we may affirm what Quinctilian says justly of Roman satire—"*tota quidem nostra est*." If, therefore, in every mode of composition through which the impassioned mind speaks, a nation has excelled its rivals, we cannot be allowed to suppose any general defect of sensibility as a cause of obtuseness with regard to music. So little, however, is the grandeur of this Divine art suspected amongst us generally, that a man will write an essay deliberately for the purpose of putting on record his own preference of a song to the most elaborate music of Mozart. He will glory in his shame, and, though speaking in the character of one seemingly confessing to a weakness, will evidently view himself in the light of a candid man, laying bare a state of feeling which is natural and sound, opposed to a class of false pretenders who, whilst servile to rules of artists, in reality contradict their own musical instincts, and feel little or nothing of what they profess. Strange that even the analogy of other arts should not open his eyes to

the delusion he is encouraging! A song, an air, a tune, that is, a short succession of notes revolving rapidly upon itself, how could that, by possibility, offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? The preparation pregnant with the future, the remote correspondence, the questions, as it were, which to a deep musical sense are asked in one passage and answered in another, the iteration and ingemination of a given effect, moving through subtle variations that sometimes disguise the theme, sometimes fitfully reveal it, sometimes throw it out tumultuously to the blaze of daylight,—these and ten thousand forms of self-conflicting musical passion, what room could they find, what opening, what utterance in so limited a field as an air or song? A hunting-box, a park-lodge, may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness, but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the minsters of York and Cologne? A repartee may by accident be practically effective: it has been known to crush a party scheme, and an oration of Cicero's or of Burke's could have done no more, but what judgment would match the two against each other as developments of power? Let him who finds the *maximum* of his musical gratification in a song, be assured, by that one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped Yet exactly upon this level is the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout Great Britain, and the howling wilderness of the psalmody in most parish churches of the land, countersigns the statement There is, however, accumulated in London more musical science than in any capital of the world This, gradually diffused, will improve the feeling of the country. And, if it should fail to do so, in the worst case we have the satisfaction of knowing, through Jean Jacques Rousseau, and by later evidences, that, sink as we may below Italy

and Germany in the sensibility to this Divine art, we cannot go lower than France Here, however, and in this cherished obtuseness as regards a pleasure so important for human life, and at the head of the physico-intellectual pleasures, we find a second reason for quarrelling with the civilisation of our country. At the summit of civilisation in other points, she is here yet uncultivated and savage.

A third point is larger Here (properly speaking) our quarrel is *co-extensive* with that *general principle in England*, which tends in all things to set the matter above the manner, the substance above the external show, a principle noble in itself, but inevitably wrong wherever the manner blends inseparably with the substance.

This general tendency operates in many ways. but our own immediate purpose is concerned with it only so far as it operates upon style In no country upon earth, were it possible to carry such a maxim into practical effect, is it a more determinate tendency of the national mind to value the *matter* of a book, not only as paramount to the *manner*, but even as distinct from it, and as capable of a separate insulation What first gave a shock to such a tendency, must have been the unwilling and mysterious sense that, in some cases, the matter and the manner were so inextricably interwoven, as not to admit of this coarse bisection The *one* was embedded, entangled, and *interfused through* the other, in a way which bade defiance to such gross mechanical separations. But the tendency to view the two elements as in a separate relation still predominates, and, as a consequence, the tendency to undervalue the accomplishment of style. Do we mean that the English, as a literary nation, are practically less sensible of the effects of a beautiful style? Not at all Nobody can be insensible to these effects And, upon a known fact of history, viz.,

the *exclusive* cultivation of popular oratory in England, throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we might presume a peculiar and exalted sense of style amongst ourselves. Until the French Revolution, no nation of Christendom except England had any practical experience of popular rhetoric, any deliberative eloquence, for instance, any forensic eloquence that was made public; any democratic eloquence of the hustings; or any form whatever of public rhetoric beyond that of the pulpit. Through two centuries at least, no nation could have been so constantly reminded of the powers for good and evil which belong to style. Often it must have happened, to the mortification or joy of multitudes, that one man out of windy nothings has constructed an overwhelming appeal to the passions of his hearers, whilst another has thrown away the weightiest cause by his manner of treating it. Neither let it be said, that this might not arise from differences of style, but because the triumphant demagogue made use of fictions, and, therefore, that his triumph was still obtained by means of his matter, however hollow that matter might have proved upon investigation. That case, also, is a possible case; but often enough two orators have relied upon the same identical matter—the facts, for instance, of the slave-trade—and one has turned this to such good account by his arrangements, by his modes of vivifying dry statements, by his arts of illustration, by his science of connecting things with human feeling, that he has left his hearers in convulsions of passion, whilst the other shall have used every tittle of the same matter without eliciting one scintillation of sympathy, without leaving behind one distinct impression in the memory or planting one murmur in the heart.

In proportion, therefore, as the English people have been placed for two centuries and a quarter (*i.e.*, since the latter

decennium of James the First's reign), under a constant experience of popular eloquence thrown into all channels of social life, they must have had peculiar occasion to feel the effects of style. But to feel is not to feel consciously. Many a man is charmed by one cause who ascribes the effect to another. Many a man is fascinated by the artifices of composition, who fancies that it is the subject which has operated so potently. And even for the subtlest of philosophers who keeps in mind the interpenetration of the style and the matter, it would be as difficult to distribute the true proportions of their joint action, as, with regard to the earliest rays of the dawn, it would be to say how much of the beauty lay in the heavenly light which chased away the darkness—how much in the rosy colour which that light entangled.

Easily, therefore, it may have happened, that, under the constant action and practical effects of style, a nation may have failed to notice the cause *as* the cause. And, besides the disturbing forces which mislead the judgment of the auditor in such a case, there are other disturbing forces which modify the practice of the speaker. That is good rhetoric for the hustings which is bad for a book. Even for the highest forms of popular eloquence, the laws of style vary much from the general standard. In the senate, and for the same reason in a newspaper, it is a virtue to reiterate your meaning: tautology becomes a merit: variation of the words, with a substantial identity of the sense and dilution of the truth, is oftentimes a necessity. A man who should content himself with a single condensed enunciation of a perplexed doctrine, would be a madman and a *felo-de-se*, as respected his reliance upon that doctrine. Like boys who are throwing the sun's rays into the eyes of a mob by means of a mirror, you must shift your lights and

vibrate your reflections at every possible angle, if you would agitate the popular mind extensively. Every mode of intellectual communication has its separate strength and separate weakness; its peculiar embarrassments, compensated by peculiar resources It is the advantage of a book, that you can return to the past page if anything in the present depends upon it But, return being impossible in the case of a spoken harangue, where each sentence perishes as it is born, both the speaker and the hearer become aware of a mutual interest in a much looser style, and a perpetual dispensation from the severities of abstract discussion It is for the benefit of both, that the weightier propositions should be detained before the eye a good deal longer than the chastity of taste or the austerity of logic would tolerate in a book. Time must be given for the intellect to eddy about a truth, and to appropriate its bearings There is a sort of previous lubrication, such as the boa-constrictor applies to any subject of digestion, which is requisite to familiarize the mind with a startling or a complex novelty And this is obtained for the intellect by varying the modes of presenting it,—now putting it directly before the eye, now obliquely, now in an abstract shape, now in the concrete; all which being the proper technical discipline for dealing with such cases, ought no longer to be viewed as a licentious mode of style, but as the just style in respect of those licentious circumstances And the true art for such popular display is to contrive the best forms for appearing to say something new, when in reality you are but echoing yourself; to break up massy chords into running variations; and to mask, by slight differences in the manner, a virtual identity in the substance

We have been illustrating a twofold neutralizing effect applied to the advantages, otherwise enjoyed by the English

people, for appreciating the forms of style. What was it that made the populace of Athens and of Rome so sensible to the force of rhetoric and to the magic of language? It was the habit of hearing these two great engines daily worked for purposes interesting to themselves as citizens, and sufficiently intelligible to command their willing attention. The English amongst modern nations have had the same advantages, allowance being made for the much less intense concentration of the audience. In the ancient republics it was always the same city; and, therefore, the same audience, except in so far as it was spread through many generations. This has been otherwise in England; and yet, by newspaper reports, any great effects in one assize town, or electoral town, has been propagated to the rest of the empire, through the eighteenth and the present century. But all this, and the continual exemplification of style as a great agency for democratic effect, have not availed to win a sufficient *practical* respect, in England, for the arts of composition as essential to authorship. And the reason is, because, in the first place, from the intertexture of style and matter, from the *impossibility that the one should affect them otherwise than in connexion with the other*, it has been natural for an audience to charge on the superior agent what often belonged to the lower. This in the first place, and, secondly, because *the modes of style appropriate to popular eloquence being essentially different from those of written composition*, any possible experience on the hustings, or in the senate, would *pro tanto* tend rather to disqualify the mind for appreciating the more chaste and more elaborate qualities of style fitted for books, and thus a real advantage of the English in one direction has been neutralized by two causes in another.

Generally and ultimately it is certain that our British

disregard or inadequate appreciation of style, though a very lamentable fault, has had its origin in the manliness of the British character, in the sincerity and directness of the British taste, in the principle of "*esse quam videri*," which might be taken as the key to much in our manner, much in the philosophy of our lives, and finally, has had some part of its origin in that same love for the practical and the tangible which has so memorably governed the course of our higher speculations from Bacon to Newton But whatever may have been the origin of this most faulty habit, whatever mixed causes now support it, beyond all question it is that such a habit of disregard or of slight regard applied to all the arts of composition does exist in the most painful extent, and is detected by a practised eye in every page of almost every book that is published

If you could look anywhere with a right to expect continual illustrations of what is good in the manifold qualities of style, it should reasonably be amongst our professional authors, but as a body, they are distinguished by the most absolute carelessness in this respect Whether in the choice of words and idioms, or in the construction of their sentences, it is not possible to conceive the principle of lazy indifference carried to a more revolting extremity Proof lies before you, spread out upon every page, that no excess of awkwardness, or of inelegance, or of unrhythmical cadence, is so rated in the tariff of faults as to balance in the writer's estimate the trouble of remoulding a clause, of interpolating a phrase, or even of striking the pen through a superfluous word In our own experience it has happened, that we have known an author so laudably fastidious in this subtle art as to have recast one chapter of a series no less than seventeen times, so difficult was the ideal or model of excellence which he kept before his mind; so in-

defatigable was his labour for mounting to the level of that ideal. Whereas, on the other hand, with regard to a large majority of the writers now carrying forward the literature of the country from the last generation to the next, the evidence is perpetual; not so much that they rest satisfied with their own random preconceptions of each clause or sentence, as that they never trouble themselves to form any such preconceptions. Whatever words tumble out under the blindest accidents of the moment, those are the words retained; whatever sweep is impressed by chance upon the motion of a period, that is the arrangement ratified. To fancy that men thus determinately careless as to the grosser elements of style would pause to survey distant proportions, or to adjust any more delicate symmetries of good composition, would be visionary. As to the links of connexion, the transitions, and the many other functions of logic in good writing, things are come to such a pass, that what was held true of Rome in two separate ages by two great rhetoricians, and of Constantinople in an age long posterior, may now be affirmed of England—the idiom of our language, the mother tongue, survives only amongst our women and children; not, Heaven knows, amongst our women who write books—they are often painfully conspicuous for all that disfigures authorship—but amongst well-educated women not professionally given to literature. Cicero and Quinctilian, each for his own generation, ascribed something of the same pre-eminence to the noble matrons of Rome; and more than one writer of the lower empire has recorded of Byzantium, that in the nurseries of that city was found the last home for the purity of the ancient Greek. No doubt it might have been found also amongst the innumerable mob of that haughty metropolis, but stained with corruptions and vulgar abbreviations; or, wherever it might

lurk, assuredly it was not amongst the noble, the officials, or the courtiers, else it was impossible that such a master of affectation as Nicetas Choniates, for instance, should have found toleration But the rationale of this matter lies in a small compass why are the local names, whenever they have resulted from the general good sense of a country, faithful to the local truth, grave, and unaffected? Simply because they are not inventions of any active faculty, but mere passive depositions from a real impression upon the mind On the other hand, wherever there is an ambitious principle set in motion for name-inventing, there it is sure to terminate in something monstrous and fanciful Women offend in such cases even more than men, because more of sentiment or romance will mingle with the names they impose Sailors again err in an opposite spirit; there is no affectation in their names, but there is too painful an effort after ludicrous allusions to the gravities of their native land—"Big Wig Island," or "the Bishop and his Clerks" —or the name becomes a memento of real incidents, but too casual and personal to merit this lasting record of a name, such as *Point Farewell*, or *Cape Turn-again* This fault applies to many of the Yankee* names, and to many more in the southern and western States of North America, where the earliest population has usually been of a less religious character, and most of all it applies to the names of the back settlements These people live under influences the most opposite to those of false refinement · coarse

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* "*Yankee names*"—Foreigners in America subject themselves to a perpetual misinterpretation by misapplying this term. "*Yankee*," in the American use, does not mean a citizen of the United States as opposed to a foreigner, but a citizen of the Northern New England States (Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c) opposed to a Virginian, a Kentuckian, &c

necessities, elementary features of peril or embarrassment, primary aspects of savage nature, compose the scenery of their thoughts, and these are reflected by their names *Dismal Swamp* expresses a condition of unreclaimed nature, which must disappear with growing civilisation. *Big Bone Lick* tells a tale of cruelty that cannot often be repeated Buffaloes, like all cattle, derive medicinal benefit from salt, they come in droves for a thousand miles to lick the masses of rock salt. The new settlers observing this lie in ambush to surprise them. 25,000 noble animals in one instance were massacred for their hides. In the following year the usual crowds advanced, but the first who snuffed the tainted air wheeled round, bellowed, and "recoiled" far into his native woods Meantime the large bones remain to attest the extent of the merciless massacre Here, as in all cases, there is a truth expressed, but again too casual and special Besides that, from contempt of elegance, or from defect of art, the names resemble the seafaring nomenclature in being too rudely compounded

As with the imposition of names, so with the use of the existing language, most classes stand between the pressure of two extremes—of coarseness, of carelessness, of imperfect art on the one hand, of spurious refinement and fantastic ambition upon the other Authors have always been a dangerous class for any language Amongst the myriads who are prompted to authorship by the coarse love of reputation, or by the nobler craving for sympathy, there will always be thousands seeking distinctions through novelties of diction Hopeless of any audience through mere weight of matter, they will turn for their last resource to such tricks of innovation as they can bring to bear upon language What care they for purity or simplicity of diction, if at any cost of either they can win a special attention to

themselves? Now, the great body of women are under no such unhappy bias. If they happen to move in polished circles, or have received a tolerable education, they will speak their native language of necessity with truth and simplicity. And supposing them not to be professional writers (as so small a proportion *can* be, even in France or England), there is always something in the situation of women which secures a fidelity to the idiom. From the greater excitability of females, and the superior vivacity of their feelings, they will be liable to far more irritations from wounded sensibilities. It is for such occasions chiefly that they seek to be effective in their language. Now, there is not in the world so certain a guarantee for pure idiomatic diction, without tricks or affectation, as a case of genuine excitement. Real situations are always pledges of a real natural language. It is in counterfeit passion, in the mimical situations of novels, or in poems that are efforts of ingenuity, and no ebullitions of absolute unsimulated feeling, that female writers endeavour to sustain their own jaded sensibility, or to reinforce the languishing interest of their readers by extravagances of language. No woman in this world, under a movement of resentment from a false accusation, or from jealousy, or from confidence betrayed, ever was at leisure to practise vagaries of caprice in the management of her mother tongue. strength of real feeling shuts out all temptation to the affectation of false feeling.

Hence the purity of the female Byzantine Greek. Such caprices as they might have took some other course, and found some other vent than through their mother tongue. Hence, also, the purity of female English. Would you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, steal

that they, the educated women of Great Britain—above all, the interesting class of women unmarried upon scruples of sexual honour—and also (as in Constantinople of old) the nurseries of Great Britain, are the true and best depositaries of the old mother idiom. But we must not forget, that though this is another term for what is good in English, when we are talking of a human and a popular interest, there is a separate use of the language, as in the higher forms of history or philosophy, which ought *not* to be idiomatic. As respects that which *is*, it is remarkable that the same orders cling to the ancient purity of diction amongst ourselves who did so in pagan Rome, viz, *women*, for the reasons just noticed, *and people of rank*. So much has this been the tendency in England, that we know a person of great powers, but who has in all things a one-sided taste, and is so much a lover of idiomatic English as to endure none else, who professes to read no writer since Lord Chesterfield It is certain that this accomplished nobleman, who has been most unjustly treated from his unfortunate collision with a national favourite, and in part also from the laxity of his moral principles, where, however, he spoke worse than he thought, wrote with the ease and careless grace of a high-bred gentleman. But his style is not peculiar. it has always been the style of his order After making the proper allowance for the continual new infusions into our peerage from the bookish class of lawyers, and for some modifications derived from the learned class of spiritual peers, the tone of Lord Chesterfield has always been the tone of our old aristocracy, a tone of elegance and propriety, above all things free from the stiffness of pedantry or academic rigour, and obeying Cæsar's rule of shunning *tanquam scopulum* any *insolens verbum*. It is, indeed, through this channel that the solicitudes of our British

nobility have always flowed. other qualities might come and go according to the temperament of the individual; but what in all generations constituted an object of horror for that class, was bookish precision and professional peculiarity. From the free popular form of our great public schools, to which nine out of ten amongst our old nobility resorted, it happened unavoidably that they were not equally clear of popular vulgarities; indeed, from another cause, *that* could not have been avoided· for it is remarkable that a connexion, as close as through an umbilical cord, has always been maintained between the very highest orders of our aristocracy and the lowest of our democracy, by means of nurses. The nurses and immediate personal attendants of all classes come from the same sources, most commonly from the peasantry of the land, they import into all families alike, into the highest and lowest, the coarsest expressions from the vernacular language of anger and contempt Whence, for example, it was that about five or six years ago, when a new novel circulated in London, with a private understanding that it was a juvenile effort from two very young ladies, daughters of a ducal house, nobody who reflected at all could feel much surprise that one of the characters should express her self-esteem by the popular phrase, that she did not "think small beer of herself" Naturally papa, the duke, had not so much modified the diction of the two young ladies as Nurse Bridget. Equally in its faults and its merits, the language of high life has always tended to simplicity and the vernacular ideal, recoiling from every mode of bookishness. And in this, as in so many other instances, it is singular to note the close resemblance between polished England and polished Rome. Augustus Cæsar was so little able to enter into any artificial forms or tortuous obscurities of ambitious

rhetoric, that he could not so much as understand them. Even the old antique forms of language, where it happened that they had become obsolete, were to him disgusting. Indeed, as regarded the choice and colouring of diction, Augustus was much of a blockhead · a truth which we utter boldly, now that none of his thirty legions can get at us And probably the main bond of connexion between himself and Horace was their common and excessive hatred of obscurity; from which quality, indeed, the very intellectual defects of both, equally with their good taste, alienated them to intensity

The pure racy idiom of colloquial or household English, we have insisted, must be looked for in the circles of well-educated women not too closely connected with books It is certain that books, in any language, will tend to encourage a diction too remote from the style of spoken idiom; whilst the greater solemnity, and the more ceremonial costume of regular literature must often demand such a non-idiomatic diction, upon mere principles of good taste But why is it that in our day literature has taken so determinate a swing towards this professional language of books, as to justify some fears that the other extreme of the free colloquial idiom will perish as a living dialect? The apparent cause lies in a phenomenon of modern life, which on other accounts also is entitled to anxious consideration. It is in newspapers that we must look for the main reading of this generation, and in newspapers, therefore, we must seek for the causes operating upon the style of the age Seventy years ago this tendency in political journals to usurp upon the practice of books, and to mould the style of writers, was noticed by a most acute observer, himself one of the most brilliant writers in the class of satiric sketchers and personal historians that any nation has produced. Already, before 1770,

the late Lord Orford, then simply Horace Walpole, was in the habit of saying to any man who consulted him on the cultivation of style,—"*Style is it that you want? Oh, go and look into the newspapers for a style.*" This was said half contemptuously and half seriously. But the evil has now become overwhelming One single number of a London morning paper, which in half a century has expanded from the size of a dinner napkin to that of a breakfast tablecloth, from that to a carpet, and will soon be forced, by the expansions of public business, into something resembling the mainsail of a frigate, already is equal in printed matter to a very large octavo volume. Every old woman in the nation now reads daily a vast miscellany in one volume royal octavo. The evil of this, as regards the quality of knowledge communicated, admits of no remedy Public business, in its whole unwieldy compass, must always form the subject of these daily chronicles. Nor is there much room to expect any change in the style. The evil effect of this upon the style of the age may be reduced to two forms Formerly the natural impulse of every man was spontaneously to use the language of life; the language of books was a secondary attainment not made without effort Now, on the contrary, the daily composers of newspapers have so long dealt in the professional idiom of books, as to have brought it home to every reader in the nation who does not violently resist it by some domestic advantages Time was, within our own remembrance, that if you should have heard, in passing along the street, from any old apple-woman such a phrase as "I will *avail myself* of your kindness," forthwith you would have shied like a skittish horse, you would have run away in as much terror as any old Roman upon those occasions when *Bos loquebatur*. At present you swallow such marvels as

matters of course The whole artificial dialect of books has come into play as the dialect of ordinary life. This is one form of the evil impressed upon our style by journalism; a dire monotony of bookish idiom has encrusted and stiffened all native freedom of expression, like some scaly leprosy or elephantiasis, barking and hide-binding the fine natural pulses of the elastic flesh. Another and almost a worse evil has established itself in the prevailing structure of sentences Every man who has had any experience in writing, knows how natural it is for hurry and fulness of matter to discharge itself by vast sentences, involving clause within clause *ad infinitum;* how difficult it is, and how much a work of art, to break up this huge fasciculus of cycle and epicycle into a graceful succession of sentences, long intermingled with short, each modifying the other, and arising musically by links of spontaneous connexion Now the plethoric form of period, this monster model of sentence, bloated with decomplex intercalations, and exactly repeating the form of syntax which distinguishes an act of Parliament, is the prevailing model in newspaper eloquence Crude undigested masses of suggestion, furnishing rather raw materials for composition and jottings for the memory, than any formal developments of the ideas, describe the quality of writing which *must* prevail in journalism not from defect of talents, which are at this day of that superior class which may be presumed from the superior importance of the function itself, but from the necessities of hurry and of instant compliance with an instant emergency, granting no possibility for revision or opening for amended thought, which are evils attached to the flying velocities of public business

As to structure of sentence and the periodic involution, *that* scarcely admits of being exemplified in the conversation

of those who do not write. But the choice of phraseology is naturally and easily echoed in the colloquial forms of those who surrender themselves to such an influence. To mark in what degree this contagion of bookishness has spread, and how deeply it has moulded the habits of expression in classes naturally the least likely to have been reached by a revolution so artificial in its character, we will report a single record from the memorials of our own experience. Some eight years ago, we had occasion to look for lodgings in a newly-built suburb of London to the south of the Thames. The mistress of the house (with respect to whom we have nothing to report more than that she was in the worst sense a vulgar woman; that is, not merely a low-bred person—so much might have been expected from her occupation—but morally vulgar by the evidence of her own complex precautions against fraud, reasonable enough in so dangerous a capital, but not calling for the very ostentatious display of them which she obtruded upon us) was in regular training, it appeared, as a student of newspapers She had no children, the newspapers were her children There lay her studies, that branch of learning constituted her occupation from morning to night, and the following were amongst the words which she—this semi-barbarian—poured from her cornucopia during the very few minutes of our interview, which interview was brought to an abrupt issue by mere nervous agitation upon our part. The words, as noted down within an hour of the occasion, and after allowing a fair time for our recovery, were these.—First, "category," secondly, "predicament" (where, by the way, from the twofold iteration of the idea—Greek and Roman—it appears that the old lady was "twice armed)," thirdly, "individuality," fourthly, "procrastination," fifthly, "speaking diplomatically, would not wish to *commit*

herself," who knew but that inadvertently she might even *compromise* both herself and her husband; sixthly, "would spontaneously adapt the several modes of domestication to the reciprocal interests," &c; and finally (which word it was that settled us, we heard it as we reached the topmost stair on the second floor, and, without further struggle against our instincts, round we wheeled, rushed down forty-five stairs, and exploded from the house with a fury, causing us to impinge against an obese or protuberant gentleman, and calling for mutual explanations, a result which nothing *could* account for, but a steel bow, or mustachios on the lip of an elderly woman; meantime the fatal word was), seventhly, "anteriorly" Concerning which word we solemnly depose and make affidavit, that neither from man, woman, nor book, had we ever heard it before this unique rencontre with this abominable woman on the staircase The occasion which furnished the excuse for such a word was this: From the staircase-window we saw a large shed in the rear of the house; apprehending some nuisance of "manufacturing industry" in our neighbourhood,—"What's that?" we demanded Mark the answer. "A shed, that's what it is; *videlicet* a shed; and anteriorly to the existing shed there was ——," *what* there was, posterity must consent to have wrapt up in darkness, for there came on our nervous seizure, which intercepted further communication. But observe, as a point which took away any gleam of consolation from the case, the total absence of all *malaprop* picturesqueness, that might have defeated its deadly action upon the nervous system. No, it is due to the integrity of *her* disease, and to the completeness of *our* suffering, that we should attest the unimpeachable correctness of her words, and of the syntax by which she connected them.

Now, if we could suppose the case that the old house-

those changes Every one of us would have felt, sixty years ago, that the general tone and colouring of a style was stiff, bookish, pedantic, which, from the habituation of our organs, we now feel to be natural and within the privilege of learned art Direct objective qualities it is always by comparison easy to measure, but the difficulty commences when we have *to combine with this outer* measurement of the object another corresponding measurement of the subjective or inner qualities by which we apply the measure, that is, when besides the objects projected to a distance from the spectator, we have to allow for variations or disturbances in the very eye which surveys them. The eye cannot see itself, we cannot project from ourselves, and contemplate as an object our own contemplating faculty, or appreciate our own appreciating power Biases, therefore, or gradual warpings, that have occurred in our critical faculty as applied to style, we cannot allow for, and these biases will unconsciously mask to our perceptions an amount of change in the quality of popular style such as we could not easily credit.

Separately from this change for the worse in the drooping idiomatic freshness of our diction, which is a change that has been going on for a century, the other characteristic defect of this age lies in the tumid and tumultuary structure of our sentences The one change has partly grown out of the other Ever since a more bookish air was impressed upon composition without much effort by the Latinized and artificial phraseology, by forms of expression consecrated to books, and by "long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*," either because writers felt that already, in this one act of preference shown to the artificial vocabulary, they had done enough to establish a differential character of regular composition, and on that consideration thought

themselves entitled to neglect the combination of their words into sentences or periods; or because there is a real natural sympathy between the Latin phraseology and a Latin structure of sentence; certain it is and remarkable, that our popular style in the common limited sense of arrangement applied to words or the syntax of sentences, has laboured with two faults that might have been thought incompatible; it has been artificial, by artifices peculiarly adapted to the powers of the Latin language, and yet at the very same time careless and disordinate. There is a strong idea expressed by the Latin word *inconditus, disorganized*, or rather *unorganized.* Now, in spite of its artificial bias, that is the very epithet which will best characterize our newspaper style. To be viewed as susceptible of organization, such periods must already be elaborate and artificial; to be viewed as not having received it, such periods must be hyperbolically careless.

But perhaps the very best illustration of all this will be found in putting the case of English style into close juxtaposition with the style of the French and Germans, our only very important neighbours. As leaders of civilisation, as *powers* in an intellectual sense, there are but three nations in Europe—England, Germany, France. As to Spain and Italy, outlying extremities, they are not moving bodies, they rest upon the past Russia and North America are the two bulwarks of Christendom east and west. But the three powers *at the centre* are in all senses the motive forces of civilisation. In all things they have the initiation, and they preside.

By this comparison we shall have the advantage of doing what the French express by *s'orienter*, the Germans by *sich orientiren.* Learning one of our bearings on the compass we shall be able to deduce the rest, and we shall be able

to conjecture our valuation as respects the art by finding our place amongst the artists.

With respect to French style, we can imagine the astonishment of an English author practised in composition, and with no previous knowledge of French literature, who should first find himself ranging freely amongst a French library That particular fault of style which in English books is all but universal, absolutely has not an existence in the French Speaking rigorously and to the very letter of the case, we, upon a large experience in French literature, affirm that it would be nearly impossible (perhaps strictly so) to cite an instance of that cumbrous and unwieldy style which disfigures English composition so extensively. Enough could not be adduced to satisfy the purpose of illustration. And to make a Frenchman sensible of the fault as a possibility, you must appeal to some *translated* model

But why? The cause of this national immunity from a fault so common everywhere else, and so natural when we look into the producing occasions, is as much entitled to our notice as the immunity itself. The fault is inevitable, as one might fancy, to two conditions of mind: hurry in the first place, want of art in the second. The French must be liable to these disadvantages as much as their neighbours; by what magic is it that they evade them or neutralize them in the result? The secret lies here: beyond all nations, by constitutional vivacity, the French are a nation of talkers, and the model of their sentences is moulded by that fact Conversation, which is a luxury for other nations, is for them a necessity; by the very law of their peculiar intellect and of its social training they are colloquial Hence it happens that there are no such people endured or ever heard of in France as *al*loquial wits, people who talk *to* but not *with* a circle: the very

finest of their *beaux esprits* must submit to the equities of conversation, and would be crushed summarily as monsters if they were to seek a selfish mode of display or a privilege of lecturing any audience of a *salon* who had met for purposes of *social* pleasure. "*De monologue*," as Madame de Stael, in her broken English, described this mode of display when speaking of Coleridge, is so far from being tolerated in France as an accomplishment, that it is not even understood as a disease This kind of what may be called irresponsible talk, when a man runs on *perpetuo tenore*, not accountable for any opinion to his auditors, open to no contradiction, liable to no competition, has sometimes procured for a man in England the affix of *River* to his name · *Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum* In Dryden's happy version,—

"He flows, and, as he flows, for ever will flow on."

But that has been in cases where the talking impulse was sustained by mere vivacity of animal spirits, without knowledge to support it, and liable to the full weight of Archbishop Huet's sarcasm, that it was a diarrhœa of garrulity, a *fluxe de bouche* But in cases like that of Coleridge, where the solitary display, if selfish, is still dignified by a pomp of knowledge, and a knowledge which you feel to have been fused and combined by the genial circumstances of the speaker's position in the centre of an admiring circle, we English do still recognise the *métier* of a professional talker as a privileged mode of social display. People are asked to come and hear such a performer, as you form a select party to hear Thalberg or Paganini The thing is understood at least with us, right or wrong there is an understanding amongst the company that you are not to interrupt the great man of the night You may prompt him by a question, you may set him in motion, but to begin arguing against him would be felt as not less

unseasonable than to insist on whistling Jim Crow during the *bravuras* and *tours de force* of great musical artists.

In France, therefore, from the intense adaptation of the national mind to real colloquial intercourse, for which reciprocation is indispensable, the form of sentence in use is adjusted to that primary condition, brief, terse, simple, shaped to avoid misunderstanding, and to meet the impatience of those who are waiting for their turn. People who write rapidly everywhere write as they talk, it is impossible to do otherwise. Taking a pen into his hand, a man frames his periods exactly as he would do if addressing a companion. So far the Englishman and the Frenchman are upon the same level. Suppose them, therefore, both preparing to speak, an Englishman in such a situation has no urgent motive for turning his thoughts to any other object than the prevailing one of the moment, viz., how best to convey his meaning That object weighs also with the Frenchman, but he has a previous, a paramount object to watch—the necessity of avoiding *des longueurs.* The rights, the equities of conversation are but dimly present to the mind of the Englishman From the mind of a Frenchman they are never absent To an Englishman, the right of occupying the attention of the company seems to inhere in *things* rather than in persons, if the particular subject under discussion should happen to be a grave one, then, in right of *that*, and not by any right of his own, a speaker will seem to an Englishman invested with the privilege of drawing largely upon the attention of a company. But to a Frenchman this right of participation in the talk is a *personal* right, which cannot be set aside by any possible claims in the subject, it passes by necessity to and fro, backwards and forwards, between the several persons who are present; and, as in the games of battledore and shuttle-

cock, or of "hunt the slipper," the momentary subject of interest never *can* settle or linger for any length of time in any one individual, without violating the rules of the sport, or suspending its movement. Inevitably, therefore, the structure of sentence must for ever be adapted to this primary function of the French national intellect, the function of communicativeness, and to the necessities (for to the French they *are* necessities) of social intercourse, and (speaking plainly) of interminable garrulity.

Hence it is that in French authors, whatever may otherwise be the differences of their minds, or the differences of their themes, uniformly we find the periods short, rapid, unelaborate: Pascal or Helvetius, Condillac or Rousseau, Montesquieu or Voltaire, Buffon or Duclos,—all alike are terse, perspicuous, brief. Even Mirabeau or Chateaubriand, so much modified by foreign intercourse, in this point adhere to their national models. Even Bossuet or Bourdaloue, where the diffusiveness and amplitude of oratory might have been pleaded as a dispensation, are not more licentious in this respect than their compatriots. One rise in every sentence, one gentle descent, that is the law for French composition; even too monotonously so; and thus it happens that such a thing as a long or an involved sentence can hardly be produced from French literature, though a sultan were to offer his daughter in marriage to the man who should find it. Whereas now, amongst us English, not only is the too general tendency of our sentences towards hyperbolical length, but it will be found continually, that instead of one rise and one corresponding fall—one *arsis* and one *thesis*—there are many. Flux and reflux, swell and cadence, that is the movement for a sentence; but our modern sentences agitate us by rolling fires after the fashion of those internal earthquakes that, not content with one throe, run

along spasmodically in a long succession of intermitting convulsions.

It is not often that a single fault can produce any vast amount of evil. But there are cases where it does; and this is one: the effect of weariness and of repulsion, which may arise from this single vice of unwieldy comprehensiveness in the structure of sentences, cannot better be illustrated than by a frank exposure of what often happens to ourselves, and (as we differ as to this case only by consciously noticing what all feel) must often happen to others In the evening, when it is natural that we should feel a craving for rest, some book lies near us which is written in a style, clear, tranquil, easy to follow. Just at that moment comes in the wet newspaper, dripping with the dewy freshness of its news, and even in its parliamentary memorials promising so much interest, that, let them be treated in what manner they may merely for the subjects, they are often commandingly attractive The attraction indeed is but too potent; the interest but too exciting. Yet, after all, many times we lay aside the journal, and we acquiesce in the gentler stimulation of the book Simply the news we may read, but the discussions, whether direct from the editor, or reported from the Parliament, we refuse or we delay. And why? It is the subject, perhaps you think, it is the great political question, too agitating by the consequences it may happen to involve. No. All this, if treated in a winning style, we could bear. It is the effort, the toil, the exertion of mind requisite to follow the discussion through endless and labyrinthine sentences, this it is which compels us to forego the journal, or to lay it aside until the next morning.

Those who are not accustomed to watch the effects of composition upon the feelings, or have had little experience

in voluminous reading pursued for weeks, would scarcely imagine how much of downright physical exhaustion is produced by what is technically called the *periodic* style of writing, it is not the length, the ἀπεραντολογια, the paralytic flux of words, it is not even the cumbrous involution of parts within parts, separately considered, that bears so heavily upon the attention. It is the suspense, the holding-on of the mind until what is called the ἀποδοσις, or coming round of the sentence commences, this it is which wears out the faculty of attention A sentence, for example, begins with a series of *ifs*, perhaps a dozen lines are occupied with expanding the conditions under which something is affirmed or denied, here you cannot dismiss and have done with the ideas as you go along; for as yet all is hypothetic, all is suspended in air. The conditions are not fully to be understood until you are acquainted with the dependency, you must give a separate attention to each clause of this complex hypothesis, and yet, having done *that* by a painful effort, you have done nothing at all, for you must exercise a reacting attention through the corresponding latter section, in order to follow out its relations to all parts of the hypothesis which sustains it In fact, under the rude yet also artificial character of newspaper style, each separate monster period is a vast arch, which, not receiving its keystone, not being locked into self-supporting cohesion, until you nearly reach its close, imposes of necessity upon the unhappy reader all the *onus* of its ponderous weight through the main process of its construction The continued repetition of so Atlantean an effort soon overwhelms your patience, and establishes at length that habitual feeling which causes you to shrink from the speculations of journalists, or (which is more likely) to adopt a worse habit than absolute neglect, which we shall notice immediately.

Meantime, as we have compared ourselves on this important point with the French, let us now complete our promise, by noticing our relation in the same point to the Germans. Even on its own account, and without any view to our present purpose, the character of German prose is an object of legitimate astonishment. Whatever is bad in our own ideal of prose style, whatever is repulsive in our own practice, we see there carried to the most outrageous excess Herod is out-Heroded, Sternhold is out-Sternholded, with a zealotry of extravagance that really seems like wilful burlesque Lessing, Herder, Paul Richter, and Lichtenberg, with some few beside, either prompted by nature or trained upon foreign models, have avoided the besetting sin of German prose Any man of distinguished talent, whose attention has been once called steadily to this subject, cannot fail to avoid it The misfortune of most writers has been, that, once occupied with the interest of *things*, and overwhelmed by the embarrassments of disputed *doctrines*, they never advert to any question affecting what they view, by comparison, as a trifle The τὸ *docendum*, the thing to be taught, has availed to obscure or even to annihilate for their eyes every anxiety as to the mode of teaching And, as one conspicuous example of careless style acts by its authority to create many more, we need not wonder at the results, even when they reach a point of what may be called monstrous Among ten thousand offenders, who carry their neglect of style even to that point, we would single out Immanuel Kant Such is the value of his philosophy in some sections, and partially it is so very capable of a lucid treatment, intelligible to the plainest man of reflective habits, that within no long interval we shall certainly see him naturalized amongst ourselves, there are particular applications of his philosophy not contemplated by himself,

for which we venture to predict that even the religious student will ultimately be thankful, when the cardinal principles have been brought under a clear light of interpretation. Attention will then be forced upon his style, and facts will come forward not credible without experimental proof. For instance, we have lying before us at this moment his *Critik der Practischen Vernunft* in the unpirated edition of Hartknoch, the respectable publisher of all Kant's great works The text is therefore authentic, and being a fourth edition (Riga, 1797), must be presumed to have benefited by the author's careful revision We have no time for search, but on barely throwing open the book, we see a sentence at pp. 70, 71, exactly covering one whole octavo page of thirty-one lines (each line averaging forty-five to forty-eight letters). Sentences of the same calibre, some even of far larger *bore*, we have observed in this and other works of the same author. And it is not the fact taken as an occasional possibility, it is the prevailing character of his style, that we insist on as the most formidable barrier to the study of his writings, and to the progress of what will soon be acknowledged as important in his principles A sentence is viewed by him, and by most of his countrymen, as a rude mould or elastic form admitting of expansion to any possible extent. it is laid down as a rough outline, and then by superstruction and *epi*-superstruction it is gradually reared to a giddy altitude which no eye can follow. Yielding to his natural impulse of subjoining all additions, or exceptions, or modifications, not in the shape of separate consecutive sentences, but as intercalations and stuffings of one original sentence, Kant might naturally enough have written a book from beginning to end in one vast hyperbolical sentence. We sometimes see an English Act of Parliament which does literally accomplish that end, by an artifice which in law has a purpose and a use. Instead of laying down a general

proposition, which is partially false until it has received its proper restraints, the framer of the act endeavours to evade even this momentary falsehood by coupling the limitations with the very primary enunciation of the truth: *e.g.*, A. shall be entitled, provided always that he is under the circumstances of *e*, or *i*, or *o*, to the right of X. Thus, even a momentary compliance with the false notion of an absolute unconditional claim to X. is evaded; a truth which is only a conditional truth, is stated as such from the first. There is, therefore, a theoretic use. But what is the practical result? Why, that when you attempt to read an Act of Parliament where the exceptions, the secondary exceptions to the exceptions, the limitations and the sublimitations, descend, *seriatim*, by a vast scale of dependencies the mind finds itself overtasked; the energy of the most energetic begins to droop; and so inevitable is that result that Mr. Pitt, a minister unusually accomplished for such process by constitution of mind and by practice, publicly avowed his inability to follow so trying a conflict with technical embarrassments. He declared himself to be lost in the labyrinth of clauses: the Ariadne's clue was wanting for his final extrication: and he described his situation at the end with the simplicity natural to one who was no charlatan, and sought for no reputation by the tricks of a funambulist. "In the crowd of things excepted and counter excepted, he really ceased to understand the main point—what it was that the law allowed, and what it was that it disallowed."

We might have made our readers merry with the picture of German prose; but we must not linger. It is enough to say, that it offers the counterpole to the French style. Our own popular style, and (what is worse) the *tendency* of our own, is to the German extreme. To those who read German, indeed, German prose, as written by the mob of

authors, presents, as in a Brobdignagian and exaggerating mirror, the most offensive faults of our own.

But these faults—are they in practice so wearisome and exhausting as we have described them? Possibly not; and, where that happens to be the case, let the reader ask himself if it is not by means of an evasion worse in its effects than any fault of style could ever prove in its most overcharged form. Shrinking, through long experience, from the plethoric form of cumulation and "periodic" writing in which the journalist supports or explains his views, every man who puts a business value upon his time, slips naturally into a trick of short-hand reading. It is more even by the effort and tension of mind in *holding on*, than by the mere loss of time, that most readers are repelled from the habit of careful reading. An evil of modern growth is met by a modern remedy. Every man gradually learns an art of catching at the leading words, and the cardinal or hinge-joints of transition, which proclaim the general course of a writer's speculation. Now it is very true, and is sure to be objected, that where so much is certain to prove mere iteration and teasing *surplusage*, little can be lost by this or any other process of abridgement. Certainly, as regards the particular subject concerned, there may be no room to apprehend a serious injury. Not there, not in any direct interest, but in a far larger interest—indirect for the moment, but the most direct and absolute of all interests for an intellectual being, the reader suffers a permanent debilitation. He acquires a factitious propensity, he forms an incorrigible habit of desultory reading. Now, to say of a man's knowledge, that it will be shallow, or (which is worse than shallow) will be erroneous and insecure in its foundations, is vastly to underrate the evil of such a habit. It is by reaction upon a man's faculties, it is by the effects reflected upon his judging and reasoning powers, that loose

habits of reading tell eventually And these are durable effects Even as respects the minor purpose of information, better it is, by a thousandfold, to have read threescore of books (chosen judiciously) with severe attention, than to have raced through the library of the Vatican at a newspaper pace But, as respects the final habits acquired, habits of thinking coherently and of judging soundly, better that a man should have not read one line throughout his life, than have travelled through the journals of Europe by this random process of "reading short"

Yet, by this Parthian habit of aiming at full gallop, of taking flying shots at conspicuous marks, and, like Parthians also, directing their chance arrows whilst retreating, and revolting with horror from a direct approach to the object,—thus it is that the young and the flexible are trained amongst us under the increasing tyranny of journalism A large part of the evil, therefore, belongs to style, for it is this which repels readers, and enforces the shorthand process of desultory reading A large part of the evil, therefore, is of a nature to receive a remedy

It is with a view to that practical part of the extensive evil, that we have shaped our present notice of popular style, as made operative amongst ourselves One single vice of periodic syntax, a vice unknown to the literature of Greece, and, until Paterculus, even of Rome (although the language of Rome was so naturally adapted to that vice), has with us counterbalanced all possible vices of any other order. Simply by the vast sphere of its agency for evil, in the habits of mind which it produces and supports, such a vice merits a consideration which would else be disproportionate. Yet, at the same time, it must not be forgotten, that if the most operative of all vices, after all it is but one. What are the others?

It is a fault, amongst many faults, of such works as we have on this subject of style, that they collect the list of qualities, good or bad, to which composition is liable, not under any principle from which they might be deduced *à priori*, so as to be assured that all had been enumerated, but by a tentative groping, a mere conjectural estimate The word *style* has with us a twofold meaning. one, the narrow meaning, expressing the mere *synthesis onomatōn*, the syntaxis or combination of words into sentences, the other of far wider extent, and expressing all possible relations that can arise between thoughts and words—the total effect of a writer as derived from manner Style may be viewed as an *organic* thing and as a *mechanic* thing. By organic, we mean that which, being acted upon, reacts, and which propagates the communicated power without loss By mechanic, that which, being impressed with motion, cannot throw it back without loss, and therefore soon comes to an end The human body is an elaborate system of organs, it is sustained by organs. But the human body is exercised as a machine, and as such may be viewed in the arts of riding, dancing, leaping, &c, subject to the laws of motion and equilibrium. Now, the use of words is an organic thing, in so far as language is connected with thoughts, and modified by thoughts It is a mechanic thing, in so far as words in combination determine or modify each other. The science of style, as an organ of thought, of style in relation to the ideas and feelings, might be called the *organology* of style The science of style, considered as a machine, in which words act upon words, and through a particular grammar, might be called the *mechanology* of style It is of little importance by what name these two functions of composition are expressed. But it is of great importance not to confound the functions, that function by which style maintains a commerce with thought, and that by which it

chiefly communicates with grammar and with words A pedant only will insist upon the names; but the distinction in the ideas, under some name, can be neglected only by the man who is careless of logic.

We know not how far we may be ever called upon to proceed with this discussion; if it should happen that we were, an interesting field of questions would lie before us for the first part (the organology). It would lead us over the ground trodden by the Greek and Roman rhetoricians, and over those particular questions which have arisen by the contrast between the circumstances of the ancients and our own since the origin of printing Punctuation,* trivial as such an innovation may seem, was the product of typography, and it is interesting to trace the effects upon style even of that one slight addition to the resources of logic. Previously a man was driven to depend for his security against misunderstanding upon the pure virtue of his syntax. Miscollocation or dislocation of related words disturbed the whole sense, its least effect was to give *no* sense, often it gave a dangerous sense Now punctuation was an artificial machinery for maintaining the integrity of the sense against

* This is a most instructive fact, and it is another fact not less instructive, that lawyers in most parts of Christendom, I believe, certainly wherever they are wide awake professionally, tolerate no punctuation. But why? Are lawyers not sensible to the luminous effect from a point happily placed? Yes, they *are* sensible, but also they are sensible of the false prejudicating effect from a punctuation managed (as too generally it is) carelessly and illogically Here is the brief abstract of the case All punctuation narrows the path, which is else unlimited, and (*by* narrowing it) may chance to guide the reader into the right groove amongst several that are *not* right But also punctuation has the effect very often (and almost always has the power) of biassing and predetermining the reader to an erroneous choice of meaning. Better, therefore, no guide at all than one which is likely enough to lead astray, and which must always be suspected and mistrusted, inasmuch as very nearly always it has the *power* to lead astray.

all mistakes of the writer, and as one consequence, it withdrew the energy of men's anxieties from the natural machinery, which lay in just and careful arrangement. Another and still greater machinery of art for the purpose of maintaining the sense, and with the effect of relaxing the care of the writer, lay in the exquisitely artificial structure of the Latin language, which by means of its terminal forms, indicated the arrangement, and referred the proper predicate to the proper subject, spite of all that affectation or negligence could do to disturb the series of the logic or the succession of the syntax Greek of course had the same advantage in kind but not in degree, and thence rose some differences which have escaped all notice of rhetoricians Here also would properly arise the question started by Charles Fox (but probably due originally to the conversation of some far subtler friend, such as Edmund Burke), how far the practice of foot-notes—a practice purely modern in its *form*—is reconcilable with the laws of just composition and whether in virtue, though not in form, such foot-notes did not exist for the ancients, by an evasion we could point out The question is clearly one which grows out of style in its relations to thought, how far, viz, such an excrescence as a note argues that the sentence to which it is attached has not received the benefit of a full development for the conception involved, whether, if thrown into the furnace again and re-melted, it might not be so recast as to absorb the redundancy which had previously flowed over into a note Under this head would fall not only all the differential questions of style and composition between us and the ancients, but also the questions of merit as fairly distributed amongst the moderns compared with each other The French, as we recently insisted, undoubtedly possess one vast advantage over all other nations in the good taste which governs the arrangement of their sen-

tences; in the simplicity (a strange pretension to make for anything French) of the modulation under which their thoughts flow, in the absence of all cumbrous involution, and in the quick succession of their periods In reality this invaluable merit tends to an excess, and the *style coupé* as opposed to the *style soutenu*, flippancy opposed to solemnity, the subsultory to the continuous, these are the two frequent extremities to which the French manner betrays men. Better, however, to be flippant, than by a revolting form of tumour and perplexity to lead men into habits of intellect such as result from the modern vice of English style. Still with all its practical value it is evident that the intellectual merits of the French style are but small. They are chiefly negative in the first place; and secondly, founded in the accident of their colloquial necessities The law of conversation has prescribed the model of their sentences, and in that law there is quite as much of self-interest at work as of respect for equity *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* Give and take is the rule; and he who expects to be heard must condescend to listen; which necessity for both parties binds over both to be brief Brevity so won could at any rate have little merit, and it is certain that for profound thinking it must sometimes be a hindrance. In order to be brief a man must take a short sweep of view; his range of thought cannot be extensive; and such a rule applied to a general method of thinking, is fitted rather to aphorisms and maxims as upon a known subject, than to any process of investigation as upon a subject yet to be fathomed. Advancing still further into the examination of style as the organ of thinking, we should find occasion to see the prodigious defects of the French in all the higher qualities of prose composition. One advantage, for a practical purpose of life, is sadly counterbalanced by numerous faults, many of which are faults of *stamina*,

lying not in any corrigible defects, but in such as imply penury of thinking from radical inaptitude in the thinking faculty to connect itself with the feeling and with the creative faculty of the imagination. There are many other researches belonging to this subtlest of subjects, affecting both the logic and the ornaments of style, which would fall under the head of organology. But for instant practical use, though far less difficult for investigation, yet for that reason far more tangible and appreciable, would be all the suggestions proper to the other head of mechanology Half a dozen rules for evading the most frequently recurring forms of awkwardness, of obscurity, of misproportion, and of double meaning, would do more to assist a writer in practice, laid under some necessity of hurry, than volumes of general disquisition. It makes us blush to add that even *grammar is so little of a perfect attainment amongst us that* with two or three exceptions (one being Shakspere, whom some affect to consider as belonging to a semi-barbarous age), we have never seen the writer, through a circuit of prodigious reading, who has not sometimes violated the accidence or the syntax of English grammar

Whatever becomes of our own possible speculations, we shall conclude with insisting on the growing necessity of style as a practical interest of daily life. Upon subjects of public concern, and in proportion to that concern, there will always be a suitable (and as letters extend a growing) competition Other things being equal, or appearing to be equal, the determining principle for the public choice will lie in the style Of a German book, otherwise entitled to respect, it was said—*er lasst sich nicht lesen*—it does not permit itself to be read, such and so repulsive was the style. Among ourselves this has long been true of newspapers, they do not suffer themselves to be read *in extenso*, and they are read short, with what injury to the mind we

have noticed The same style of reading, once largely practised, is applied universally. To this special evil an improvement of style would apply a special redress The same improvement is otherwise clamorously called for by each man's interest of competition Public luxury, which is gradually consulted by everything else, must at length be consulted in style

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PART II.

It is a natural resource that whatsoever we find it difficult to investigate as a result, we endeavour to follow as a growth , failing analytically to probe its nature, historically we seek relief to our perplexities by tracing its origin Not able to assign the elements of its theory, we endeavour to detect them in the stages of its development Thus, for instance, when any feudal institution (be it Gothic, Norman, or Anglo-Saxon) eludes our deciphering faculty from the imperfect records of its use and operation, then we endeavour conjecturally to amend our knowledge by watching the circumstances in which that institution arose , and from the necessities of the age, as indicated by facts which have survived, we are sometimes able to trace, through all their corresponding stages of growth, the natural succession of arrangements which such necessities would be likely to prescribe

This mode of oblique research, where a more direct one is denied, we find to be the only one in our power And, with respect to the liberal arts, it is even more true than with respect to laws or institutions, because remote ages widely separated differ much more in their pleasures than they can ever do in their social necessities To make property safe and life sacred, that is everywhere a primary

purpose of law But the intellectual amusements of men are so different that the very purposes and elementary functions of these amusements are different. They point to different ends as well as different means The drama, for instance, in Greece, connects itself with religion; in other ages, religion is the power most in resistance to the drama Hence, and because the elder and ruder ages are most favourable to a ceremonial and mythological religion, we find the tragedy of Greece defunct before the literary age arose. Aristotle's era may be taken as the earliest era of refinement and literary development But Aristotle wrote his Essay on the Greek Tragedy just a century after the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that tragedy had been published

If, therefore, it is sometimes requisite for the proper explanation even of a law or legal usage that we should go to its history, not looking for a sufficient key to its meaning in the mere analogies of our own social necessities, much more will that be requisite in explaining an art or a mode of intellectual pleasure Why it was that the ancients had no landscape painting, is a question deep almost as the mystery of life, and harder of solution than all the problems of jurisprudence combined. What causes moulded the tragedy of the ancients could hardly be guessed if we did not happen to know its history and mythologic origin And with respect to what is called *Style*, not so much as a sketch, as an outline, as a hint could be furnished towards the earliest speculations upon this subject, if we should overlook the historical facts connected with its earliest development

What was it that first produced into this world that celebrated thing called *Prose?* It was the bar, it was the hustings, it was the *Bema* (το βημα) What Gibbon and most historians of the Mussulmans have rather absurdly called the pulpit of the Caliphs, should rather be called the rostrum, the Roman military *suggestus*, or Athenian *bema*

The fierce and generally illiterate Mohammedan harangued his troops; preach he could not; he had no subject for preaching.* Now this function of man in almost all states

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* "*No subject*"—If he had a subject, what was it? As to the sole doctrines of Islam—the unity of God, and the mission of Mahomet as his chief prophet (*i. e.*, not predictor or foreseer, but interpreter)—*that* must be presumed known to every man in a Mussulman army, since otherwise he could not have been admitted into the army. But these doctrines might require expansion, or at least evidence? Not at all; the Mussulman believes them incapable of either. But at least the Caliph might mount the pulpit in order to urge the primary duty of propagating the true faith? No; it was *not* the primary duty, it was a secondary duty, else there would have been no option allowed—tribute, death, or conversion. Well then, the Caliph might ascend the pulpit for the purpose of enforcing a secondary duty? No, he could not, because that was no duty of time or place; it was a postulate of the conscience at all times alike, and needed no argument or illustration. Why then, what *was* it that the Caliph talked about? It was this: He praised the man who had cut most throats; he pronounced the funeral panegyric of him who had his own throat cut under the banners of the Prophet; he explained the prudential merits of the next movement or of the next campaign. In fact, he did precisely what Pericles did, what Scipio did, what Cæsar did, what it was a regular part of the Roman Imperator's commission to do, both before a battle and after a battle, and universally under any circumstances which make an explanation necessary. What is now done in "general orders" was then committed to a *vivâ voce* communication. Trifling communications probably devolved on the six centurions of each cohort (or regiment); graver communications were reserved to the Imperator, surrounded by his staff. Why we should mislead the student by calling this solemnity of addressing an army from a *tribunal* or *suggestus*, by the irrelevant name of preaching from a pulpit, can only be understood by those who perceive the false view taken of the Mohammedan faith and its relation to the human mind. It was certainly a poor plagiarism from the Judaic and the Christian creeds, but it did not rise so high as to conceive of any truth that needed or that admitted intellectual development, or that was susceptible of exposition and argument. However, if we will have it that the Caliph preached, then did his lieutenant say *Amen*. If Omar was a parson, then certainly Caled was his clerk.

of society, the function of public haranguing, was, for the Pagan man who had no printing-press, more of a mere necessity through every mode of public life than it is for the modern man of Christian light; for as to the modern man of Mohammedan twilight, his perfect bigotry denies him this characteristic resource of Christian energies. Just four centuries have we of the Cross propagated our light by this memorable invention, just four centuries have the slaves of the Crescent clung to their darkness by rejecting it Christianity signs her name, Islamism makes her mark. And the great doctors of the Mussulmans take their stand precisely where Jack Cade took *his* a few years after printing had been discovered Jack and they both made it felony to be found with a spelling-book, and sorcery to deal with syntax

Yet with these differences, all of us alike, Pagan, Mussulman, Christian, have practised the arts of public speaking as the most indispensable resource of public administration and of private intrigue Whether the purpose were to pursue the interests of legislation, or to conduct the business of jurisprudence, or to bring the merits of great citizens pathetically before their countrymen, or (if the state were democratic enough) oftentimes to explain the conduct of the executive government, oftentimes also to prosecute a scheme of personal ambition, whether the audience were a mob, a senate, a judicial tribunal, or an army, equally (though not in equal degrees) for the Pagan of 2500 years back, and for us moderns, the arts of public speaking, and consequently of prose as opposed to metrical composition, have been the capital engine, the one great intellectual machine of civil life.

This to some people may seem a matter of course. "Would you have men speak in rhyme?" We answer,

that when society comes into a state of refinement, the total uses of language are developed in common with other arts; but originally, and whilst man was in his primitive condition of simplicity, it must have seemed an unnatural, nay an absurd thing to speak in prose. For in those elder days the sole justifying or exciting cases for a public harangue would be cases connected with impassioned motives Rare they would be, as they had need to be, where both the "hon. gentleman" who moves, and his "hon friend" who seconds, are required to speak in Trimeter Iambic Hence the necessity that the oracles should be delivered in verse Who ever heard of a prose oracle? And hence, as Grecian taste expanded, the disagreeable criticisms whispered about in Athens as to the coarse quality of the verses that proceeded from Delphi It was like bad Latin from Oxford Apollo himself to turn out of his own temple, in the very age of Sophocles, such Birmingham hexameters as sometimes astonished Greece, was like our English court keeping a Stephen Duck, the thresher, for the national poet-laureate, at a time when Pope was fixing an era in the literature. Metre fell to a discount in such learned times. But in itself metre must always have been the earliest vehicle for public enunciations of truth among men, for these obvious reasons. 1 That if metre rises above the standard of ordinary household life, so must any truth of importance and singularity enough to challenge a public utterance. 2 That because religious communications will always have taken a metrical form by a natural association of feeling, whatsoever is invested with a privileged character will seek something of a religious sanction by assuming the same external shape; and, 3 That expressions, or emphatic verbal forms, which are naturally courted for the sake of pointed effect, receive a justification

from metre as being already a departure from common usage to begin with, whereas in plain prose they would appear so many affectations. Metre is naturally and necessarily adopted in cases of impassioned themes, for the very obvious reason that rhythmus is both a cause of impassioned feeling, an ally of such feeling, and a natural effect of it; but upon other subjects *not* impassioned, metre is also a subtle ally, because it serves to introduce and to reconcile with our sense of propriety various arts of condensation, of antithesis, and other rhetorical effects, which, without the metre (as a key for harmonizing them) would strike the feelings as unnatural or as full of affectation. Interrogations, for example, passionate ejaculations, &c., seem no more than natural when metre (acting as a key) has attuned and prepared the mind for such effects. The metre raises the tone of colouring so as to introduce richer tints without shocking or harshly jarring upon the presiding key, when without this semi-conscious pitching of the expectations, the sensibility would have been revolted. Hence, for the very earliest stages of society, it will be mere nature that prompts men to metre; it is a mode of inspiration, it is a promise of something preternatural; and less than preternatural cannot be any possible emergency that should call for a public address. Only great truths could require a man to come forward as a spokesman; he is then a sort of interpreter between God and man.

At first, therefore, it is mere nature which prompts metre. Afterwards, as truth begins to enlarge itself—as truth loses something of its sanctity by descending amongst human details—that mode of exalting it, and of courting attention, is dictated by artifice, which originally was a mere necessity of nature raised above herself. For these reasons, it is certain that men, challenging high authentic character, will

continue to speak by metre for many generations after it has ceased to be a mere voice of habitual impulse. Whatsoever claims an oracular authority, will take the ordinary external form of an oracle. And after it has ceased to be a badge of inspiration, metre will be retained as a badge of professional distinction, Pythagoras, for instance, within five centuries of Christ, Thales or Theognis, will adopt metre out of a secondary prudence, Orpheus and the elder Sibyl, out of an original necessity.

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity, then, by an inverse order, it will borrow a sanctity from its importance Even agricultural truth, even the homeliest truths of rural industry, brought into connexion with religious inspiration, will be exalted (like the common culinary utensils in the great vision of the Jewish prophet) and transfigured into vessels of glorious consecration. All things in this early stage of social man are meant mysteriously, have allegoric values, and week-day man moves amongst glorified objects So that if any doctrine, principle, or system of truth, should call for communication at all, infallibly the communication will take the tone of a revelation, and the holiness of a revelation will express itself in the most impassioned form, perhaps with accompaniments of music, but certainly with metre.

Prose, therefore, strange as it may seem to say so, was

something of a discovery. If not great invention, at least great courage would be required for the man who should first swim without the bladders of metre. It is all very easy talking, when you and your ancestors for fifty generations back have talked prose. But that man must have had *triplex æs* about his *præcordia*, who first dared to come forward with pure prose as the vehicle for any impassioned form of truth Even the first physician who dared to lay aside the ample wig and gold-headed cane needed *extra* courage. All the Jovian terrors of his traditional costume laid aside, he was thrown upon his mere natural resources of skill and good sense. Who was the first lion-hearted man that ventured to make sail in this frail boat of prose? We believe the man's name is reputed to have been Pherecydes. But as nothing is less worth remembering than the mere hollow shell of a name, where all the pulp and the kernel is gone, we shall presume Herodotus to have been the first respectable artist in prose And, what was this worthy man's view of prose? From the way in which he connected his several books or "fyttes" with the names of the muses, and from the romantic style of his narratives, as well as from his using a dialect which had certainly become a poetic dialect in literary Greece, it is pretty clear that Herodotus stood, and meant to stand, on that isthmus between the regions of poetry and blank unimpassioned prose, which in modern literature is occupied by such works as *Mort d'Arthur*. In Thucydides, we see the first exhibition of stern philosophic prose. And, considering the very brief interval between the two writers, who stand related to each other, in point of time, pretty much as Dryden and Pope, it is quite impossible to look for the solution of their characteristic differences in the mere graduations of social development Pericles, as a

young man, would most certainly ask Herodotus to dinner, if business or curiosity ever drew that amiable writer to Athens. As an elderly man, Pericles must often have seen Thucydides at his levees; although by that time the sacrifice of his "social pleasure ill exchanged for power," may have abridged his opportunity of giving "feeds" to literary men. But will anybody believe that the mere advance of social refinement, within the narrow period of one man's public life, could bring about so marvellous a change, as that the friend of his youth should naturally write very much in the spirit of Sir John Mandeville, and the friend of his old age, like Machiavel or Gibbon? No, no; the difference between these two writers does not reflect the different aspects of literary Greece at two eras so slightly removed, too great to be measured by that scale—as though those of the picturesque Herodotus were a splendid semi-barbarous generation, those of the meditative Thucydides, speculative, political, experimental—but we must look to subjective differences of taste and temperament in the men. The men, by nature, and by powerful determination of original sensibility, belong to different orders of intellect. Herodotus was the Froissart of antiquity. He was the man that should have lived to record the Crusades. Thucydides, on the other hand, was obviously the Tacitus of Greece, who (had he been privileged to benefit by some metempsychosis dropping him into congenial scenes of modern history) would have made his election for the wars of the French League, or for our Parliamentary war, or for the colossal conflicts which grew out of the French Revolution. The one was the son of nature, fascinated by the mighty powers of chance or of tragic destiny, as they are seen in elder times moulding the form of empires, or training the currents of revolutions. The other was the son of

political speculation, delighting to trace the darker agencies which brood in the mind of man—the subtle motives, the combinations, the plots which gather in the brain of "dark viziers," when intrusted with the fate of millions, and the nation-wielding tempests which move at the bidding of the orator.

But these subjective differences were not all; they led to objective differences, by determining each writer's mind to a separate object. Does any man fancy that these two writers imagined, each for himself, the same audience? Or again, that each represented his own audience as addressed from the same station? The earlier of the two, full of those qualities which fit a man for producing an effect as an artist, manifestly comes forward in a theatrical character, and addresses his audience from a theatrical station. Is it readers whom he courts? No, but auditors. Is it the literary body whom he addresses—a small body everywhere? No, but the public without limitation. Public! but what public? Not the public of Lacedæmon, drunk with the gloomy insolence of self-conceit; not the public of Athens, amiably vain, courteous, affable, refined. No, it is the public of universal Hellas, an august congress representing the total civilisation of the earth; so that of any man not known at Olympia, prince, emperor, whatever he might call himself, if he were not present in person or by proxy, you might warrantably affirm that he was *homo ignorabilis*—a person of whose existence nobody was bound to take notice; a man to be *ignored* by a grand jury. This representative *champ de Mai*, Herodotus addressed. And in what character did he address it? What character did he ascribe to the audience? What character did he assume to himself? Them he addressed sometimes in their general character of human beings, but still having a common

interest in a central net-work of civilisation, investing a certain ring-fence, beginning in Sicily and Carthage, whence it ran round through Lybia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, the Ionian belt or zone, and terminating in the majestic region of *Men*—the home of liberty, the Pharos of truth and intellectual power, the very region in which they were all at that moment assembled There was such a collective body dimly recognised at times by the ancients, as corresponds to our modern Christendom, and having some unity of possible interest by comparison with the unknown regions of Scythias, Indias, and Ethiopias, lying in a far wider circle beyond—regions that, from their very obscurity, and from the utter darkness of their exterior relations, must at times have been looked to with eyes of anxiety as permanently harbouring that possible deluge of savage eruption which, about one hundred and fifty years after, did actually swallow up the Grecian colony of Bactria (or Bokhara), as founded by Alexander, swallowed it so suddenly and so effectually, that merely the blank fact of its tragical catastrophe has reached posterity. It was surprised probably in one night, like Pompeii by Vesuvius, or like the planet itself by Noah's flood, or more nearly its fate resembled those starry bodies which have been seen, traced, recorded, fixed in longitude and latitude for generations, and then suddenly are observed to be *missing* by some of our wandering telescopes that keep watch and ward over the starry heavens The agonies of a perishing world have been going on, but all is bright and silent in the heavenly host Infinite space has swallowed up the infinite agonies Perhaps the only record of Bactria was the sullen report of some courier from Susa, who would come back with his letters undelivered, simply reporting that, on reaching such a ferry on some nameless river, or such an outpost upon a heath, he

found it in possession of a fierce, unknown race, the ancestors of future Affghans or Tartars.

Such a catastrophe, as menacing by possibility the whole of civilisation, and under that hypothetical peril as giving even to Greece herself an interest in the stability even of Persia, her sole enemy, a great resisting mass interjacent between Greece and the unknown enemies to the far north-east or east, could not but have mixed occasionally with Greek anticipations for the future, and in a degree quite inappreciable by us who know the geographical limits of Asia. To the ancients, these were by possibility, in a strict sense, infinite. The terror from the unknown Scythians of the world was certainly vague and indistinct, but if that disarmed the terror or broke its sting, assuredly the very same cause would keep it alive, for the peril would often swell upon the eye merely from its uncertain limits Far oftener, however, those glorious certainties revolved upon the Grecian imagination, which presented Persia in the character of her enemy, than those remote possibilities which might connect her as a common friend against some horrid enemy from the infinite deserts of Asia In this character it was that Herodotus at times addressed the assembled Greece, at whose bar he stood That the intensity of this patriotic idea intermitted at times, that it was suffered to slumber through entire books, this was but an artist's management which caused it to swell upon the ear all the more sonorously, more clamorously, more terrifically, when the lungs of the organ filled once more with breath, when the trumpet-stop was opened, and the "foudroyant" style of the organist commenced the hail-stone chorus from Marathon Here came out the character in which Herodotus appeared. The *Iliad* had taken Greece as she was during the building of the first temple at Jeru-

salem—in the era of David and Solomon—a thousand years before Christ The eagle's plume in her cap at that era was derived from Asia. It was the Troad, it was Asia that in those days constituted the great enemy of Greece Greece universal had been confederated against the Asia of that day, and, after an Iliad of woes, had triumphed But now another era of five hundred years has passed since Troy Again there has been a universal war raging between Greece and a great foreign potentate, again this enemy of Greece is called Asia But what Asia? The Asia of the *Iliad* was a petty maritime Asia. But Asia now means Persia; and Persia, taken in combination with its dependencies of Syria and Egypt, means the world, *ἡ οικουμενη*. The frontier line of the Persian empire "marched" or confined with the Grecian, but now so vast was the revolution effected by Cyrus, that, had not the Persians been withheld by their dismal bigotry from cultivating maritime facilities, the Greeks must have sunk under the enormous power now brought to bear upon them. At one blow, the whole territory of what is now Turkey in Asia, viz, the whole of Anatolia and of Armenia, had been extinguished as a neutral and interjacent force for Greece. At one blow, by the battle of Thymbra, the Persian armies had been brought nearer by much more than a thousand miles to the gates of Greece.

That danger it is necessary to conceive, in order to conceive that subsequent triumph Herodotus—whose family and nearest generation of predecessors must have trembled after the thoughtless insult offered to Sardis, under the expectation of the vast revenge prepared by the great king—must have had his young imagination filled and dilated with the enormous display of Oriental power, and been thus prepared to understand the terrific collisions of the Persian forces with those of Greece. He had heard in his travels

how the glorious result was appreciated in foreign lands. He came back to Greece with a twofold freight of treasures. He had two messages for his country. One was a report of all that was wonderful in foreign lands, all that was interesting from its novelty or its vast antiquity; all that was regarded by the natives for its sanctity, or by foreigners with amazement, as a measure of colossal power in mechanics. And these foreign lands, we must remember, constituted the total world to a Greek Rome was yet in her infant days, unheard of beyond Italy. Egypt and the other dependencies of Persia composed the total map south of Greece. Greece, with the Mediterranean islands, and the eastern side of the Adriatic, together with Macedon and Thrace, made up the world of Europe. Asia, which had not yet received the narrow limitation imposed upon that word by Rome, was co-extensive with Persia; and it might be divided into Asia *cis*-Tigritana, and Asia *trans*-Tigritana, the Euxine and the Caspian were the boundaries to the north, and to one advancing further, the Oxus was the northern boundary, and the Indus the eastern. The Punjab, as far as the river Sutlege, that is, up to our present British cantonments at Loodiana, was indistinctly supposed to be within the jurisdiction of the Great King Probably he held the whole intervening territory of the late Runjeet Singh, as now possessed by the Sikhs And beyond these limits all was a mere zodiac of visionary splendour, or a dull repetition of monotonous barbarism.

The report which personal travels enabled Herodotus to make of this extensive region, composing neither more nor less than the total map of the terraqueous globe as it was then supposed to exist (all the rest being a mere Nova Zembla in their eyes), was one of two revelations which the great traveller had to lay at the feet of Greece The other

was a connected narrative of their great struggle with the King of Persia. The earth bisected itself into two parts—Persia and Greece All that was not Persia was Greece: all that was not Greece was Persia. The Greek traveller was prepared to describe the one section to the other section, and having done this, to relate in a connected shape the recent tremendous struggle of the one section with the other. Here was Captain Cook fresh from his triple circumnavigation of the world. here was Mungo Park fresh from the Niger and Timbuctoo here was Bruce fresh from the coy fountains of the Nile: here was Phipps, Franklin, Parry, from the Arctic circle here was Leo Africanus from Moorish palaces here was Mandeville from Prester John, and from the Cham of Tartary, and

"From Agra and Lahore of Great Mogul"

This was one side of the medal, and on the other was the patriotic historian who recorded what all had heard by fractions, but none in a continuous series Now, if we consider how rare was either character in ancient times, how difficult it was to travel where no passport made it safe, where no preparations in roads, inns, carriages, made it convenient, that even five centuries in advance of this era, little knowledge was generally circulated of any region, unless so far as it had been traversed by the Roman legions, considering the vast credulity of the audience assembled, a gulf capable of swallowing mountains, and, on the other hand, that here was a man fresh from the Pyramids and the Nile, from Tyre, from Babylon and the temple of Belus, a traveller who had gone in with his sickle to a harvest yet untouched; that this same man, considered as a historian, spoke of a struggle with which the earth was still agitated, that the people who had triumphed so memor-

ably in this war, happened to be the same people who were then listening; that the leaders in this glorious war, whose names had already passed into spiritual powers, were the fathers of the present audience; combining into one picture all these circumstances, one must admit that no such meeting between giddy expectation, and the very excess of power to meet its most clamorous calls, is likely to have occurred before or since upon this earth. Hither had assembled people from the most inland and most illiterate parts of Greece; people that would have settled a pension for life upon any man who would have described to them so much as a crocodile or ichneumon. To these people, the year of his public recitation would be the meridian year of their lives. He saw that the whole scene would become almost a dramatic work of art; in the mere gratification of their curiosity, the audience might be passive and neutral; but in the history of the war, they became almost actors, as in a dramatic scene. This scenical position could not escape the traveller-historian. His work was recited with the exaggeration that belongs to scenic art. It was read probably with gesticulations by one of those thundering voices, which Aristophanes calls a "damnable" voice, from its ear-piercing violence.

Prose is a thing so well known to all of us, most of our "little accounts" from shoemakers, dressmakers, &c., being made out in prose; most of our sorrows and of our joys having been communicated to us through prose, and very few indeed through metre (unless on St Valentine's day), that its further history, after leaving its original Olympic cradle, must be interesting to everybody. Who were they that next took up the literary use of Prose? Confining our notice to people of celebrity, we may say that the House of Socrates (*Domus Socratica* is the expression of Horace),

were those who next attempted to popularize Greek prose. viz, the old gentleman himself, the founder of the concern, and his two apprentices, Plato and Xenophon. We acknowledge a sneaking hatred towards the whole household, founded chiefly on the intense feeling we entertain that all three were humbugs We own the stony impeachment Aristotle, who may be looked upon as literary grandson to Socrates, is quite a different person But for the rest we cherish a sentimental (may we call it a Platonic?) disgust As relates to the style, however, in which they have communicated their philosophy, one feature of peculiarity is too remarkable to pass without comment Some years ago, in one of our four or five Quarterly Reviews (*Theological* it was, *Foreign*, or else *Westminster*), a critical opinion was delivered with respect to a work of Coleridge's, which opens a glimpse into the true philosophy of prose composition It was not a very good-natured opinion in that situation, since it was no more true of Coleridge than it is of every other man who adopts the same aphoristic form of expression for his thoughts, but it was eminently just. Speaking of Coleridge's "Aphorisms," the reviewer observed, that this detached and insulated form of delivering thoughts was, in effect, an evasion of all the difficulties connected with composition Every man, as he walks through the streets, may contrive to jot down an independent thought, a short-hand memorandum of a great truth. So far as that purpose is concerned, even in tumultuous London,

"Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet"

Standing on one leg you may accomplish this The labour of composition begins when you have to put your separate threads of thought into a loom; to weave them into a continuous whole, to connect, to introduce them, to blow

them out or expand them; to carry them to a close. All this evil is evaded by the aphoristic form. This one remark, we repeat, lifts up a corner of that curtain which hangs over the difficult subjects of style and composition. Indicating what is *not* in one form, it points to what *is* in others. It was an original remark, we doubt not, to the reviewer. But it is too weighty and just to have escaped meditative men in former times; and accordingly the very same remark will be found 150 years ago expanded in the *Huetiana*.

But what relation has this remark to the House of Socrates? Did *they* write by aphorisms? No, certainly; but they did what labours with the same radical defect, considered in relation to the true difficulties of composition. Let us dedicate a paragraph to these great dons of literature. If we have any merely English scholars amongst our readers, it may be requisite first to inform them that Socrates himself wrote nothing. He was too much occupied with his talking—"ambitiosâ loquelâ." In this respect Socrates differed, as in some others that we could mention, from the late Mr. Coleridge, who found time both for talking and for writing at the least 25 volumes octavo. From the pupils of Socrates it is that we collect his pretended philosophy; and as there were only two of these pupils who published, and as one of them intensely contradicts the other, it would be found a hard matter at *Nisi Prius* to extract any verdict as to what it was that constituted the true staple of the Socratic philosophy. We fear that any jury, who undertook that question, would finally be carted to the bounds of the county, and shot into the adjacent county like a ton of coals. For Xenophon uniformly introduces the worthy hen-pecked philosopher as prattling innocent nothings, more limpid than small beer; whilst Plato never

lets him condescend to any theme less remote from humanity than those of Hermes Trismegistus One or other must be a liar And the manner of the philosopher, under these two Boswellian reporters, is not less different than his matter with Xenophon, he reminds us much of an elderly hen, superannuated a little, pirouetting to "the hen's march," and clucking vociferously, with Plato, he seems much like a deep-mouthed hound in a chase after some unknown but perilous game, much as such a hound is described by Wordsworth, ranging over the aerial heights of Mount Righi, his voice at times muffled by mighty forests, and then again swelling as he emerges upon the Alpine breezes, whilst the vast intervals between the local points from which the intermitting voice ascends, proclaim the storm pace at which he travels In Plato, there is a gloomy grandeur at times from the elementary mysteries of man's situation and origin, snatches of music from some older and Orphic philosophy, which impress a vague feeling of solemnity towards the patriarch of the school, though you can seldom trace *his* movement through all this high and vapoury region, you would be happy, therefore, to believe that there had been one word of truth in ascribing such colloquies to Socrates, but how that can be, when you recollect the philosophic *vappa* of Xenophon, seems to pass the deciphering power of Œdipus.

Now, this body of inexplicable discord between the two evangelists of Socrates, as to the whole sources from which he drew his philosophy, as to the very wells from which he raised it, and the mode of medicating the draught, makes it the more worthy of remark that both should have obstinately adopted the same disagreeable form of composition Both exhibit the whole of their separate speculations under the form of dialogue. It is always Socrates and Crito, or Socrates and Phædrus, or Socrates and Ischomachus, in

fact, Socrates and some man of straw or good-humoured nine-pin set up to be bowled down as a matter of course. How inevitably the reader feels his fingers itching, to take up the cudgels instead of Crito for one ten minutes! Had *we* been favoured with an interview, we can answer for it that the philosopher should not have had it all his own way; there should have been a "scratch" at least between us; and instead of waiting to see Crito punished without delivering one blow that would "have made a dent in a pound of butter," posterity should have formed a ring about us, crying out—"Pull baker, pull devil"—according as the accidents of the struggle went this way or that. If dialogue must be the form, at least it should not have been collusive dialogue. Whereas, with Crito and the rest of the men who were in training for the part of disputants, it was a matter of notoriety, that, if they presumed to put in a sly thrust under the ribs of the philosopher, the Socratic partisans, οἱ αμφι τον Σωκρατην, would kick them into the kennel. It was a permanent "cross" that was fought throughout life between Socrates and his obsequious antagonists.

As Plato and Xenophon must have hated each other with a theological hatred, it is a clear case that they would not have harmonized in anything if they had supposed it open to evasion. They would have got another atmosphere had it been possible. Diverging from each other in all points beside, beyond doubt they would have diverged as to this form of dialogue, had they not conceived that it was essential to the business of philosophy. It is plain from this one fact, how narrow was the range of conception which the Socratic school applied to the possible modes of dealing with polemic truth. They represented the case thus:— Truth, they fancied, offered itself by separate units, by moments (to borrow a word from dynamics), by what Cicero

calls "apices rerum" and "punctiunculæ" Each of these must be separately examined. It was like the *items* in a disputed account. There must be an auditor to check and revise each severally for itself. This process of auditing could only be carried on through a brisk dialogue. The philosopher in monologue was like a champion at a tournament with nobody to face him. He was a chess-player with no opponent The game could not proceed. But how mean and limited a conception this was, which lay as a basis for the whole Socratic philosophy, becomes apparent to any man who considers any ample body of truth, whether polemic truth or not, in all its proportions Yet, in all this, we repeat, the Socratic weakness is not adequately exposed There is a far larger and subtler class of cases where the arguments for and against are not susceptible of this separate valuation One is valid only through and by a second, which second again is involved in a third, and so on. Thus by way of a brief instance, take all the systems of political economy which have grown up since Turgot and Quesnel They are all polemic that is, all have moulded themselves in hostility to some other systems, all had their birth in opposition But it would be impossible to proceed Socratically with any one of them. If you should attempt to examine Ricardo sentence by sentence, or even chapter by chapter, his apologist would loudly resist such a process as inapplicable You must *hold on*, you must keep fast hold of certain principles until you have time to catch hold of certain others—seven or eight, suppose, and then from the whole taken in continuation, but not from any one as an insulated principle, you come into a power of adjudicating upon the pretensions of the whole theory The doctrine of value, for example, could you understand that taken apart? could you value it apart? As a Socratic logician, could you say of it either *affirmatur* or *negatur*, until you

see it coming round and revolving in the doctrines of rent, profits, machinery, &c., which are so many functions of value; and which doctrines first react with a weight of verification upon the other?

These, unless parried, are knock-down blows to the Socratic, and therefore to the Platonic philosophy, if treated as a *modus philosophandi*; and if that philosophy is treated as a body of doctrines apart from any *modus* or *ratio docendi*, we should be glad to hear what they are, for we never could find any whatever in Plato or Xenophon which are insisted on as essential. Accidental hints and casual suggestions cannot be viewed as doctrines in that sense which is necessary to establish a separate school. And all the German Tiedemanns and Tennemanns, the tedious men and the tenpenny-men, that have written their twelve or their eighteen volumes *viritim* upon Plato, will find it hard to satisfy their readers unless they make head against these little objections, because these objections seem to impeach the very *method* of the "Socratiæ Chartæ," and except as the authors or illustrators of a method, the Socratici are no school at all.

But are not we travelling a little out of our proper field in attacking this method? Our business was with this method considered as a *form of style*, not considered as a *form of logic*. True, O rigorous reader! Yet digressions and moderate excursions have a license. Besides which, on strict consideration, doubts arise whether we *have* been digressing; for whatsoever acted as a power on Greek prose, through many ages, whatsoever gave it a bias towards any one characteristic excess, becomes important in virtue of its relations to our subject. Now, the form of dialogue so obstinately maintained by the earliest philosophers, who used prose as the vehicle of their teaching, had the unhappy effect of impressing from the earliest era of

Chatterton and Macpherson, viz., to turn round on the public when once committed and compromised by some unequivocal applause, saying, "Gentlemen of Athens, this idol Socrates is a phantom of my brain, as respects the philosophy ascribed to him, I am Socrates." or, as Handel (who, in consideration of his own preternatural appetite, had ordered dinner for six) said to the astonished waiter when pleading as his excuse for not bringing up the dishes that he waited for the company,—"Yong man, *I* am de Gombany."

But in what mode does the conversational taint, which we trace to the writings of the Socratici, enforced by the imaginary martyrdom of Socrates, express itself? In what forms of language? By what peculiarities? By what defects of style? We will endeavour to explain. One of the Scaligers (if we remember it was the elder), speaking of the Greek article ὁ, ἡ, το, called it *loquacissimæ gentis flabellum.* Now, *pace superbissimi viri*, this seems nonsense, because the use of the article was not capricious, but grounded in the very structure and necessities of the Greek language. Garrulous or not, the poor men were obliged, by the philosophy of their tongue, to use the article in certain situations, and, to say the truth, these situations were very much the same as in English. Allowing for a few cases of proper names, participles, or adjectives postponed to their substantives, &c., the two general functions of the article definite, equally in Greek and in English, are 1*st*, to individualize, as, *e g*, "It is not any sword that will do, I will have *the* sword of my father," and, 2*d*, the very opposite function, viz, to generalize in the highest degree—a use which our best English grammars wholly overlook—as, *e g*, "Let *the* sword give way to *the* gown," not that particular sword, but every sword, where each is used as a representative symbol

of the corresponding professions. "*The* peasant presses on the kibes *of the* courtier," where the class is indicated by the individual. In speaking again of diseases, and the organs affected, we usually accomplish this generalization by means of the definite article. We say, "He suffered from *a* headache;" but also we say, "from *the* headache;" and invariably we say, "He died of *the* stone," &c. And though we fancy it a peculiarity of the French language to say, "*Le* cœur lui était navré de douleur," yet we ourselves say, "The heart was affected in his case." In all these uses of the definite article, there is little real difference between the Greek language and our own. The main difference is in the negative use; in the meaning implied by the absence of the article, which, with the Greeks, expresses our article *a*, but with us is a form of generalization. In all this there was nothing left free to the choice; and Scaliger had no right to find any illustration of Greek levity in what was unavoidable.

But what *we* tax as undignified in the Greek prose style, as a badge of garrulity, as a taint from which the Greek prose never cleansed itself, are all those forms of lively colloquialism, with the fretfulness and hurry and demonstrative energy of people unduly excited by bodily presence and by ocular appeals to their sensibility. Such a style is picturesque no doubt; so is the Scottish dialect of low life as first employed in novels by Sir Walter Scott; that dialect greatly assisted the characteristic expression; it furnished the benefit of a Doric dialect; but what man in his senses would employ it in a grave work and speaking in his own person? Now the colloquial expletives so profusely employed by Plato, more than anybody, the forms of his sentences, the forms of his transitions, and other intense peculiarities of the chattering man, as opposed to the meditating man, have crept over the face of Greek

literature; and though some people think everything holy which is printed in Greek characters, we must be allowed to rank these forms of expression as mere vulgarities. Sometimes in Westmoreland, if you chance to meet an ancient father of his valley, one who is thoroughly vernacular in his talk, being unsinged by the modern furnace of revolution, you may have a fancy for asking him how far it is to the next town. In which case you will receive for answer pretty nearly the following words:—"Why like, it's gaily nigh like to four mile like." Now if the pruriency of your curiosity should carry you to torment and vex this aged man, by pressing a special investigation into this word *like*, the only result is likely to be that you will kill *him*, and do yourself no good. Call it an expletive indeed! a filling up! Why to him it is the only indispensable part of the sentence; the sole fixture. It is the balustrade which enables him to descend the stairs of conversation without falling overboard; and if the word were proscribed by Parliament, he would have no resource but in everlasting silence. Now the expletives of Plato are as gross, and must have been to the Athenian as unintelligible as those of the Westmoreland peasant. It is true the value, the effect to the feelings, was secured by daily use and by the position in the sentence. But so it is to the English peasant. *Like* in his use is a modifying, a restraining particle, which forbids you to understand anything in a dangerous unconditional sense. But then again the Greek particle of transition, that eternal δε, and the introductory formula of *μεν* and δε, however earnestly people may fight for them, because Greek is now past mending,—in fact the δε is strictly equivalent to the *whereby* of a sailor; "whereby I went to London; whereby I was robbed; whereby I found the man that robbed me." All relations, all modes of succession or transition, are indicated by one and the

same particle This could arise, even as a license, only in the laxity of conversation. But the most offensive indication of the conversational spirit, as presiding in Greek prose, is to be found in the morbid energy of oaths scattered over the face of every prose composition which aims at rhetorical effect. The literature is deformed with a constant roulade of "by Jove," "by Minerva," &c, as much as the conversation of high-bred Englishmen in the reign of Charles II. In both cases this habit belonged to a state of transition; and if the prose literature of Greece had been cultivated by a succession of authors as extended as that of England, it would certainly have outworn this badge of spurious energy. That it did not is a proof that the Greek literature never reached the consummation of art

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PART III.

Reader, you are beginning to suspect us "How long do we purpose to detain people?" For anything that appears we may be designing to write on to the twentieth century, for twice thirty years. "And *whither* are we going?" Towards what object? which is as urgent a quære as *how far* Perhaps we may be leading you into treason, or (which indeed is pretty much the same thing) we may be paving the way to "Repeal." You feel symptoms of doubt and restiveness; and like Hamlet with his father's ghost, you will follow us no further unless we explain what it is that we are in quest of

Our course then for the rest of our progress, the outline of our method, will pursue the following objects We shall detain you a little longer on the Grecian prose literature; and we shall pursue that literature within the gates of Latium. What was the Grecian idea of *style*, what the

Roman, will appear as a deduction from this review. With respect to the Greeks, we shall endeavour to show that they had not arrived at a full expanded consciousness of the separate idea expressed by *style*, and in order to account for this failure we shall point out the deflexion, the bias, which was impressed upon the Greek speculations in this particular, by the tendency of their civil life. *That* was made important in the eyes of the speculative critic which was indispensable for the actual practitioner, *that* was indispensable for the actual practitioner which was exacted by the course of public ambition. The political aspirant, who needed a command of fluent eloquence, sought for so much knowledge (and no more) as promised to be available in his own particular mode of competition. The speculative critic or professional master of rhetoric offered just so much information (and no more) as was likely to be sought by his clients. Each alike cultivated no more than experience showed him would be demanded. But in Rome, and for a reason perhaps which will appear worth pausing upon, a subtler conception of style was formed, though still far from being perfectly developed. The Romans, whether worse orators or not than the Grecians, were certainly better rhetoricians And Cicero, the mighty master of language for the Pagan world, whom we shall summon as our witness, will satisfy us that in this research at least the Roman intellect was more searching, and pressed nearer to the undiscovered truth than the Grecian.

From a particular passage in the *De Oratore*, which will be cited for the general purpose here indicated of proving a closer approximation on the part of Roman thinkers than had previously been made to the very heart of this difficult subject, we shall take occasion to make a still nearer approach for ourselves We shall endeavour to bring up our reader to the fence, and persuade him, if

possible, to take the leap which still remains to be taken in this field of style But as we have reason to fear that he will "refuse" it, we shall wheel him round and bring him up to it from another quarter A gentle touch of the spur may then perhaps carry him over [Let not the reader take it to heart, that we here represent him under the figure of a horse, and ourselves in a nobler character as riding him, and that we even take the liberty of proposing to spur him. Anything may be borne in metaphor. Figuratively, one may kick a man without offence. There are no limits to allegoric patience.] But no matter who takes the leap, or how, a leap there is which must be taken in the course of these speculations on style before the ground will be open for absolute advance Every man who has studied and meditated the difficulties of style, must have had a sub-conscious sense of a bar in his way at a particular point of the road thwarting his free movement, he could not have evaded such a sense but by benefit of extreme shallowness. That bar which we shall indicate must be cleared away, thrown down, or surmounted. And then the prospect will lie open to a new map, and a perfect map of the whole region. It will then become possible for the first time to overlook the whole geography of the adjacencies. An entire theory of the difficulties being before the student, it will at length be possible to aid his efforts by ample *practical* suggestions Of these we shall ourselves offer the very plainest, viz, those which apply to the mechanology of style For these there will be an easy opening, they will not go beyond the reasonable limits disposable for a single subject in a literary journal As to the rest, which would (Germanly speaking) require a "strong" octavo for their full exposition, we shall hold ourselves to have done enough in fulfilling the large promise we have made—the promise of marking out for

subsequent cultivation and development all the possible subdivisions and sections amongst the resources of the rhetorician; all the powers which he can employ, and therefore all the difficulties which he needs to study; the arts by which he can profit, and, in correspondence with them, the obstacles by which he will be resisted. Were this done we should no longer see those incoherent sketches which are now circulating in the world upon questions of taste, of science, of practical address, as applied to the management of style and rhetoric; the public ear would no longer be occupied by feeble Frenchmen—Rollin, Rapin, Batteux, Bonhours, Du Bos, and *id genus omne;* nor by the elegant but desultory Blair; nor by scores of others who bring an occasional acuteness or casual information to this or that subsection of their duty, whilst (taken as general guides) they are universally insufficient. No; but the business of rhetoric, the management of our mother-tongue in all offices to which it can be applied, would become as much a matter of systematic art, as regular a subject for training and mechanic discipline, as the science of discrete quantity in arithmetic, or of continuous quantity in Geometry. But will not *that* be likely to impress a character of mechanic monotony upon style like the miserable attempts at reforming handwriting? Look at them, touch them, or, if you are afraid of soiling your fingers, hold them up with the tongs; they reduce all characteristic varieties of writing to one form of blank identity, and *that* the very vilest form of scribbling which exists in Europe, viz., to the wooden scratch (as if traced with a skewer) universally prevailing amongst French people. Vainly would Aldorisius apply his famous art (viz., the art of deciphering a man's character from handwriting) to the villanous scrawls which issue from this modern laboratory of pseudo-caligraphy. All pupils under *these* systems write alike; the predestined

thief is confounded with the patriot or martyr, the innocent young girl with the old hag that watches country waggons for victims In the same indistinguishable character, so far as this reforming process is concerned, would Joseph Hume sign a motion for retrenching three half-crowns per annum from the orphan daughter of a man who had died in battle, and Queen Adelaide write a subscription towards a fresh church for carrying on war, from generation to generation, upon sin and misery

Now if a mechanic system of training for style would have the same levelling effects as these false caligraphies, better by far that we should retain our old ignorance. If art is to terminate in a killing monotony, welcome the old condition of inartificial simplicity! So say you, reader, ay, but so say we This does not touch *us*. the mechanism *we* speak of will apply to no meritorious qualities of style, but to its faults, and, above all, to its awkwardness; in fact, to all that now constitutes the *friction* of style, the needless joltings and retardations of our fluent motion. As to the motion itself in all that is positive in its derivation, in its exciting impulses, in its speed, and its characteristic varieties, it will remain unaffected. The modes of human feeling are inexhaustible; the forms by which feeling connects itself with thought are indefeasibly natural, the channels through which both impress themselves upon language are infinite. All these are imperturbable by human art, they are past the reach of mechanism, you might as well be afraid that some steam-engine—Atlas, suppose, or Samson (whom the Germans call Simpson)—should perfidiously hook himself to the earth's axis, and run away with us to Jupiter Let Simpson do his worst; we defy him And so of style; in that sense, under which we all have an interest in its free movements, it will for ever remain free It will defy art to control it. In that sense under

which it ever *can* be mechanized, we have all an interest in wishing that it should be so. Our final object therefore is a meritorious one, with no intermixture of evil This being explained, and our course onwards having been mapped out, let us now proceed with our work, first recapitulating in direct juxtaposition with each other the points of our *future movement* :—

1 Greek and Latin literature we shall touch on only for the sake of appraising or deducing the sort of ideas which they had upon the subject of style. It will appear that these ideas were insufficient. At the best they were tentative. 2. From them, however, may be derived a hint, a dim suggestion, of the true question in arrear; and, universally, that goes a great way towards the true answer. "*Dimidium facti,*" says the Roman proverb, "*qui benè cœpit, habet.*" To have made a good beginning is one half of the work *Prudens interrogatio*, says a wise modern, to have shaped your question skilfully, is, in that sense, and with a view to the answer, a good beginning. 3. Having laid this foundation towards an answer, we shall then attempt the answer itself. 4. After which, that is, after removing to the best of our power such difficulties to the *higher understanding* as beset the subject of style, rhetoric, composition, having (if we do not greatly delude ourselves) removed the one great bar to a right theory of style, or a practical discipline of style, we shall leave to some future work of more suitable dimensions the filling up of our outline. Ourselves we shall confine to such instant suggestions —practical, popular, broadly intelligible, as require no extensive preparation to introduce them on the author's part; no serious effort to understand them on the reader's. Whatever is more than this will better suit with the variable and elastic proportions of a separate book, than with the more rigid proportions of a miscellaneous journal.

Coming back, then, for hasty purposes, to Greek literature, we wish to direct the reader's eye upon a remarkable phenomenon in the history of that literature, and subsequently of all human genius, not *so* remarkable but that multitudes must have noticed it, and yet remarkable enough to task a man's ingenuity in accounting for it. The earliest known occasion on which this phenomenon drew a direct and strong gaze upon itself, was in a little historical sketch composed by a Roman officer during the very opening era of Christianity. We speak of the *Historia Romana*, written and published about the very year of the crucifixion by Velleius Paterculus, in the court of Tiberius Cæsar, the introduction to which presents us with a very interesting outline of general history. The style is sometimes clumsy and unwieldy, but nervous, masculine, and such as became a soldier. In higher qualities, in thoughtfulness, and the spirit of finer observation, it is far beyond the standard of a mere soldier; and it shows, in common with many other indications lying on the face of Roman society at that era, how profoundly the great struggles that had recently convulsed the world must have terminated in that effect which followed in the wake of the French Revolution, viz., in a vast stimulation to the meditative faculties of man. The agitation, the frenzy, the sorrow of the times, reacted upon the human intellect, and forced men into meditation. Their own *nature was held up before them in a sterner form.* They were compelled to contemplate an ideal of man, far more colossal than is brought forward in the tranquil aspects of society; and they were often engaged, whether they would or not, with the elementary problems of social philosophy. Mere danger forced a man into thoughts which else were foreign to his habits. Mere necessity of action forced him to decide. Such changes went along with the

Reformation; such changes went along with the French Revolution, such changes went along with the great recasting of Roman society under the two earliest Cæsars In every page of Paterculus we read the swell and agitation of waters subsiding from a deluge Though a small book, it is tumid with revolutionary life. And something also is due, no doubt, to the example of the mighty leader in the Roman Revolution, to the intellectual and literary tastes diffused by him—

"The foremost man of all this world,"

who had first shown the possibility of uniting the military leader's truncheon with the most brilliant *stylus* of the rhetorician. How wonderful and pleasing to find such accomplishments of accurate knowledge, comprehensive reading, and study, combined with so searching an intellect, in a man situated as Paterculus, reared amongst camps, amidst the hurry of forced marches, and under the privations of solitary outposts. The old race of hirsute centurions how changed! how perfectly regenerated by the influence of three Cæsars in succession applying a paternal encouragement to literature!

Admiring this man so much, we have paused to review the position in which he stood Now, recurring to that remark (amongst so many original remarks) by which, in particular, he connects himself with our subject, we may venture to say, that, if it was a very just remark for *his* experience, it is far more so for ours What he remarked, what he founded upon a review of two nations and two literatures, we may now countersign by an experience of eight or nine His remark was upon the tendency of intellectual power to gather in clusters, its unaccountable propensity (he thought it such) to form into separate insulated groups. This tendency he illustrates first in two cases of Grecian literature. Perhaps that might have been an

insufficient basis for a general theory. But it occurred to Paterculus in confirmation of his doctrine, that the very same tendency had reappeared in his native literature. The same phenomenon had manifested itself, and more than once, in the history of Roman intellect; the same strong *nisus* of great wits to gather and crystallize about a common nucleus. That marked gregariousness in human genius had taken place amongst the poets and orators of Rome, which had previously taken place amongst the poets, orators, and artists of Greece. What importance was attached by Paterculus to this interesting remark, what stress he laid upon its appreciation by the reader, is evident from the emphatic manner in which he introduces it, as well as from the conscious disturbance of the symmetry which he incurs rather than suppress it These are his words —"Notwithstanding that this section of my work has considerably outrun the proportions of that model which I had laid down for my guidance, and although perfectly aware that, in circumstances of hurry so unrelenting, which like a revolving wheel or the eddy of rapid waters, allows me no respite or pause, I am summoned rather to omit what is necessary than to court what is redundant, still, I cannot prevail on myself to forbear from uttering and giving a pointed expression to a thought which I have often revolved in my mind, but to this hour have not been able satisfactorily to account for in theory. (*nequeo tamen temperare mihi quin rem sæpe agitatam animo meo, neque ad liquidum ratione perductam, signem stylo*)" Having thus bespoke the reader's special attention, the writer goes on to ask if any man can sufficiently wonder on observing that eminent genius, in almost every mode of its development (*eminentissima cujusque professionis ingenia*), had gathered itself into the same narrow ring-fence of a single generation. Intellects that in each

several department of genius were capable of distinguished execution (*cujusque clari operis capacia ingenia*), had sequestrated themselves from the great stream and succession of their fellow-men into a close insulated community of time, and into a corresponding stage of proficiency measured on their several scales of merit* (*in similitudinem et temporum et profectuum semetipsa ab aliis separaverunt*). Without giving *all* the exemplifications by which Paterculus has supported this thesis, we shall cite two: *Una (neque multorum annorum spatio divisa) ætas per divini spiritûs viros, Æschylum, Sophoclem, Euripidem, illustravit Tragædiam* Not that this trinity of poets was *so* contemporary as brothers are, but they were contemporary as youthful uncles in relation to elderly nephews. Æschylus was viewed as a senior by Sophocles, Sophocles by Euripides, but all might by possibility have met together (what a constellation!) at the same table. Again, says Paterculus, *Quid ante Isocratem, quid post ejus auditores, clarum in oratoribus fuit?* Nothing of any distinction in oratory *before* Isocrates, nothing *after* his personal audience. So confined was that orbit within which the perfection of Greek tragedy, within which

* Paterculus, it must be remembered, was composing a peculiar form of history, and, therefore, under a peculiar law of composition. It was designed for a rapid survey of many ages, within a very narrow compass, and unavoidably pitched its scale of abstraction very high This justified a rhetorical, almost a poetic, form of expression; for in such a mode of writing, whether a writer seeks that effect or not, the abrupt and almost lyrical transitions, the startling leaps over vast gulfs of time and action, already have the effect of impassioned composition Hence, by an instinct, he becomes rhetorical and the natural character of his rhetoric, its pointed condensation, often makes him obscure at first sight We, therefore, for the merely English reader, have a little expanded or at least brought out his meaning But for the Latin reader, who will enjoy his elliptical energy, we have sometimes added the original words.

the perfection of Greek eloquence revolved. The same law, the same strong tendency, he insists, is illustrated in the different schools of Greek comedy, and again of Greek philosophy. Nay, it is more extensively illustrated amongst Greek artists in general "*Hoc idem evenisse grammaticis, plastis, pictoribus, scalptoribus, quisquis temporum instituerit notis—reperiet.*"

From Greece Paterculus translates the question to his own country in the following pointed manner summing up the whole doctrine, and re-affirming it in a form almost startling and questionable by its rigour: "*Adeo artatum angustiis temporum,*" so punctually concentrated was all merit within the closest limits of time, "*ut nemo memoriâ dignus, alter ab altero videri nequiverint:*" no man of any consideration but he might have had ocular cognisance of all others in his own field who attained to distinction. He adds: "*Neque hoc in Græcis quam in Romanis evenit magis.*"

His illustrations from the Roman literature we do not mean to follow one only, as requisite for our purpose, we cite.—"*Oratio, ac vis forensis, perfectumque prosæ eloquentiæ decus (pace P. Crassi et Gracchorum dixerim) ita universa sub principe operis sui erupit Tullio, ut mirari neminem possis nisi aut ab illo visum, aut qui illum viderit.*" This is said with epigrammatic point. the perfection of prose and the brilliancy of style as an artificial accomplishment, was so identified with Cicero's generation, that no distinguished artist, none whom you could greatly admire, but might be called his contemporary, none so much his senior but Cicero might have seen *him;* none so much his junior, but *he* might have seen Cicero It is true that Crassus, in Cicero's infancy, and the two Gracchi, in the infancy of Crassus (neither of whom, therefore, could have

been seen by Cicero), were memorably potent as orators; in fact, for tragical results to themselves (which, by the way, was the universal destiny of great *Roman* orators); and nobody was more sensible of their majestic pretensions, merely as orators, than Cicero himself, who has accordingly made Crassus and Antony predominant speakers in his splendid dialogues *De Oratore*. But they were merely demoniac powers, not artists. And with respect to these early orators (as also with respect to some others, whose names we have omitted), Paterculus has made a special reservation. So that he had not at all overlooked the claims of these great men; but he did not feel that any real exception to his general law was created by orators, who were indeed wild organs of party rage or popular frenzy, but who wilfully disdained to connect themselves with the refinements of literature. Such orators did not regard themselves as intellectual, but as political powers. Confining himself to oratory, and to the perfection of prose composition, written or spoken, in the sense of great literary accomplishments, beginning in natural power but perfected by art, Paterculus stands to his assertion, that this mode of human genius had so crowded its development within the brief circuit of Cicero's life (threescore years and three), as that the total series of Roman orators formed a sort of circle, centering in that supreme orator's person, such as, in Modern times, we might call an electrical circle; each link of the chain having been either electrified by Cicero, or having electrified *him*. Seneca, with great modesty, repeats the very same assertion in other words: "*Quicquid Romana facundia habuit, quod insolenti Græciæ aut opponat aut præferat, circa Ciceronem effloruit.*" A most ingenuous and self-forgetting homage in him; for a nobler master of thinking than himself, Paganism has not to show, nor, when the cant of criticism has done

its worst, a more brilliant master of composition And were his rule construed literally, it would exclude the two Plinys, the two Senecas, Tacitus, Quinctilian, and others, from the matricula of Roman eloquence Not one of these men could have seen Cicero, all were divided by more than one generation; and yet, most unquestionably, though all were too reasonable to have fancied themselves any match for the almighty orator in public speaking, yet not one but was an equally accomplished artist in written composition, and under a law of artificial style far more difficult to manage.

However, with the proper allowances for too unmodified a form of expression, we must allow that the singular phenomenon first noticed by Paterculus, as connecting itself with the manifestations of human genius, is sufficiently established by so much of human history as even he had witnessed. For, if it should be alleged that political changes accounted for the extinction of oral eloquence, concurrently with the death of Cicero, still there are cases more than enough even in the poetry of both Greece and Rome, to say nothing of the arts, which bear out the general fact of human genius coming forward by insulated groups and clusters, or if Pagan ages had left that point doubtful, we have since witnessed Christian repetitions of the truth on the very widest scale The Italian age of Leo x. in the fifteenth century, the French age of Louis xiv. in the seventeenth century, the German age, commencing with Kant, Wieland, Goethe, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, all illustrate the tendency to these intermitting paroxysms of intellectual energy. The lightning and the storm seem to have made the circuit of the whole European heavens, to have formed vortices successively in every civilized land, and to have discharged themselves by turns

from every quarter of the atmosphere. In our own country, there have been three such gatherings of intellectual power:—1*st*, The age of Shakspere, Spenser, and the great school of dramatists that were already dying out in the latter days of Ben Jonson (1636), and were finally extinguished by the great civil commotions beginning in 1642, 2*dly*, The age of Queen Anne and George I; 3*dly*, The age commencing with Cowper, partially roused perhaps by the American war, and afterwards so powerfully stimulated (as was the corresponding era of Kant and Wieland) by the French Revolution This last volcanic eruption of the British genius has displayed enormous power and splendour. Let malice and the base detraction of contemporary jealousy say what it will, greater originality of genius, more expansive variety of talent, never was exhibited than in our own country since the year 1793. Every mode of excellence, except only dramatic excellence (in which we have nothing modern to place by the side of Schiller's *Wallenstein*), has been revealed in dazzling lustre And he that denies it, may he be suffocated by his own bilious envy!

But the point upon which we wish to fix the reader's attention in citing this interesting observation of the Roman officer, and the reason for which we have cited it at all, is not so much for the mere fact of these spring-tides occurring in the manifestations of human genius, intermitting pulses (so to speak) in human energies, as the psychological peculiarity which seems to affect the cycle of their recurrences Paterculus occupies himself chiefly with the *causes* of such phenomena, and one main cause he suggests as lying in the emulation which possesses men when once a specific direction has been impressed upon the public competitions This no doubt is one of the causes But a more powerful cause perhaps lies in a principle of union than in any prin-

ciple of division amongst men, viz., in the principle of sympathy. The great Italian painters, for instance, were doubtless evoked in such crowds by the action of this principle. To hear the buzz of idolizing admiration settling for years upon particular works of art and artists, kindles something better than merely the ambition and rivalship of men; it kindles feelings happier and more favourable to excellence, viz., genial love and comprehension of the qualities fitted to stir so profound and lasting an emotion. This contagion of sympathy runs electrically through society, searches high and low for congenial powers, and suffers none to lurk unknown to the possessor. A vortex is created which draws into its suction whatever is liable to a similar action. But not to linger upon this question of causes, what we wish to place under the reader's eye is rather the peculiar type which belongs to these revolutions of national intellect, according to the place which each occupies in the order of succession. Possibly it would seem an over-refinement if we were to suggest that the odd terms in the series indicate creative energies, and the even terms reflective energies; and we are far enough from affecting the honours of any puerile hypothesis. But, in a general way, it seems plausible and reasonable that there will be alternating successions of power in the first place, and next of reaction upon that power from the reflective faculties. It does seem natural that first of all should blossom the energies of creative power; and in the next era of the literature, when the consciousness has been brightened to its own agencies, will be likely to come forward the re-agencies of the national mind on what it has created. The period of meditation will succeed to the period of production. Or if the energies of creation are again partially awake, finding themselves forestalled as re-

gards the grander passions, they will be likely to settle upon the feebler elements of manners. Social differences will now fix the attention by way of substitute for the bolder differences of nature. Should a third period, after the swing of the pendulum through an arch of centuries, succeed for the manifestation of the national genius, it is possible that the long interval since the inaugural era of creative art will have so changed all the elements of society and the aspects of life, as to restore the mind to much of its infant freedom; it may no longer feel the captivity of an imitative spirit in dealing with the very same class of creations as exercised its earliest powers. The original national genius may now come forward in perfectly new forms without the sense of oppression from inimitable models. The hoar of ages may have withdrawn some of these models from active competition. And thus it may not be impossible that oscillations between the creative and reflective energies of the mind might go on through a cycle of many ages.

In our own literature we see this scheme of oscillations illustrated. In the Shakspere period we see the fulness of life and the enormity of power throwing up a tropical exuberance of vegetation. A century afterwards we see a generation of men lavishly endowed with genius, but partly degraded by the injurious training of a most profligate era growing out of great revolutionary convulsions, and partly lowered in the tone of their aspirations by a despair of rivalling the great creations of their predecessors. We see them universally acquiescing in humbler modes of ambition; showing sometimes a corresponding merit to that of their greatest forefathers, but merit (if sometimes equal) yet equal upon a lower scale. *Thirdly*, In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries we see a new birth of original genius, of

which it is not lawful to affirm any absolute inferiority even by comparison with the Shaksperian age of Titans For whatsoever is strictly and thoroughly original, being *sui generis*, cannot be better or worse than any other model of excellence which is also original One animal structure compared with another of a different class is equally good and perfect. One valley which is no copy of another, but has a separate and peculiar beauty, cannot be compared for any purpose of disadvantage with another One poem which is composed upon a law of its own, and has a characteristic or separate beauty of its own, cannot be inferior to any other poem whatsoever The class, the order, may be inferior, the scale may be a lower one; but the individual work, the degree of merit marked upon the scale must be equal, if only the poem is equally original. In all such cases understand, ye miserable snarlers at contemporary merit, that the puerile *goût de comparaison* (as La Bruyère calls it) is out of place, universally you cannot affirm any *imparity* where the ground is preoccupied by *disparity*. Where there is no parity of principle there is no basis for comparison.

Now, passing, with the benefit of these explanations, to Grecian literature, we may observe that there were in that field of human intellect no more than two developments of power from first to last And, perhaps, the unlearned reader (for it is to the praise and honour of a powerful journal, that it has the unlearned equally with the learned amongst its readers) will thank us for here giving him, in a very few words, such an account of the Grecian literature in its periods of manifestation, and in the relations existing between these periods, that he shall not easily forget them.

or marks by which the two clusters are separately recognised; the marks both personal and chronological. As to the personal distinctions, we have said that in each case severally the two men who offered the nucleus to the gathering happened to be otherwise the most eminent and splendid men of the period. Who were they? The one was PERICLES, the other was ALEXANDER OF MACEDON. Except Themistocles, who may be ranked as senior to Pericles by just one generation (or thirty-three years),* in the whole deduction of Grecian annals no other public man, statesman,

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* This is too much to allow for a generation in those days, when the average duration of life was much less than at present; but, as an exceedingly convenient allowance (*since thrice 33⅓ is just equal to a century*) it may be allowedly used in all cases not directly bearing on technical questions of civil economy. Meantime, as we love to suppose ourselves in all cases as speaking *virginibus puerisque*, who, though reading no man's paper throughout, may yet often read a page or a paragraph of every man's—we, for the chance of catching their eye in a case where they may really gain in two minutes an ineradicable conspectus of the Greek literature (and for the sake of ignorant people universally, whose interests we hold sacred), add a brief explanation of what is meant by *a generation*. Is it meant or imagined that in so narrow a compass as 33 years + 4 months the whole population of a city, or a people, could have died off? By no means; not under the lowest value of human life. What is meant is—that a number *equal* to the whole population will have died; not X, the actual population, but a number equal to X. Suppose the population of Paris 900,000. Then, in the time allowed for one generation, 900,000 will have died; but then, to make up that number, there will be 300,000 furnished, not by the people now existing, but by the people who *will be born* in the course of the 33 years. And thus the balloting for death falls only upon two out of three, whom at first sight it appears to hit. It falls not exclusively upon X, but upon X + Y: this latter quality Y being a quantity flowing concurrently with the lapse of the generation. Obvious as this explanation is, and almost childish, to every man who has even a tincture of political arithmetic, it is so far from being generally obvious, that,

captain-general, administrator of the national resources, can be mentioned as approaching to these two men in splendour of reputation, or even in real merit Pisistratus was too far back; Alcibiades, who might (chronologically speaking) have been the son of Pericles, was too unsteady and (according to Mr. Coleridge's coinage) "unreliable," or, perhaps, in more correct English, too "*unrelyuponable.*"

Thus far our purpose prospers. No man can pretend to forget two such centres as Pericles for the elder group, or Alexander of Macedon (the "strong he-goat" of Jewish prophecy) for the junior. Round these two *foci*, in two different but adjacent centuries, gathered the total starry heavens—the galaxy, the Pantheon of Grecian intellect All that Greece produced of awful solemnity in her tragic stage, of riotous mirth and fancy in her comic stage, of power in her eloquence, of wisdom in her philosophy; all that has since tingled in the ears of twenty-four centuries, of her prosperity in the arts, her sculpture, her architecture, her painting, her music, everything, in short, excepting only her higher mathematics, which waited for a further development, which required the incubation of the musing intellect for yet another century, revolved like two neighbouring planetary systems about these two solar orbs. Two mighty vortices, Pericles and Alexander the Great, drew into strong eddies about themselves all the glory and the pomp of Greek literature, Greek eloquence, Greek wisdom, Greek art Next, that we may still more severely search

out of every thousand who will be interested in learning the earliest revolutions of literature, there will not be as many as ten who will know, even conjecturally, what is meant by a generation. Besides infinite other blunders and equivocations, many use an *age* and *a generation* as synonymous, whilst by *siècle* the French *uniformly* mean a *century*

the relations in all points between the two systems, let us assign the chronological *locus* of each, because that will furnish another element towards the exact distribution of the chart representing the motion and the oscillations of human genius. Pericles had a very long administration He was Prime Minister of Athens for upwards of one entire generation He died in the year 429 before Christ, and in a very early stage of that great Peloponnesian war, which was the one sole intestine war for Greece, affecting *every* nook and angle in the land. Now, in this long public life of Pericles, we are at liberty to fix on *any* year as his chronological *locus*. On good reasons, not called for in this place, we fix on the year 444 before Christ This is too remarkable to be forgotten *Four*, *four*, *four*, what at some games of cards is called a "*prial*" (we presume by an elision of the first vowel *a*, for *parial*), forms an era which no man can forget It was the fifteenth year before the death of Pericles, and not far from the bisecting year of his political life Now passing to the other system, the *locus* of Alexander is quite as remarkable, as little liable to be forgotten when once indicated, and more easily determined, because selected from a narrower range of choice. The exact chronological *locus* of Alexander the Great is 333 years before Christ Everybody knows how brief was the career of this great man it terminated in the year 320 before Christ But the *annus mirabilis* of his public life, the most effective and productive year throughout his oriental anabasis, was the year 333 before Christ Here we have another "*prial*," a prial of threes, for the *locus* of Alexander, *if properly corrected.*

Thus far the elements are settled, the chronological longitude and latitude of the two great planetary systems into which the Greek literature breaks up and distributes

itself: 444 and 333 are the two central years for the two systems, allowing, therefore, an interspace of 111 years between the *foci* of each. It is thought by some people that all those stars which you see glittering so restlessly on a keen frosty night in a high latitude, and which seem to have been sown broadcast with as much carelessness as grain lies on a threshing-floor, here showing vast zaarrahs of desert blue sky, there again lying close, and to some eyes presenting

"The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,"

are in fact all gathered into zones or *strata;* that our own wicked little earth (with the whole of our peculiar solar system) is a part of such a zone, and that all this perfect geometry of the heavens, these radii in the mighty wheel, would become apparent, if we, the spectators, could but survey it from the true centre, which centre may be far too distant for any vision of man, naked or armed, to reach. However that may be, it is most instructive to see how many apparent scenes of confusion break up into orderly arrangement, when you are able to apply an *à priori* principle of organization to their seeming chaos. The two vortices of the Greek literature are now separated, the chronological *loci* of their centres are settled. And next we request the reader thoughtfully to consider who *they* are of whom the elder system is composed.

In the centre, as we have already explained, is Pericles, the great practical statesman, and that orator of whom (amongst so many that vibrated thunderbolts) it was said peculiarly that he thundered and lightened as if he held this Jovian attribute by some individual title. We spare you Milton's magnificent description from the *Paradise Regained* of such an orator "wielding at will that fierce democracy," partly because the closing line in its reference

"to *Macedon* and Artaxerxes' throne," too much points the homage to Demosthenes, but still more, because by too trivial a repetition of splendid passages, a serious injury is done to great poets Passages of great musical effect, metrical bravuras, are absolutely vulgarized by too perpetual a parroting, and the care of Augustus Cæsar, *ne nomen suum obsolefieret*,* that the majesty of his name should not be vulgarized by bad poets, is more seriously needed in our days on behalf of great poets, to protect them from trivial or too parrot-like a citation

Passing onwards from Pericles, you find that all the rest in *his* system were men in the highest sense creative, absolutely setting the very first examples, each in his peculiar walk of composition; themselves without previous models, and yet destined every man of them to become models for all after-generations; themselves without fathers or mothers, and yet having all posterity for their children. First come the three men, *divini spiritûs*, under a heavenly afflatus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, the creators of Tragedy out

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* The oddest feature in so odd a business was, that Augustus committed this castigation of bad poets to the police, but whence the police were to draw the skill for distinguishing between good poets and bad, is not explained The poets must have found their weak minds somewhat astonished by the sentences of these reviewers —*sitting like our Justices in Quarter Sessions*, and deciding, perhaps, very much in the same terms, treating an Ode, if it were too martial, as a breach of the peace, directing an Epic poet to find security for his good behaviour during the next two years, and for the writers of Epithalamia on imperial marriages, ordering them "to be privately whipped and discharged" The whole affair is the more singular as coming from one who carried his *civilitas*, or show of *popular manners, even to affectation* Power, without the invidious exterior of power, was the object of his life Ovid seems to have noticed his inconsistency in this instance by reminding him, that even Jupiter did not disdain to furnish a theme for panegyric.

of a village mummery; next comes Aristophanes, who breathed the breath of life into Comedy; then comes the great philosopher, Anaxagoras, who first theorized successfully upon man and the world. Next come, whether great or not, the still more *famous* philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, then comes, leaning upon Pericles, as sometimes Pericles leaned upon *him*, the divine artist, Phidias,* and behind this immortal man walk Herodotus and Thucydides. What a procession to Eleusis would these men have formed! what a frieze, if some great artist could arrange it as dramatically as Chaucer has arranged the *Pilgrimage to Canterbury.*

It will be granted that this is unmasking a pretty strong battery of great guns for the Athens of Pericles Now, let us step on a hundred years forward. We are now within hail of Alexander, and a brilliant consistory of Grecian men *that* is, by which he is surrounded. There are now exquisite masters of the more refined comedy, there are, again, great philosophers, for all the great schools are represented by able successors, and above all others, there is the one philosopher who played with men's minds (according to Lord Bacon's comparison) as freely as ever his princely pupil with their persons—there is Aristotle. There are great orators, and, above all others, there is that orator whom succeeding generations (wisely or not) have adopted as the representative name for what is conceivable in oratorical perfection—there is Demosthenes Aristotle and Demos-

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* "*Phidias*"—that he was as much of a creative power as the rest of his great contemporaries, that he did not merely take up or pursue a career already opened by others, is pretty clear from the state of Athens, and of the forty marble quarries which he began to lay under contribution The quarries were previously unopened; the city was as yet without architectural splendour.

thenes are in themselves bulwarks of power, many hosts lie in those two names. For artists, again, to range against Phidias, there is Lysippus the sculptor, and there is Apelles the painter, for great captains and masters of strategic art, there is Alexander himself, with a glittering *cortége* of general officers, well qualified to wear the crowns which they will win, and to head the dynasties which they will found. Historians there are now, as in that former age, and, upon the whole, it cannot be denied that the "turn-out" is showy and imposing

Before coming to that point, that is, before comparing the second "deposit" (geologically speaking) of Grecian genius with the first, let us consider what it was (if any-thing) that connected them. Here, reader, we would wish to put a question. Saving your presence, Did you ever see what is called a dumb-bell? We have, and know it by more painful evidence than that of sight

You, therefore, O reader! if personally cognisant of dumb-bells, we will remind, if not, we will inform, that it is a cylindrical bar of iron or lead, issuing at each end in a globe of the same metal, and usually it is sheathed in green baize, but, perfidiously so, if that covering is meant to deny or to conceal the fact of those heart-rending thumps which it inflicts upon one's too confiding fingers every third *ictus* By the way, we have a vague remembrance that the late Mr Thurtell, the same who was generally censured for murdering the late Mr Weare, once in a dark lobby at-tempted to murder a friend by means of a dumb-bell, in which he showed his judgment, we mean in his choice of tools, for otherwise, in attempting to murder his friend, he was to blame Now, reader, it is under this image of the dumb-bell we couch an allegory Those globes at each end, are the two systems or separate clusters of Greek lite-

rature; and that cylinder which connects them, is the long man that ran into each system, binding the two together. Who was that? It was Isocrates *Great* we cannot call him in conscience, and, therefore, by way of compromise, we call him *long*, which, in one sense, he certainly was, for he lived through four-and-twenty Olympiads, each containing four solar years He narrowly escaped being a hundred years old, and though that did not carry him from centre to centre, yet, as each system might be supposed to protend a radius each way of twenty years, he had, in fact, a full personal cognisance (and pretty equally) of the two systems, remote as they were, which composed the total world of Grecian genius Two circumstances have made this man interesting to all posterity, so that people, the most remote and different in character (Cicero, for instance, and Milton), have taken a delight in his memory. One is, that the school of rhetoric in Athens, which did not finally go down till the reign of Justinian, and, therefore, lasted above 940 years without interruption, began with *him* He was, says Cicero, *De Orat*, "Pater eloquentiæ," and elsewhere he calls him "Communis magister oratorum" True, he never practised himself, for which he had two reasons: "My lungs," he tells us himself, "are weak," and secondly, "I am naturally, as well as upon principle, a coward" There he was right A man would never have seen twenty-four Olympiads who had gone about brawling and giving "jaw," as Demosthenes and Cicero did You see what *they* made of it The other feature of interest in this long man is precisely that fact, viz, that he *was* long. Everybody looks with kindness upon the snowy-headed man who saw the young prince Alexander of Macedon within four years of his starting for Persia, and personally knew most of those that gave lustre to the levees of Pericles.

Accordingly, it is for this quality of length that Milton honours him with a touching memorial; for Isocrates was "that old man eloquent" of Milton's sonnet, whom the battle of Chæronea, "fatal to liberty, killed with report." This battle, by which Philip overthrew the last struggles of dying independence in Greece, occurred in the year 338 before Christ. Philip was himself assassinated two years later. Consequently, had Isocrates pulled out, like Caoutchouc or Indian rubber, a little longer, he might have seen the silver shields, or Macedonian life-guards, embarking for Persia In less than five years from that same battle, "fatal to liberty," Alexander was taking fatal liberties with Persia, and "tickling the catastrophe" of Darius. There were just seventy good years between the two expeditions, the Persian anabasis of Cyrus the younger, and the Persian anabasis of Alexander, but Isocrates knew personally many officers and *savans* in both

+ "Officers and *savans*"—Ctesias held the latter character, Xenophon united both, in the earlier expedition These were friends of Isocrates. In the latter expedition, the difficulty would have been to find the man, whether officer or *savant*, who was *not* the friend of Isocrates Old age, such as his, was a very rare thing in Greece, a fact which is evident from a Greek work surviving on the subject of Macrobiotics. few cases occur beyond seventy This accident, therefore, of longevity in Isocrates, must have made him already one of the standing lions in Athens for the last twenty six years of his life, while, for the last seventy, his professorship of rhetoric must have brought him into connexion with every great family in Greece One thing puzzles us, what he did with his money, for he must have made a great deal He had two prices, for he charged high to those who could afford it, and why not? people are not to learn the art of prating for nothing Yet, being a teetotaller and a coward, how could he spend his money? That question is vexatious However, this one possibility in the long man's life will for ever make him interesting, he might have seen, and it is even probable that he *did* see Xenophon *dis*mount from some horse which he had stolen at Trebisond on his return from the Cyrus expedition, and he might also

Others, beside Cicero and Milton, have taken a deep interest in Isocrates; and, for the very circumstance we have been noticing, his *length*, combined with the accident of position which made that length effective in connecting the twofold literature of Greece. Had he been "*long*" in any other situation than just in that dreary desert between the oasis of Pericles and the oasis of Alexander, what good would that have done us? "A wounded snake" or an Alexandrine verse, that "drags its slow length along," would have been as useful. But he, feeling himself wanted, laid his length down like a railroad, exactly where he could be useful—with his positive pole towards Pericles, and his negative pole towards Alexander. Even Gibbon—even the frosty Gibbon—condescends to be pleased with this seasonable application of his two termini. "Our sense," says he, in his 40th chapter, "of the dignity of human nature is exalted[*] by the simple recollection, that Isocrates was the

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have seen Alexander mount for Chæronea. Alexander was present at that battle, and personally joined in a charge of cavalry. It is not impossible that he may have ridden Bucephalus.

[*] "*Is exalted.*"—The logic of Gibbon may seem rather cloudy. Why should it exalt our sense of human dignity, that Isocrates was the youthful companion of Plato or Euripides, and the aged companion of Demosthenes? It ought, therefore, to be mentioned, that, in the sentence preceding, he had spoken of Athens as a city that "condensed, within the period of a single life, the genius of ages and millions." The condensation is the measure of the dignity, and Isocrates, as the "single life" alluded to, is the measure of the condensation. That is the logic. By the way, Gibbon ought always to be cited by the *chapter*—the page and volume of course evanesce with many forms of publication, whilst the chapter is *always* available, and, in the commonest form of twelve volumes, becomes useful in a second function, as a guide to the particular volume, for six chapters, with hardly any exception (*if* any), are thrown into each volume. Consequently, the 40th chapter standing in the seventh series of sixes, indicates the seventh volume.

companion of Plato and Xenophon, that he assisted, perhaps with the historian Thucydides, at the first representations of the Œdipus of Sophocles and the Iphigenia of Euripides" So far in relation to the upper terminus of the long man, next, with reference to the lower terminus, Gibbon goes on: "And that his pupils, Æschines and Demosthenes, contended for the *crown* of patriotism in the presence of Aristotle, the master of Theophrastus, who taught at Athens with the founders of the Stoic and Epicurean sects"

Now then, reader, you have arrived at that station from which you overlook the whole of Greek literature, as a few explanations will soon convince you. Where is Homer, where is Hesiod? you ask; where is Pindar? Homer and Hesiod lived a thousand years B C, or, by the lowest computations, near nine hundred For anything that we know, they may have lived with Tubal Cain. At all events, they belong to no power or agency that set in motion the age of Pericles, or that operated on that age. Pindar, again, was a solitary emanation of some unknown influences, at Thebes, more than five hundred years before Christ He may be referred to the same era as Pythagoras These are all that can be cited *before* Pericles.

Next, for the ages *after* Alexander, it is certain that Greece Proper was so much broken in spirit by the loss of her *autonomy* dating from that era, as never again to have rallied sufficiently to produce a single man of genius, not one solitary writer, who acted as a power upon the national mind. Callimachus was nobody, and not decidedly Grecian Theocritus, a man of real genius in a limited way, is a Grecian in that sense only according to which an Anglo-American is an Englishman Besides that one swallow does not make a summer Of any other writers, above all others of Menander, apparently a man of Divine genius,

Roman civility, are no more Grecian authors, because they wrote in Greek, than the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, or Julian, were other than Romans, because, from monstrous coxcombry, they chose to write in Greek their barren memoranda As well might Gibbon be thought not an Englishman, or Leibnitz not a German; because the former, in composing the first draft of his essay on literature, and the latter in composing his *Theodicée*, used the French language. The motive in all these cases was analogous: amongst the Greek writers, it was the affectation of reaching a particular body of educated men, a learned class, to the exclusion of the uninstructed multitude. With the affectors of French, the wish was, to reach a particular body of thinkers, with whose feelings they had a special sympathy from personal habituation to their society, and to whose prejudices, literary or philosophic, they had adapted their train of argument

No; the Greek literature ends at the point we have fixed, viz, with the era of Alexander. No power, no heart-subduing agency, was ever again incarnated in any book, system of philosophy, or other model of creative energy, growing upon Grecian soil or from Grecian roots Creation was extinct, the volcano was burnt out What books appeared at scattered intervals during the three centuries still remaining before the Christian era, lie under a reproach, pretty general, which perhaps has not been perceived From the titles and passing notices of their objects, or mode of dealing with their objects, such as we derive from Cicero and many others, it is evident that they were merely professional books, text-books for lectures addressed to students, or polemic works addressed to competitors Chairs of rhetoric and philosophy had now been founded in Athens A great university, the resort of students from all nations, was established, and, in a sense sufficient to

insure the perpetual succession of these corporate bodies, was endowed. Books, therefore, and labouring with the same two opposite defects as are unjustly charged upon the schoolmen of the middle ages, viz, dulness from absolute monotony, and visionariness from the aerial texture of the speculations, continued to be written in discharge of professional obligations, or in pursuit of professional interest The *summum bonum* was discussed until it had become the capital affliction of human patience, the *summum malum* of human life Beyond these there was no literature, and these products of dreaming indolence, which terminated in making the very name of Greek philosopher, and Greek rhetorician, a jest and byword amongst the manlier Romans, no more constituted a literature than a succession of academic studies from the pupils of a royal institution can constitute a school of fine art.

Here, therefore, at this era of Alexander, 333 B C, when every Greek patriot had reason to say of his native literature, "*Venimus ad summum fortunæ*," we have seen the best of our days, we must look for the Greek ideas of style, and the Greek theories of composition, in the uttermost development that either *could* have received In the earlier system of Greek intellectual strength, in the era of Pericles, the powers of style would be most comprehensively exercised. In the second system, in the era of Alexander, the light of conscious recognition and direct examination would be most effectually applied The first age furnished the power, the second furnished the science The first brought the concrete model, the second brought the abstracting skill, and between them the whole compass of Greek speculation upon this point would be brought to a focus. Such being the state of preparation, what was the result?

PART IV.

"*Such being the state of preparation, what was the result?*" These words concluded our last essay. There had been two manifestations or bright epiphanies of the Grecian intellect, revelations in two separate forms, the first having gathered about Pericles in the year 444 B.C., the second about Alexander the Great in 333 B.C.; the first being a pure literature of creative power, the second in a great measure of reflective power, the first fitted to call out the differences of style, the second to observe, classify, and discuss them: under these circumstances of favourable preparation, what had been the result? Where style exists in strong colouring as a practice or art, we reasonably expect that style should soon follow as a theory, as a science explaining that art, tracing its varieties, and teaching its rules. To use ancient distinctions, where the "*rhetorica utens*" has been cultivated with eminent success (as in early Greece it had), it is but natural to expect many consequent attempts at a "*rhetorica docens*". And especially it is natural to do so in a case where the theorizing intellect had been powerfully awakened. What, therefore, we ask again, had been in fact the result?

We must acknowledge that it had fallen far below the reasonable standard of our expectations. Greece, it is true, produced a long series of works on rhetoric, many of which, though not easily met with,* survive to this day, and one

* "*Not easily met with.*"—From Germany we have seen reprints of some eight or nine, but once only, so far as our bibliography extends, were the whole body published collectively. This was at the Aldine press in Venice more than three centuries ago. Such an interval, and so solitary a publication, sufficiently explain the non-familiarity of modern scholars with this section of Greek literature.

which stands first in order of time, viz., the great work of Aristotle, is of such distinguished merit, that some eminent moderns have not scrupled to rank it as the very foremost legacy in point of psychological knowledge which Pagan literature has bequeathed to us Without entering upon so large a comparison as that, we readily admit the commanding talent which this work displays. But it is under an equivocal use of the word "rhetoric" that the *Rhetoric* of Aristotle could ever have been classed with books treating of style There is in fact a complex distinction to which the word rhetoric is liable 1st, it means the *rhetorica utens,* as when we praise the rhetoric of Seneca or Sir Thomas Browne, not meaning anything which they taught, but something which they practised , not a doctrine which they delivered, but a machinery of composition which they employed 2dly, it means the *rhetorica docens,* as when we praise the rhetoric of Aristotle or Hermogenes, writers far enough from being rhetorical by their own style of writing, but writers who professedly taught others to be rhetorical 3dly, the *rhetorica utens* itself is subdivided into two meanings, so wide apart that they have very little bearing on each other , one being applied to the art of persuasion, the dexterous use of plausible topics for recommending any opinion whatever to the favour of an audience , this is the Grecian sense universally, the other being applied to the art of composition, the art of treating any subject ornamentally, gracefully, affectingly There is another use of the word rhetoric distinct from all these, and hitherto, we believe, not consciously noticed , of which at some other time

Now, this last subdivision of the word rhetoric, viz , "Rhetoric considered as a practising art, *rhetorica utens,*" which is the sense exclusively indicated by our modern use

of the term, is not at all concerned in the rhetoric of Aristotle. It is rhetoric as a mode of moral suasion, as a technical system for obtaining a readiness in giving to the false a colouring of plausibility, to the doubtful a colouring of probability, or in giving to the true, when it happens to be obscure, the benefit of a convincing exposition, this it is which Aristotle undertakes to teach, and not at all the art of ornamental composition In fact, it is the whole body of public *extempore* speakers whom he addresses, not the body of deliberate writers in any section whatever And, therefore, whilst conceding readily all the honour which is claimed for that great man's rhetoric, by this one distinction as to what it was that he meant by rhetoric, we evade at once all necessity for modifying our general proposition, viz, that style in our modern sense, as a theory of composition, as an art of constructing sentences and weaving them into coherent wholes, was not effectually cultivated amongst the Greeks It was not so well understood, nor so distinctly contemplated in the light of a separate accomplishment, as afterwards among the Romans. And we repeat, that this result from circumstances *prima facie* so favourable to the very opposite result, is highly remarkable It is so remarkable, that we shall beg permission to linger a little upon those features in the Greek literature, which most of all might seem to have warranted our expecting from Greece the very consummation of this delicate art For these same features, which would separately have justified that expectation, may happen, when taken in combination with others, to account for its disappointment.

There is, then, amongst the earliest phenomena of the Greek literature, and during its very inaugural period, one which of itself and singly furnishes a presumption for expecting an exquisite investigation of style It lies in the

fact, that two out of the three *great tragic* poets carried his own characteristic quality of style to a morbid excess; to such an excess as should force itself, and in fact *did* force itself into popular notice. Had these poets all alike exhibited that sustained and equable tenor of tragic style which we find in Sophocles, it is not probable that the vulgar attention would have been fixed by its character. Where a standard of splendour is much raised, provided all parts are simultaneously raised on the same uniform scale, we know by repeated experience in many modes of display, whether in dress, in architecture, in the embellishment of rooms, &c., that this raising of the standard is not perceived with much vivacity; and that the feelings of the spectator are soon reconciled to alterations that are harmonized. It is always by some want of uniformity, some defect in following out the scale, that we become roused to conscious observation of the difference between this and our former standards. We exaggerate these differences in such a case, as much as we undervalue them in a case where all is symmetrical. We might expect, therefore, beforehand, that the opposite characteristics as to style of Æschylus and Euripides, would force themselves upon the notice of the Athenian populace; and, in fact, we learn from the Greek scholiasts on these poets, that this effect did really follow. These scholiasts, indeed, belong to a later age. But we know by traditions which they have preserved, and we know from Aristotle himself, the immediate successor of the great tragic poets (indirectly we know also from the stormy ridicule of Aristophanes, who may be viewed as contemporary with those poets), that Æschylus was notorious to a proverb amongst the very mob, for the stateliness, pomp, and towering character of his diction; whilst Euripides was equally notorious, not merely for a diction in a lower key, more

household, more natural, less elaborate, but also for cultivating such a diction by study and deliberate preference. Having such great models of contrasting style to begin with, having the attention converged upon these differences by the furious merriment of Aristophanes, less than a Grecian wit would have felt a challenge in all this to the investigation of style, as a great organ of difference between man and man, between poet and poet

But there was a more enduring reason in the circumstances of Greece, for entitling us to expect from her the perfect theory of style. It lay in those accidents of time and place which obliged Greece to spin most of her speculations, like a spider, out of her own bowels Now, for such a kind of literature style is, generally speaking, paramount, for a literature less self-evolved, style is more liable to neglect. Modern nations have laboured under the very opposite disadvantage The excess of external materials has sometimes oppressed their creative power, and sometimes their meditative power The exuberance of *objective* knowledge—that knowledge which carries the mind to materials existing *out* of itself, such as natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, astronomy, geology, where the mind of the student goes for little, and the external object for much—has had the effect of weaning men from subjective speculation, where the mind is all in all, and the alien object next to nothing, and in that degree has weaned them from the culture of style. Now, on the other hand, if you suppose a man in the situation of Baron Trenck at Spandau, or Spinosa in the situation of Robinson Crusoe at Juan Fernandez, or a contemplative monk of the thirteenth century in his cell, you will perceive that—unless he were a poor feeble-minded creature like Cowper's Bastile prisoner, thrown by utter want of energy upon counting the very nails of his

dungeon in all permutations and combinations—rather than quit the external world, he must *in his own* defence, were it only as a relief from gnawing thoughts, cultivate some *subjective* science; that is, some branch of knowledge which, drawing everything from the mind itself, is independent of external resources. Such a science is found in the relations of man to God, that is in theology; *in the* determinations of space, that is in geometry; in the relations of existence or being universally to the human mind, otherwise called metaphysics or ontology; in the *relations of* the mind *to* itself, otherwise called logic. Hence it was that the scholastic philosophy evolved itself, like a *vast spider's* loom, between the years 1100 and 1400. Men shut up in solitude, with the education oftentimes of scholars, with a life of leisure, but with hardly *any books*, and no means of observation, were absolutely forced, if they would avoid lunacy, from energies unoccupied with any object, *to create* an object *out of* those very energies: they were driven by mere pressure of solitude, and sometimes of eternal silence, into raising vast aerial Jacob's ladders of vapoury metaphysics, just as endless as those meteorologic phenomena which technically bear that name, just as sublime and *aspiring* in their tendency upwards, and sometimes (but not always) just as unsubstantial. In this present world of the practical and the *ponderable*, we so little *understand* or value such abstractions, though *once our* British schoolmen took the lead in these subtleties, that we confound their very natures and names. Most people with us mean by metaphysics, what is properly called psychology. Now, these two are so far from being *the* same thing, that the former could be pursued (and, to say the *truth*, was, in fact, under Aristotle created) by the monk in his unfurnished cell, where nothing ever entered but moonbeams. Whereas psychology is but

in part a subjective science, in some proportion it is also *objective*, depending on multiplied experience, or on multiplied records of experience. Psychology, therefore, *could* not have been cultivated extensively by the schoolmen, and in fact would not have been cultivated at all, but for the precedent of Aristotle. He, who laid the foundation of their metaphysics, which have nothing to do with man, had also written a work on man, viz, on the human soul, besides other smaller works on particular psychological phenomena (such as dreaming). Hence, through mere imitation, arose the short sketches of psychology amongst the schoolmen. Else *their* vocation lay to metaphysics, as a science which can dance upon moonbeams, and that vocation arose entirely out of their circumstances,—solitude, scholarship, and no books. Total extinction there was for them of all objective materials, and therefore, as a consequence inevitable, reliance on the solitary energies of their own minds. Like Christabel's chamber lamp, and the angels from which it was suspended, all was the invention of the unprompted artist,—

> "All made out of the carver's brain."

Models he had none before him, for printed books were yet sleeping in futurity, and the gates of a grand asceticism were closed upon the world of life. We moderns, indeed, fancy that the necessities of the Romish church—the mere instincts of self-protection in Popery—were what offered the bounty on this air-woven philosophy, and partly that is true, but it is most certain that all the bounties in this world would have failed to operate effectually, had they not met with those circumstances in the silent life of monasteries which favoured the growth of such a self-spun metaphysical divinity. Monastic life predisposed the rest-

lessness of human intellect to move in that direction. It was one of the few directions compatible with solitude and penury of books. It was the only one that opened an avenue at once to novelty and to freedom of thought. Now then, precisely what the monastic life of the schoolmen was in relation to philosophy, the Greece of Pericles had been in relation to literature What circumstances, what training, or predisposing influences existed for the monk in his cell, the same (or such as were tantamount) existed for the Grecian wit in the atmosphere of Athens Three great agencies were at work, and unconsciously moulding the efforts of the earliest schoolmen about the opening of the Crusades, and of the latest, some time after their close ,—three analogous agencies, the same in virtue, though varied in circumstances, gave impulse and guidance to the men of Greece, from Pericles, at the opening of Greek literature, to Alexander of Macedon, who witnessed its second harvest. And these agencies were,—1*st*, Leisure in excess, with a teeming intellect: the burden, under a new-born excitement, of having nothing to do 2*d*, Scarcity without an absolute *famine* of books; enough to awake the dormant cravings, but not enough to gratify them without personal participation in the labours of intellectual creation. 3*d*, A revolutionary restlessness, produced by the recent establishment of a new and growing public interest.

The two first of these agencies, for stimulating intellects already roused by agitating changes, are sufficiently obvious , though few perhaps are aware to what extent idleness prevailed in Pagan Greece, and even in Rome, under the system of household slavery, and under the bigoted contempt of commerce But waiving that point, and, for the moment, waiving also the degree of scarcity which affected books at

the era of Pericles, we must say one word as to the two great analogous public interests which had formed themselves separately, and with a sense of revolutionary power, for the Greeks on the one hand, and for the schoolmen on the other. As respected the Grecians, and especially the Athenians, this excitement lay in the sentiment of nationality which had been first powerfully organized by the Persian war. Previously to that war the sentiment no doubt smouldered obscurely; but the oriental invasion it was which kindled it into a torrent of flame And it is interesting to remark that the very same cause which fused and combined these scattered tribes into the unity of Hellas, viz, their common interest in making head against an awful invader, was also the cause which most of all separated them into local parties by individual rivalship and by characteristic services. The arrogant Spartan, mad with a French-like self-glorification, boasted for ever of his little Thermopylæ Ten years earlier the far sublimer display of Athenian Marathon, to say nothing of after services at Salamis or elsewhere, had placed Attica at the summit of the Greek family No matter whether selfish jealousy would allow that pre-eminence to be recognised, doubtless it was felt With this civic pre-eminence arose concurrently for Athens the development of an intellectual pre-eminence. On this we need say nothing. But even here, although the pre-eminence was too dazzling to have been at any time overlooked, yet with some injustice in every age to Athens, her light has been recognised, but not what gave it value, the contrasting darkness of all around her This did not escape Paterculus, whose understanding is always vigilant "We talk," says he, "of *Grecian* eloquence or *Grecian* poetry, when we should say *Attic*, for who has ever heard of Theban orators, of Lacedæmonian

artists, or Corinthian poets?"* Æschylus, the first great author of Athens (for Herodotus was not Athenian), personally fought in the Persian war. Consequently the two modes of glory for Athens were almost of simultaneous emergence. And what we are now wishing to insist on is, that precisely by and through this great unifying event, viz., the double inroad of Asia militant upon Greece, Greece first became generally and reciprocally known to Greece herself; that Greece was then first arranged and *cast*, as it were dramatically, according to her capacities, services, duties, that a general consciousness was then diffused of the prevailing relations in which each political family stood to the rest, and that in the leading states every intellectual citizen drew a most agitating excitement from the particular character of glory which had settled upon his own tribe, and the particular station which had devolved upon it amongst the champions of civilisation.

That was the *positive* force acting upon Athens. Now, reverting to the monkish schoolmen, in order to complete the parallel, what was the corresponding force acting upon *them?* Leisure, and want of books, were accidents common to both parties, to the scholastic age and to the age of Pericles. These were the *negative* forces, concurring with others to sustain a movement once begun, but incapable of

* People will here remind us that Aristotle was half a foreigner, being born at Stagira in Macedon Ay, but amongst Athenian emigrants, and of an Athenian father. His mother we think was Thracian The crossing of races almost uniformly terminates in producing splendour, at any rate energy of intellect If the roll of great men, or at least of energetic men, in Christendom, were carefully examined, it would astonish us to observe how many have been the children of mixed marriages, i e, of alliances between two bloods as to nation, although the races might originally have been the same

giving the original impulse. What was the active, the *affirmative* force, which effected for the scholastic monks that unity and sense of common purposes, which had been effected for the Greeks by the sudden development of a Grecian interest opposed to a Persian, of a civilized interest, under sudden peril, opposed to the barbarism of the universal planet?

What was there for the race of monkish schoolmen labouring through three centuries, in the nature of a known palpable interest, which could balance so grand a principle of union and of effort, as this acknowledged guardianship of civilisation had suddenly unfolded, like a banner, for the Greeks, during the infancy of Pericles?* What *could* there be of corresponding grandeur?

Beforehand, this should have seemed impossible, but, in reality, a far grander mode of interest had arisen for the schoolmen. grander, because more indefinite; more indefinite, because spiritual. It was this.—The Western or Latin Church had slowly developed her earthly power As an edifice of civil greatness throughout the western world, she stood erect and towering In the eleventh century, beyond all others, she had settled her deep foundations. The work thus far was complete; but blank civil power, though indispensable, was the feeblest of her arms, and, taken separately, was too frail to last, besides that it was liable to revolutions. The authority by which chiefly she ruled, had ruled, and hoped to rule, was spiritual, and

* It is well to give unity to our grandest remembrances, by connecting them, as many as can be, with the same centre Pericles died in the year 429 before Christ Supposing his age to be fifty-six, he would then be born about 485 B C.; that is, five years after the first Persian invasion under Darius, five years before the second under Xerxes.

thought, from disinterested participation in forwarding a great movement of the age; for the one side, involving the glory of their own brilliant country, and concurrent with civilisation, for the other, co-extensive with all spiritual truth and all spiritual power.

Next, we remark, that men living permanently under such influences must, of mere necessity, resort to that order of intellectual pursuits which requires little aid *ab extra*, that order, in fact, which philosophically is called "subjective," as drawing much from our own proper selves, or little (if anything) from extraneous objects

And then, thirdly, we remark, that such pursuits are peculiarly favourable to the culture of style. In fact they force that culture A man who has absolute facts to communicate from some branch of study external to himself, as physiology, suppose, or anatomy, or astronomy, is careless of style, or at least he may be so, because he is independent of style, for what he has to communicate neither readily admits, nor much needs, any graces in the mode of communication; the matter transcends and oppresses the manner The matter tells without any manner at all. But he who has to treat a vague question, such as Cicero calls a *quæstio infinita*, where everything is to be finished out of his own peculiar feelings, or his own way of viewing things (in contradistinction to a *quæstio finita*, where determinate *data* from without already furnish the main materials), soon finds that the manner of treating it not only transcends the matter, but very often, and in a very great proportion, *is* the matter. In very many subjective exercises of the mind, as, for instance, in that class of poetry which has been formally designated by this epithet (meditative poetry, we mean, in opposition to the Homeric, which is intensely objective), the problem before

the writer is *to project* his own inner mind, to bring out consciously what yet lurks by involution in many unanalysed feelings; in short, to pass through a prism and radiate into distinct elements what previously had been even to himself but dim and *confused* ideas intermixed with each other. Now, in such cases, the skill with which detention or conscious arrest is given to the evanescent, external projection to what is internal, outline to what is fluxionary, and body to what is vague,—all *this* depends entirely on the command over language as the one sole means of embodying ideas; *and*, in such cases, the *style*, or, in the largest sense, *manner*, is confluent with the matter. *But*, at all events, even by those who are most *impatient* of any subtleties, or what they consider "metaphysical" distinctions, thus much must be conceded, viz., *that* those who rest upon external facts, tangible realities, and circumstantial details, in short, generally *upon* the *objective*, whether in a case of narration or of argument, must for ever be less dependent upon style, than those who have to draw upon *their* own understandings and their own peculiar feelings for the furniture and matter of their composition. A single illustration will make this plain. It is an *old* remark, and, in fact, a subject *of* continual experience, that lawyers fail as public speakers in the House of Commons. Even Erskine, the greatest of modern advocates, was nobody as a senator; and the "fluent Murray," two generations before him, had *found* his fluency give way under that mode *of* trial. But why? How was it possible *that* a man's fluency in one chamber of public business should thus suddenly be defeated and confounded in another? The *reason* is briefly expressed in Cicero's distinction beween a *quæstio finita* and a *quæstio infinita* In the courts *of* law, the orator was furnished with a brief;

an abstract of facts, downright statements upon oath; circumstances of presumption, and, in short, a whole volume of topics external to his own mind Sometimes, it is true, the advocate would venture a little out to sea, *proprio marte*. in a case of *crim. con*, for instance, he would attempt a little picture of domestic happiness drawn from his own funds But he was emboldened to do this from his certain knowledge, that in the facts of his brief he had always a hasty retreat in case of any danger that he should founder. If the little picture prospered, it was well: if not, if symptoms of weariness began to arise in the audience, or of hesitation in himself, it was but to cut the matter short, and return to the *terra firma* of his brief, when all again was fluent motion. Besides that each separate transition, and the distribution of the general subject, offered themselves spontaneously in a law case, the logic was given as well as the method. Very often the mere order of chronology dictated the succession and arrangement of the topics Now, on the other hand, in a House of Commons' oration, although sometimes there may occur statements of fact and operose calculations, still these are never more than a text, at the very best, for the political discussion, but often no more than a subsequent illustration or proof attached to some one of its heads. The main staple of any long speech must always be some general view of national policy, and, in Cicero's language, such a view must always be *infinita;* that is, not determined *ab extra*, but shaped and drawn from the funds of one's own understanding The facts are here subordinate and ministerial, in the case before a jury, the facts are all in all The forensic orator satisfies his duty, if he does but take the facts exactly as they stand in his brief, and place them before his audience in that order, and even (if he

should choose it) in those words. The parliamentary orator has no opening for facts at all, but as he himself may be able to create such an opening by some previous expositions of doctrine or opinion, of the probable or expedient The one is always creeping along shore; the other is always out at sea. Accordingly, the degrees of anxiety which severally affect the two cases, is best brought to the test in this one question—"*What shall I say next?*" an anxiety besetting orators like that which besets poor men in respect to their children's daily bread. "This moment it is secured, but, alas for the next!" Now, the judicial orator finds an instant relief the very points of the case are numbered, and, if he cannot find more to say upon No 7, he has only to pass on and call up No 8. Whereas, the deliberative orator, in a senate or a literary meeting, finds himself always in this situation, that having reached with difficulty that topic which we have supposed to be No 7, one of three cases uniformly occurs either he does not perceive any No 8 at all, or, secondly, he sees a distracting choice of No 8's—the ideas to which he might next pass are many, but he does not see whither they will lead him, or, thirdly, he sees a very fair and promising No 8, but cannot in any way discover, off-hand, how he is to effect a transition to this new topic He cannot, with the rapidity requisite, modulate out of the one key into the other. His anxiety increases, utter confusion masters him, and he breaks down

We have made this digression by way of seeking, in a well-known case of public life, an illustration of the difference between a subjective and an objective exercise of the mind It is the sudden translation from the one exercise to the other, which, and which only, accounts for the failure of advocates when attempting senatorial efforts. Once used to depend on memorials or briefs of facts, or of evidence

not self-derived,
loses that command
otherwise he might have
advocate, with his brief lying
condition of a parliamentary speak
speech or notes for a speech in his lg-strings,
sometimes been practised . and the cons which
would befal the orator in the case of such a
being suddenly blown away, precisely realizes the situa
of a *nisi prius* orator when first getting on his legs in the House of Commons He has swum with bladders all his life : suddenly he must swim without them.

This case explains why it is that all subjective branches of study favour the cultivation of style Whatsoever is entirely independent of the mind, and external to it, is generally equal to its own enunciation. Ponderable facts and external realities are intelligible in almost any language: they are self-explained and self-sustained But the more closely any exercise of mind is connected with what is internal and individual in the sensibilities, that is, with what is philosophically termed *subjective,* precisely in that degree, and the more subtly, does the style or the embodying of the thoughts cease to be a mere separable ornament, and in fact the more does the manner, as we expressed it before, become confluent with the matter. In saying this, we do but vary the form of what we once heard delivered on this subject by Mr Wordsworth : his remark was by far the weightiest thing we ever heard on the subject of style, and it was this : That it is in the highest degree unphilosophic to call language or diction "the *dress* of thoughts," and what was it then that he would substitute? Why this . he would call it "the *incarnation* of thoughts." Never, in one word, was so profound a truth conveyed Mr Words

should choose it) in those words of poetry like his own; viz., has no opening for facts at[illegible]tative. And the truth is ap[illegible] able to create such an ope[illegible] for, if language were merely a [illegible] of doctrine or [illegible] could [illegible]separate the two: you could lay the one is a[illegible] on the left hand, the language on the right. But, out[illegible]ly speaking, you can no more deal thus with poetic thoughts, *than you can with soul and body.* The *union* is too subtle: the intertexture too ineffable, each co-existing not merely *with* the other, but each *in* and *through* the other. An image, for instance, a single word, often enters into a thought as a constituent part. In short, the two elements *are not united as a body with a separable dress,* but as a mysterious incarnation. And thus, in what proportion the thoughts are subjective, in that same proportion does their very essence become identical with the expression, and the style become confluent with the matter.

The Greeks, by want of books, philosophical instruments, and innumerable other aids to all objective researches, being thrown more exclusively than we upon their own unaided minds, cultivated logic, ethics, metaphysics, psychology; all thoroughly subjective studies. The schoolmen, in the very same situation, cultivated precisely the same field of knowledge. The Greeks, indeed, added to their studies that of geometry; for the inscription over the gate of the Academy (let no one enter who is not instructed in geometry) sufficiently argues that this science must have made some progress in the days of Pericles, when it could thus be made a general qualification for admission to a learned establishment within thirty years after his death. But geometry is partly an objective, partly a subjective study. With this exception, the Greeks and the monastic schoolmen trode the very same path.

Consequently, in agreement with our principle, both

ought to have found themselves in circumstances favourable to the cultivation of style. And it is certain that they did. As an *art*, as a practice, it was felicitously pursued in both cases. It is true that the harsh ascetic mode of treating philosophy by the schoolmen generated a corresponding barrenness, aridity, and repulsiveness, in the rigid forms of their technical language. But however offensive to genial sensibilities, this diction was a perfect thing in its kind, and, to do it justice, we ought rather to compare it with the exquisite language of algebra, equally irreconcilable to all standards of æsthetic beauty, but yet for the three qualities of elliptical rapidity (that rapidity which constitutes very much of what is meant by *elegance* in mathematics), of absolute precision, and of simplicity, this algebraic language is unrivalled amongst human inventions On the other hand the Greeks, whose objects did not confine them to these austere studies, carried out their corresponding excellence in style upon a far wider and indeed a comprehensive scale Almost all modes of style were exemplified amongst *them*. Thus we endeavour to show that the subjective pursuits of the Greeks and the schoolmen ought to have favoured a command of appropriate diction; and afterwards that it did.

But, *fourthly*, we are entitled to expect that wherever style exists in great development as a practice, it will soon be investigated with corresponding success as a theory. If fine music is produced spontaneously in short snatches by the musical sensibility of a people, it is a matter of certainty that the science of composition, that counterpoint, that thorough-bass, will soon be cultivated with a commensurate zeal. This is matter of such obvious inference, that in any case where it fails we look for some extraordinary cause to account for it. Now in Greece, with respect to

style, the inference *did* fail. Style, as an art, was in a high state of culture; style, as a science, was nearly neglected. How is this to be accounted for? It arose naturally enough out of one great phenomenon in the condition of ancient times, and the relation which that bore to literature and to all human exertion of the intellect.

Did the reader ever happen to reflect on the great idea of *publication*? An idea we call it; because even in our own times, with all the mechanic aids of steam-presses, &c., this object is most imperfectly approached, and is destined, perhaps, for ever to remain an unattainable ideal, useful (like all ideals) in the way of regulating our aims, but also as a practicable object not reconcilable with the limitation of human power. For it is clear that if books were multiplied by a thousand-fold, and truth of all kinds were carried to the very fireside of every family, nay, placed below the eyes of every individual, still the purpose of any universal publication would be defeated and utterly confounded, were it only by the limited opportunities of readers. One condition of publication defeats another. Even so much as a general publication is a hopeless idea. Yet, on the other hand, publication in some degree, and by some mode, is a *sine qua non* condition for the generation of literature. Without a larger sympathy than that of his own personal circle, it is evident that no writer could have a motive for those exertions and previous preparations, without which excellence is not attainable in any art whatsoever.

Now, in our own times, it is singular, and really philosophically curious, to remark the utter blindness of writers, readers, publishers, and all parties whatever interested in literature, as to the trivial fraction of publicity which settles upon each separate work. The very multiplication

of books has continually defeated the object in a growing progression. Readers have increased, the engines of publication have increased; but books, increasing in a still greater proportion, have left as the practical result—an average quotient of publicity for each book, taken apart, continually decreasing. And if the whole world were readers, probably the average publicity for each separate work would reach a *minimum;* such would be the concurrent increase of books. But even this view of the case keeps out of sight the most monstrous forms of this phenomenon. The inequality of the publication has the effect of keeping very many books absolutely without a reader. The majority of books are never opened; five hundred copies may be printed, or half as many more; of these it may happen that five are carelessly turned over. Popular journals, again, which carry a promiscuous miscellany of papers into the same number of hands, as a stage coach must convey all its passengers at the same rate of speed, dupe the public with a notion that here at least all are read. Not at all. One or two are read from the interest attached to their subjects. Occasionally one is read a little from the ability with which it treats a subject not otherwise attractive. The rest have a better chance certainly than books, because they are at any rate placed under the eye and in the hand of readers. But this is no more than a variety of the same case. A hasty glance may be taken by one in a hundred at the less attractive papers; but reading is out of the question. Then, again, another delusion, by which all parties disguise the truth, is the absurd belief that not being read at present a book may, however, be revived hereafter. Believe it not! This is possible only with regard to books that demand to be studied, where the merit is slowly discovered. Every month, every day indeed, pro-

with printed characters: what is printed seems to every man invested with some fatal character of publicity such as cannot belong to mere MS; whilst, in the meantime, out of every thousand printed pages, one at the most, but at all events a very small proportion indeed, is in any true sense more public when printed than previously as a manuscript, and that one, even that thousandth part, perishes as effectually in a few days to each separate reader, as the words perish in our daily conversation Out of all that we talk, or hear others talk, through the course of a year, how much remains on the memory at the closing day of December? Quite as little, we may be sure, survives from most people's reading A book answers its purpose by sustaining the intellectual faculties in motion through the current act of reading, and a general deposition or settling takes effect from the sum of what we read, even that, however, chiefly according to the previous condition in which the book finds us for understanding it, and referring them to heads under some existing arrangement of our knowledge Publication is an idle term applied to what is not published, and nothing is *published* which is not made known *publicly* to the understanding as well as to the eye, whereas, for the enormous majority of what is printed, we cannot say so much as that it is made known to the eyes.

For what reason have we insisted on this unpleasant view of a phenomenon incident to the limitation of our faculties, and apparently without remedy? Upon another occasion it might have been useful to do so, were it only to impress upon every writer the vast importance of compression Simply to retrench one word from each sentence, one superfluous epithet, for example, would probably increase the disposable time of the public by one twelfth part, in other words, would add another month to the year, or

raise any sum of volumes read from eleven to twelve hundred. A mechanic operation would effect *that* change: but, by cultivating a closer logic and more severe habits of thinking, perhaps two sentences out of each three might be pruned away; and the amount of possible publication might thus be increased in a threefold degree. A most serious duty therefore, and a duty which is annually growing in solemnity, appears to be connected with the culture of an unwordy diction; much more, however, with the culture of clear thinking; that being the main key to good writing, and consequently to fluent reading.

But all this, though not unconnected with our general theme, is wide of our immediate purpose. The course of our logic at this point runs in the following order. The Athenians, from causes assigned, ought to have consummated the whole science and theory of style. But they did *not*. Why? Simply from a remarkable deflexion or bias given to their studies by a difficulty connected with *publication*. For some modes of literature the Greeks *had* a means of publication, for many they had *not*. That one difference, as we shall show, disturbed the just valuation of style.

Some mode of publication must have existed for Athens, that is evident. The mere *fact* of a literature proves it. For without public *sympathy* how can a literature arise? or public *sympathy* without a regular organ of publication? What poet would submit to the labours of his most difficult art, if he had no reasonable prospect of a large audience, and somewhat of a permanent audience to welcome and adopt his productions?

Now then, in the Athens of Pericles, what *was* the audience, how composed, and how insured, on which the literary composer might rely? By what channel, in short, did the Athenian writer calculate on a *publication*?

This is a very interesting question, and, as regards much in the civilisation of Greece, both for what it caused and what it prevented, is an important question. In the elder days, in fact we may suppose through the five hundred years from the Trojan expedition to Pisistratus and Solon, all *publication* was effected through two classes of men—the public reciters and the public singers. Thus no doubt it was, that the Iliad and Odyssey were sent down to the hands of Pisistratus, who has the traditional reputation of having first arranged and revised these poems. These reciters or singers to the harp, would probably rehearse one entire book of the Iliad at every splendid banquet Every book would be kept in remembrance and currency by the peculiar local relations of particular states or particular families to ancestors connected with Troy. This mode of publication, however, had the disadvantage, that it was among the arts ministerial to sensual enjoyment And it is some argument for the extensive diffusion of such a practice in the early times of Greece, that both in the Greece of later times, and, by adoption from her, in the Rome of cultivated ages, we find the ακροαματα as commonly established by way of a dinner appurtenance—that is, exercises of display addressed to the ear, recitations of any kind with and without music—not at all less frequently than ὁραματα, or the corresponding display to the eye (dances or combats of gladiators) These were doubtless inheritances from the ancient usages of Greece, modes of publication resorted to long before the Olympic games, by the mere necessitous cravings for sympathy, and kept up long after that institution, as in itself too brief and rare in its recurrence to satisfy the necessity.

Such was the earliest effort of publication, and in its feeble infancy, for this, besides its limitation in point of

audience, was confined to narrative poetry. But when the ideal of Greece was more and more exalted by nearer comparison with barbarous standards, after the sentiment of patriotism had coalesced with vindictive sentiments, and when towering cities began to reflect the grandeur of this land as in a visual mirror, these cravings for publicity became more restless and irrepressible. And at length in the time of Pericles, concurrently with the external magnificence of the city, arose for Athens two modes of publication, each upon a scale of gigantic magnitude

What were these? The *Theatre* and the *Agora* or Forum, publication by the Stage, and publication by the Hustings. These were the extraordinary modes of publication which arose for Athens, one by a sudden birth, like that of Minerva, in the very generation of Pericles; the other slowly maturing itself from the generation of Pisistratus, which preceded that of Pericles by a hundred years. This double publication, scenic and forensic, was virtually, and for all the loftier purposes of publication, the press of Athens And however imperfect a representative this may seem of a typographical publication, certain it is that in some important features the Athenian publication had separate advantages of its own. It was a far more effective and correct publication in the first place, enjoying every aid of powerful accompaniment from voice, gesture, scenery, music, and suffering in no instance from false reading or careless reading Then, secondly, it was a far wider publication, each drama being read (or heard, which is a far better thing) by 25,000 or 30,000 persons, counterbalancing at least forty editions, such as we on an average publish, each oration being delivered with just emphasis to perhaps 7000. But why, in this mention of a stage or hustings publication, as opposed to a publication by the

printing-press, why was it, we are naturally admonished to ask, that the Greeks had no press? The ready answer will be, because the art of printing had not been discovered. But that is an error, the detection of which we owe to the present Archbishop of Dublin The art of printing *was* discovered. It had been discovered repeatedly. The art which multiplied the legends upon a coin or medal (a work which the ancients performed by many degrees better than we moderns, for we make it a mechanic art, they a fine art) had in effect anticipated the art of printing It was an art, this typographic mystery, which awoke and went back to sleep many times over from mere defect of materials Not the defect of typography as an art, but the defect of *paper* as a material for keeping this art in motion, *there* lay the reason, as Dr Whately most truly observes, why printed books had no existence amongst the Greeks of Pericles, or afterwards amongst the Romans of Cicero. And why was there no paper? The common reason applying to both countries was the want of linen rags, and that want arose from the universal habit of wearing woollen garments In this respect, Athens and Rome were on the same level But for Athens the want was driven to a further extremity by the slenderness of her commerce with Egypt, whence only any substitute could have been drawn

Even for Rome itself the scarcity of paper ran through many degrees Horace, the poet, was amused with the town of Equotuticum for two reasons, as incapable of entering into hexameter verse from its prosodial quantity (*versu quod dicere non est*), and because it purchased water (*vœnit vilissima rerum aqua*), a circumstance in which it agrees with the well-known Clifton, above the hot wells of Bristol, where water is bought by the shilling's worth But neither Horatian Equotuticum nor Bristolian Clifton,

can ever have been as "hard up" for water as the Mecca caravan. And the differences were as great, in respect to the want of paper, between the Athens of Pericles or Alexander, and the Rome of Augustus Cæsar. Athens had bad poets, whose names have come down to modern times; but Athens could no more have afforded to punish bad authors by sending their works to grocers—

> " . . in vicum vendentem pus et odores,
> Et piper, et quicquid *chartis amicitur ineptis*—

than London, because gorged with the wealth of two Indies, can afford to pave her streets with silver. This practice of applying unsaleable authors to the ignoble uses of retail dealers in petty articles, must have existed in Rome for some time before it could have attracted the notice of Horace, and upon some considerable scale as a known public usage, before it could have roused any echoes of public mirth as a satiric allusion, or have had any meaning and sting.

In that one revelation of Horace, we see a proof how much paper had become more plentiful. It is true that so long as men dressed in woollen materials, it was impossible to look for a *cheap* paper. Maga might have been printed at Rome very well for ten guineas a copy. Paper was dear, undoubtedly, but it could be had. On the other hand, how desperate must have been the bankruptcy at Athens in all materials for receiving the record of thoughts, when we find a polished people having no better tickets or cards for conveying their sentiments to the public than shells! Thence came the very name for civil banishment, viz., *ostracism,* because the votes were marked on an *ostracon,* or marine shell. Again, in another great city, viz. Syracuse, you see men reduced to *petalism,* or marking

their votes by the petals of shrubs Elsewhere, as indeed many centuries nearer to our own times, in Constantinople, bull's hide was used for the same purpose.

Well might the poor Greeks adopt the desperate expedient of white plastered walls as the best memorandum-book for a man who had thoughts occurring to him in the night-time. Brass only, or marble, could offer any lasting memorial for thoughts, and upon what material the parts were written out for the actors on the Athenian stage, or how the elaborate revisals of the text could be carried on, is beyond our power of conjecture

In this appalling state of embarrassment for the great poet or prose writer, what consequences would naturally arise? A king's favourite and friend like Aristotle might command the most costly materials. For instance, if you look back from this day to 1800, into the advertising records or catalogues of great Parisian publishers, you will find more works of excessive luxury, costing from a thousand *francs* for each copy, all the way up to as many *guineas*, in each separate period of fifteen years, than in the whole forty among the wealthier and more enterprising publishers of Great Britain. What is the explanation? Can the very moderate incomes of the French gentry afford to patronize works which are beyond the purses of our British aristocracy, who, besides, are so much more of a reading class? Not so the patronage for these Parisian works of luxury is not domestic, it is exotic. chiefly from emperors and kings, from great national libraries, from rich universities, from the grandees of Russia, Hungary, or Great Britain, and generally from those who, living in splendid castles or hotels, require corresponding furniture, and therefore corresponding books, because to such people books are necessarily furniture, since upon the principles of good taste,

they must correspond with the splendour of all around them. And in the age of Alexander, there were already purchasers enough among royal houses, or the imitators of such houses, to encourage costly copies of attractive works Aristotle was a privileged man But in other less favoured cases, the strong yearnings for public sympathy were met by blank impossibilities. Much martyrdom, we feel assured, was then suffered by poets Thousands, it is true, perish in our days, who have never had a solitary reader. But still, the existence *in print* gives a delusive feeling that they *may* have been read. They are standing in the market all day, and somebody, unperceived by themselves, may have thrown an eye upon their wares The thing is possible But for the ancient writer there was a sheer physical impossibility that any man should sympathize with what he never could have seen, except under the two conditions we have mentioned

These two cases there were of exemption from this dire physical resistance; two conditions which made publication possible · and under the horrible circumstances of sequestration for authors in general, need it be said, that to benefit by either advantage was sought with such a zeal as, in effect, extinguished all other literature? If a man could be a poet for the stage, a *scriptor scenicus*, in that case he was published If a man could be admitted as an orator, as a regular *demagogus*, upon the popular *bema* or hustings, in that case he was published. If his own thoughts were a torment to him, until they were reverberated from the hearts and flashing eyes and clamorous sympathy of a multitude, thus only an outlet was provided, a mouth was opened, for the volcano surging within his brain. The vast theatre was an organ of publication, the political forum was an organ of publication. And on this twofold arena a torch was applied to that inflammable gas, which

exhaled spontaneously from so excitable a mind as the mind of the Athenian.

Need we wonder, then, at the torrent-like determination with which Athenian literature, from the era 444 B.C. to the era 333 B.C., ran headlong into one or other channel,—the scenical poetry or the eloquence of the hustings? For an Athenian in search of popular applause or of sympathy, there was no other avenue to either; unless, indeed, in the character of an artist, or of a leading soldier: but too often, in this latter class, it happened that mercenary foreigners had a preference. And thus it was, that during that period when the popular cast of government throughout Greece awakened patriotic emulation, scarcely anything is heard of in literature (allowing for the succession to philosophic chairs, which made it their pride to be private and exclusive) except dramatic poetry on the one hand, comic or tragic, and political oratory on the other.

As to this last avenue to the public ear, how it was abused, in what excess it became the nuisance and capital scourge of Athens, there needs only the testimony of all contemporary men who happened to stand aloof from that profession, or all subsequent men even of that very profession, who were not blinded by some corresponding interest in some similar system of delusion. Euripides and Aristophanes, contemporary with the earliest practitioners of name and power on that stage of jugglers, are overrun with expressions of horror for these public pests. "You have every qualification," says Aristophanes to an aspirant, "that could be wished for a public orator; *φωνη μιαρα*—a voice like seven devils; *κακος γεγονας*—you are by nature a scamp; *αγοραιος ει*—you are up to snuff in the business of the forum." From Euripides might be gathered a small volume, relying merely upon so much of his works as yet

survives, in illustration of the horror which possessed him for this gang of public misleaders :—

> Τουτ' εσθ' ὁ θνητων ευ πολεις οικουμενας
> Δομους τ' απολλυτ'—οἱ καλοι λιαν λογοι.

"This is what overthrows cities, admirably organized, and the households of men; your superfine harangues" Cicero, full four centuries later, looking back to this very period from Pericles to Alexander, friendly as he was by the *esprit de corps* to the order of orators, and professionally biased to uphold the civil uses of eloquence; yet, as an honest man, cannot deny that it was this gift of oratory, hideously abused, which led to the overthrow of Athens and the ruin of Grecian liberty: "Illa vetus Græcia, quæ quondam opibus, imperio, gloriâ floruit, hoc uno malo concidit, *libertate immoderatâ ac licentiâ concionum.*" Quinctilian, standing on the very same ground of professional prejudice, all in favour of public orators, yet is forced into the same sorrowful confession. In one of the Declamations ascribed to him he says, "Civitatum status scimus ab oratoribus esse conversos;" and in illustration he adds the example of Athens: "sive illam Atheniensium civitatem (quondam late principem), intueri placeat, accisas ejus vires animadvertemus *vitio concionantium*" Root and branch Athens was laid prostrate by her wicked radical orators, for radical, in the elliptic phrase of modern politics, they were almost to a man, and in this feature above all others (a feature often scornfully exposed by Euripides), those technically known as οἱ λεγοντες, the speaking men, and as οἱ δημαγωγοι,* the misleaders of the mob, offer a most

* With respect to the word "demagogues," as a technical designation for the political orators and partisans at Athens (otherwise called οἱ προσταται, those who headed any movement), it is singular that so accurate a Greek scholar as Henry Stephens should have

suitable ancestry for the modern leaders of radicalism, that with their base, fawning flatteries of the people, they mixed up the venom of vipers against their opponents and against the aristocracy of the land.

Ὑπογλυκαινειν ῥηματιοις μαγειρικοις—

"Subtly to wheedle the people with honeyed words dressed to its palate." this had been the ironical advice of the scoffing Aristophanes That practice made the mob orator contemptible to manly tastes rather than hateful But the sacrifice of independence—the "pride which licks the dust"—is the readiest training for all uncharitableness and falsehood towards those who seem either rivals for the same base purposes, or open antagonists for nobler. And accordingly it is remarked by Euripides, that these pestilent abusers of the popular confidence would bring a mischief upon Athens before they had finished, equally by their sycophancies to the mob, and by their libels of foreign princes Hundreds of years afterwards, a Greek writer, upon reviewing this most interesting period of one hundred and eleven years, from Pericles to Alexander, sums up and repeats the opinion of Euripides in this general representative portrait of Attic oratory, with respect to which we wish to ask, Can any better delineation be given of a Chartist, or generically of a modern Jacobin?—Ὁ δημαγωγος κακοδιδασκαλει τους πολλους, λεγων τα κεχαρισμενα—"The mob-leader dupes the multitude with false doctrines, whilst delivering things soothing to their credulous vanity." This

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supposed *linguas promptas ad plebem concitandum* (an expression of Livy's) *potius* των δημαγωγων *fuisse quàm* των ῥητορων, as if the demagogues were a separate class from the popular orators But, says Valckenaer, the relation is soon stated: not all the Athenian orators were demagogues, but all the demagogues were in fact, and technically were called orators.

is one half of his office, sycophancy to the immediate purse-holders, and poison to the sources of truth, the other half is expressed with the same spirit of prophecy as regards the British future, και διαβολαις αυτους εξαλλοτριοι προς τους αριστους,—"and by lying calumnies he utterly alienates them in relation to their own native aristocracy."

Now this was a base pursuit, though somewhat relieved by the closing example of Demosthenes, who, amidst much frailty, had a generous nature, and he showed it chiefly by his death, and in his lifetime, to use Milton's words, by uttering many times "odious truth," which, with noble courage, he compelled the mob to hear. But one man could not redeem a national dishonour. It *was* such, and such it was felt to be. Men, therefore, of elevated natures, and men of gentle pacific natures, equally revolted from a trade of lies, as regarded the audience, and of strife, as regarded the competitors There remained the one other pursuit of scenical poetry; and it hardly needs to be said, what crowding there was amongst all the energetic minds of Athens into one or other of these pursuits, the one for the unworldly and idealizing, the other for the coarsely ambitious. These, therefore, became the two *quasi* professions of Athens, and at the same time, in a sense more exclusive than can now be true of *our* professions, became the sole means of publication for truth of any class, and a publication by many degrees more certain, more extensive, and more immediate, than ours by the press.

The Athenian theatre published an edition of thirty thousand copies in one day, enabling, in effect, every male citizen capable of attending, from the age of twenty to sixty, together with many thousands of domiciled aliens, to read the drama, with the fullest understanding of its sense and poetic force that could be effected by natural powers of

voice and action, combined with all possible auxiliaries of art, of music, of pantomimic dancing, and the whole carried home to the heart by visible and audible sympathy in excess This, but in a very inferior form, as regarded the adjuncts of art, and the scale of the theatre, and the *mise en scène*, was precisely the advantage of Charles I. for appreciating Shakspere

It was a standing reproach of the Puritans adopted even by Milton, a leaden shaft feathered and made buoyant by *his* wit, that the king had adopted that stage poet as the companion of his closet retirements So it would have been a pity if these malignant persecutors of the royal solitude should have been liars as well as fanatics Doubtless even when king, and in his afflictions, this storm-vexed man did read Shakspere. But that was not the original way in which he acquired his acquaintance with the poet A Prince of Wales, what between public claims and social claims, finds little time for reading after the period of childhood, that is, at any period when he can comprehend a great poet And it was as Prince of Wales that Charles prosecuted his studies of Shakspere He saw continually at Whitehall, personated by the best actors of the time, illustrated by the stage management, and assisted by the mechanic displays of Inigo Jones, all the principal dramas of Shakspere actually performed. That was publication with an Athenian advantage A thousand copies of a book may be brought into public libraries, and not one of them opened But the three thousand copies of a play, which Drury Lane used to publish in one night, were in the most literal sense as well as in spirit read, properly punctuated by the speakers, made intelligible by voice and action endowed with life and emphasis, in short, on each successive performance, a very large edition of a fine tragedy was

published in the most impressive sense of publication; not merely with accuracy, but with a mimic reality that forbade all forgetting, and was liable to no inattention.

Now if Drury Lane published a drama for Shakspere by three thousand copies in one night, the Athenian theatre published ten times that amount for Sophocles. And this mode of publication in Athens not co-operating (as in modern times) with other modes, but standing out in solitary conspicuous relief, gave an artificial bounty upon that one mode of poetic composition; as the hustings did upon one mode of prose composition. And those two modes, being thus cultivated to the utter exclusion of others which did not benefit by that bounty of publication, gave an unnatural bias to the national style; determined, in effect, upon too narrow a scale the operative ideal of composition; and finally made the dramatic artist and the mob orator the two sole intellectual professions for Athens. Hence came a great limitation of style in practice; and hence, secondly, for reasons connected with these two modes of composition, a general neglect of style as a didactic theory.

which presented a sufficient obstacle before the main lock could be approached.

In vain did the curiosity of the whole family direct itself to this scrutoire Nobody had succeeded in discovering any part of its contents, except Rudolph, the only son of the bailiff, he *had* succeeded, at least his own belief was, that the old folio with gilt edges, and bound in black velvet, which he had one day surprised his father anxiously reading, belonged to the mysterious scrutoire, for the door of the scrutoire, though not open, was unlocked, and Elias had hastily closed the book with great agitation, at the same time ordering his son out of the room in no very gentle tone. At the time of this incident Rudolph was about twelve years of age.

Since that time the young man had sustained two great losses in the deaths of his excellent mother and a sister tenderly beloved His father also had suffered deeply in health and spirits under these afflictions. Every day he grew more fretful and humoursome, and Rudolph, upon his final return home from school in his eighteenth year, was shocked to find him greatly altered in mind as well as in person His flesh had fallen away, and he seemed to be consumed by some internal strife of thought It was evidently his own opinion that he was standing on the edge of the grave, and he employed himself unceasingly in arranging his affairs, and in making his successor acquainted with all such arrangements as regarded his more peculiar interests One evening as Rudolph came in suddenly from a neighbour's house, and happened to pass the scrutoire, he found the door wide open, and the inside obviously empty. Looking round he observed his father standing on the hearth close to a great fire, in the midst of which was consuming the old black book.

Elias paused, flattering himself as it seemed that his son *would* forego his right. But in this he was mistaken; Rudolph was far too eager for the disclosure, and earnestly pressed his father to proceed.

Again Elias hesitated, and threw a glance of profound love and pity upon his son—a glance that conjured him to think better, and to waive his claim, but this being at length obviously hopeless, he spoke as follows: "The book relates chiefly to yourself; it points to you as *to the last of our race.* You turn pale. Surely, Rudolph, it would have been better that you had resolved to trouble yourself no further about it?"

"No," said Rudolph, recovering his self-possession. "No, for it still remains a question whether this prophecy be true."

"It does so; it does, no doubt."

"And is this all that the book says in regard to me?"

"No, it is *not* all; there is something more. But possibly you will only laugh when you hear it; for at this day nobody believes in such strange stories. However, be *that* as it may, the book goes on to say plainly and positively, that the Evil One (Heaven protect us!) will make you an offer tending greatly to your worldly advantage."

Rudolph laughed outright, and replied, that, judging by the grave exterior of the book, he had looked to hear of more serious contents.

"Well, well, my son," said the old man, "I know not that I myself am disposed to place much confidence in these tales of contracts with the devil. But, true or not, we ought not to laugh at them. Enough for me that under any circumstances I am satisfied you have so much natural piety, that you would reject all worldly good fortune that could meet you upon unhallowed paths."

Here Elias would have broken off, but Rudolph said, "One thing more I wish to know: What is to be the nature of the good fortune offered to me? And did the book say whether I should accept it or not?"

"Upon the nature of the good fortune the writer has not explained himself; all that he says, is, that by a discreet use of it, it is in your power to become a very great man. Whether you will accept it—but God preserve thee, my child, from any thought so criminal—upon this question there is a profound silence. Nay, it seems even as if this trader in black arts had at that very point been overtaken by death, for he had broken off in the very middle of a word. The Lord have mercy upon his soul!'

Little as Rudolph's faith was in the possibility of such a proposal, yet he was uneasy at his father's communication and visibly disturbed, so that the latter said to him, "Had it not been better, Rudolph, that you had left the mystery to be buried with me in the grave?'

Rudolph said "No:" but his restless eye and his agitated air too evidently approved the accuracy of his father's solicitude.

The deep impression upon Rudolph's mind from this conversation—the last he was ever to hold with his father—was rendered still deeper by the solemn event which followed. About the middle of that same night he was awakened suddenly by a summons to his father's bedside; his father was dying, and earnestly asking for him.

"My son!" he exclaimed with an expression of the bitterest anguish; stretched out both his arms in supplication towards him, and in the anguish of the effort he expired.

The levity of youthful spirits soon dispersed the gloom

which at first hung over Rudolph's mind. Surrounded by jovial companions at the university which he now visited, he found no room left in his bosom for sorrow or care: and his heaviest affliction was the refusal of his guardian at times to comply with his too frequent importunities for money.

After a residence of one year at the university, some youthful irregularities in which Rudolph was concerned subjected him, jointly with three others, to expulsion. Just at that time the Seven Years' War happened to break out, two of the party, named Theiler and Weil, entered the military service together with Rudolph, the last very much against the will of a young woman to whom he was engaged. Charlotte herself, however, became reconciled to this arrangement, when she saw that her objections availed nothing against Rudolph's resolution, and heard her lover describe in the most flattering colours his own return to her arms in the uniform of an officer, for that his distinguished courage must carry him in the very first campaign to the rank of lieutenant, was as evident to his own mind as that he could not possibly fall on the field of battle

The three friends were fortunate enough to be placed in the same company. But, in the first battle, Werl and Theiler were stretched lifeless by Rudolph's side; Werl by a musket ball through his heart, and Theiler by a cannon shot which took off his head.

Soon after this event, Rudolph himself returned home, but how? Not, as he had fondly anticipated, in the brilliant decorations of a distinguished officer, but as a prisoner in close custody: in a transport of youthful anger he had been guilty, in company with two others, of insubordination and mutiny.

The court-martial sentenced them to death. The judges,

however, were so favourably impressed by their good conduct whilst under confinement, that they would certainly have recommended them unconditionally to the royal mercy, if it had not been deemed necessary to make an example However, the sentence was so far mitigated, that only one of the three was to be shot And which was he? That point was reserved in suspense until the day of execution, when it was to be decided by the cast of the dice.

As the fatal day drew near, a tempest of passionate grief assailed the three prisoners One of them was agitated by the tears of his father, the second by the sad situation of a sickly wife and two children The third, Rudolph, in case the lot fell upon him, would be summoned to part not only with his life, but also with a young and blooming bride, that lay nearer to his heart than anything else in the world "Ah!" said he on the evening before the day of final decision, "Ah! if but this once I could secure a lucky throw of the dice!" And scarce was the wish uttered, when his comrade Werl, whom he had seen fall by his side in the field of battle, stepped into his cell

"So, brother Schroll, I suppose you didn't much expect to see me?"

"No, indeed, did I not," exclaimed Rudolph in consternation, for, in fact, on the next day after the battle he had seen with his own eyes this very Werl committed to the grave

"Ay, ay, it's strange enough, I allow, but there are not many such surgeons as he is that belongs to our regiment, he had me dug up, and brought me round again, I'll assure you One would think the man was a conjuror Indeed, there are many things he can do which I defy any man to explain, and, to say the truth, I'm convinced he can execute impossibilities."

"Well, so let him, for aught that I care; all his art will scarcely do me any good."

"Who knows, brother? who knows? The man is in this town at this very time; and for old friendship's sake I've just spoken to him about you; and he has promised me a lucky throw of the dice, that shall deliver you from all danger."

"Ah!" said the dejected Rudolph, "but even this would be of little service to me."

"Why, how so?" asked the other.

"How so? Why, because—even if there were such dice (a matter I very much dispute)—yet I could never allow myself to turn aside, by black arts, any bad luck designed for myself upon the heads of either of my comrades."

"Now this, I suppose, is what you call being noble? But excuse me, if I think that in such cases one's first duty is to one's-self."

"Ay, but just consider, one of my comrades has an old father to maintain, the other a sick wife with two children."

"Schroll, Schroll, if your young bride were to hear you, I fancy she wouldn't think herself much flattered. Does poor Charlotte deserve that you should not bestow a thought on her and her fate? A dear young creature, that places her whole happiness in you, has nearer claims (I think) upon your consideration than an old dotard with one foot in the grave, or a wife and two children that are nothing at all to you Ah! what a deal of good might you do in the course of a long life with your Charlotte! So then, you really are determined to reject the course which I point out to you? Take care, Schroll! If you disdain my offer, and the lot should chance to fall upon you,—take care lest the thought of a young bride whom you have betrayed, take

care, I say, lest this thought should add to the bitterness of death when you come to kneel down on the sand-hill. However, I've given you advice sufficient, and have discharged my conscience. Look to it yourself and farewell!"

"Stay, brother, a word or two," said Rudolph, who was powerfully impressed by the last speech, and the picture of domestic happiness held up before him, which he had often dallied with in thought, both when alone and in company with Charlotte. "Stay a moment. Undoubtedly, I do not deny that I wish for life, if I could receive it a gift from heaven, and *that* is not impossible. Only I would not willingly have the guilt upon my conscience of being the cause of misery to another. However, if the man you speak of can tell, I should be glad that you would ask him upon which of us three the lot of death will fall. Or—stay, don't ask him," said Rudolph, sighing deeply.

"I have already asked him," was the answer.

"Ah! have you so? *And it is after his reply that you come to me with this counsel?*"

The foretaste of death overspread the blooming face of Rudolph with a livid paleness; thick drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead, and the other exclaimed with a sneer—"I'm going, you take too much time for consideration. May be you will see and recognise me at the place of execution, and, if so, I shall have the dice with me, and it will not be too late even then to give me a sign; but, take notice, I can't promise to attend."

Rudolph raised his forehead from the palm of his hand, in which he had buried it during the last moments of his perturbation, and would have spoken something in reply; but his counsellor was already gone. He felt glad, and yet at the same time sorry. The more he considered the man and his appearance, so much the less seemed his resem-

blance to his friend whom he had left buried on the field of battle. This friend had been the very soul of affectionate cordiality—a temper that was altogether wanting to his present counsellor. No! the scornful and insulting tone with which he treated the unhappy prisoner, and the unkind manner with which he had left him, convinced Schroll that he and Weil must be two different persons. Just at this moment a thought struck him, like a blast of lightning, of the black book that had perished in the fire and its ominous contents. A lucky cast of the dice! Ay, *that* then was the shape in which the tempter had presented himself, and heartily glad he felt that he had not availed himself of his suggestions

But this temper of mind was speedily changed by his young bride, who hurried in soon after, sobbing, and flung her arms about his neck. He told her of the proposal which had been made to him, and she was shocked that he had not immediately accepted it

With a bleeding heart, Rudolph objected that so charming and lovely a creature could not miss of a happy fate, even if he should be forced to quit her. But she protested vehemently that he or nobody should enjoy her love.

The clergyman, who visited the prisoner immediately after her departure, restored some composure to his mind, which had been altogether banished by the presence of his bride "Blessed are they who die in the Lord!" said the grey-haired divine, and with so much earnestness and devotion, that this single speech had the happiest effect upon the prisoner's mind

On the morning after this night of agitation, the morning of the fatal day, the three criminals saw each other for the first time since their arrest Community of fate, and long separation from each other, contributed to draw still

closer the bond of friendship that had been first knit on the field of battle Each of the three testified a lively abhorrence for the wretched necessity of throwing death to some one of his comrades, by any cast of the dice which should bring life to himself. Dear as their several friends were to all, yet at this moment the brotherly league, which had been tried and proved in the furnace of battle, was triumphant over all opposing considerations. Each would have preferred death himself, rather than escape it at the expense of his comrade.

The worthy clergyman, who possessed their entire confidence, found them loudly giving utterance to this heroic determination Shaking his head, he pointed their attention to those who had claims upon them whilst living, and for whom it was their duty to wish to live as long as possible "Place your trust in God!" said he "resign yourselves to him! He it is that will bring about the decision through your hands, and think not of ascribing that power to yourselves, or to his lifeless instruments—the dice He, without whose permission no sparrow falls to the ground, and who has numbered every hair upon your head —He it is that knows best what is good for you, and He only"

The prisoners assented by squeezing his hand, embraced each other, and received the sacrament in the best disposition of mind After this ceremony they breakfasted together, in as resigned, nay, almost in as joyous a mood as if the gloomy and bloody morning which lay before them were ushering in some gladsome festival.

When, however, the procession was marshalled from the outer gate, and their beloved friends were admitted to utter their last farewells, then again the sternness of their courage sank beneath the burden of their melancholy fate. "Ru-

dolph!" whispered amongst the rest his despairing bride, "Rudolph! why did you reject the help that was offered to you?" He adjured her not to add to the bitterness of parting; and she in turn adjured him, a little before the word of command was given to march—which robbed her of all consciousness—to make a sign to the stranger who had volunteered his offer of deliverance, provided he should anywhere observe him in the crowd.

The streets and the windows were lined with spectators. Vainly did each of the criminals seek, by accompanying the clergyman in his prayers, to shelter himself from the thought, that all return, perhaps, was cut off from him. The large house of his bride's father reminded Schroll of a happiness that was now lost to him for ever, if any faith were to be put in the words of his yesterday's monitor, and a very remarkable faintness came over him. The clergyman, who was acquainted with the circumstances of his case, and, therefore, guessed the occasion of his sudden agitation, laid hold of his arm, and said, with a powerful voice, that he who trusted in God would assuredly see all his *righteous* hopes accomplished—in this world, if it were God's pleasure; but, if not, in a better.

These were words of comfort: but their effect lasted only for a few moments. Outside the city gate his eyes were met by the sand-hill already thrown up, a spectacle which renewed his earthly hopes and fears He threw a hurried glance about him: but nowhere could he see his last night's visitor

Every moment the decision came nearer and nearer. It has begun. One of the three has already shaken the box the die is cast, he has thrown a six This throw was now registered amidst the solemn silence of the crowd. The by-standers regarded him with silent congratulations in

their eyes, for this man and Rudolph were the two special objects of the general compassion: this man, as the husband and father, Rudolph, as the youngest and handsomest, and because some report had gone abroad of his superior education and attainments.

Rudolph was youngest in a double sense; youngest in years, and youngest in the service: for both reasons he was to throw last. It may be supposed, therefore, how much all present trembled for the poor delinquent, when the second of his comrades likewise flung a six.

Prostrated in spirit, Rudolph stared at the unpropitious die. Then a second time he threw a horrid glance around him, and that so full of despair, that from horrid sympathy a violent shuddering ran through the bystanders. "Here is no deliverer," thought Rudolph; "none to see me, or to hear me! And if there were, it is now *too late*; for no change of the die is any longer possible." So saying, he seized the fatal die, convulsively his hand clutches it, and before the throw is made he feels that the die is broken in two.

During the universal thrill of astonishment which succeeded to this strange accident, he looked round again. A sudden shock and a sudden joy fled through his countenance. Not far from him, in the dress of a pedlar, stands Theiler without a wound, the comrade whose head had been carried off on the field of battle by a cannon-ball. Rudolph made an under-sign to him with his eye, for clear as it now was to his mind with whom he was dealing, yet the dreadful trial of the moment overpowered his better resolutions.

The military commission were in some confusion. No provision having been thought of against so strange an accident, there was no second die at hand. They were just

on the point of despatching a messenger to fetch one, when the pedlar presented himself with the offer of supplying the loss. The new die is examined by the auditor, and delivered to the unfortunate Rudolph. He throws; the die is lying on the drum, and again it is a six! The amazement is universal, nothing is decided, the throws must be repeated. They *are;* and Weber, the husband of the sick wife, the father of the two half-naked children, flings the lowest throw

Immediately the officer's voice was heard wheeling his men into their position On the part of Weber there was as little delay. The overwhelming injury to his wife and children, inflicted by his own act, was too mighty to contemplate He shook hands rapidly with his two comrades; stept nimbly into his place, kneeled down The word of command was heard, "Lower your muskets," instantly he dropt the fatal handkerchief with the gesture of one who prays for some incalculable blessing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, sixteen bullets had lightened the heart of the poor mutineer from its whole immeasurable freight of anguish.

All the congratulations with which they were welcomed on their return into the city, fell powerless on Rudolph's ear Scarcely could even Charlotte's caresses affect with any pleasure the man who believed himself to have sacrificed his comrade through collusion with a fiend.

The importunities of Charlotte prevailed over all objections which the pride of her aged father suggested against a son-in-law who had been capitally convicted The marriage was solemnized, but at the wedding-festival, amidst the uproar of merriment, the parties chiefly concerned were not happy or tranquil. In no long time the father-in-law died, and by his death placed the young couple in a state

of complete independence, but Charlotte's fortune, and the remainder of what Rudolph had inherited from his father, were speedily swallowed up by an idle and luxurious mode of living. Rudolph now began to ill-use his wife. To escape from his own conscience, he plunged into all sorts of dissolute courses, and very remarkable it was, that from manifesting the most violent abhorrence for everything which could lead his thoughts to his own fortunate cast of the die, he gradually came to entertain so uncontrollable a passion for playing at dice, that he spent all his time in the company of those with whom he could turn this passion to account. His house had long since passed out of his own hands, not a soul could be found anywhere to lend him a shilling The sickly widow of Weber, and her two children, whom he had hitherto supported, lost their home and means of livelihood, and in no long space of time the same fate fell upon himself, his wife, and his child

Too little used to labour to have any hope of improving his condition in that way, one day he bethought himself that the Medical Institute was in the habit of purchasing from poor people, during their lifetime, the reversion of their bodies. To this establishment he addressed himself, and the ravages in his personal appearance and health, caused by his dissolute life, induced them the more readily to lend an ear to his proposal.

But the money thus obtained, which had been designed for the support of his wife and half-famished children, was squandered at the gaming-table As the last dollar vanished, Schroll bit one of the dice furiously between his teeth. Just then he heard these words whispered at his ear,—"Gently brother, gently, all dice do not split in two like that on the sand-hill." He looked round in agitation, but saw no trace of any one who could have uttered the words.

With dreadful imprecations on himself and those with whom he had played, he flung out of the gaming-house homewards on his road to the wretched garret, where his wife and children were awaiting his return and his succour; but here the poor creatures, tormented by hunger and cold, pressed upon him so importunately, that he had no way to deliver himself from misery but by flying from the spectacle. But whither could he go thus late at night, when his utter poverty was known in every alehouse? Roaming he knew not whither, he found himself at length in the churchyard. The moon was shining solemnly upon the quiet grave-stones, though obscured at intervals by piles of stormy clouds. Rudolph shuddered at nothing but at himself and his own existence. He strode with bursts of laughter over the dwellings of the departed, and entered a vault which gave him shelter from the icy blasts of wind which now began to bluster more loudly than before. The moon threw her rays into the vault full upon the golden legend inscribed in the wall,—"*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!*" Schroll took up a spade that was sticking in the ground, and struck with it furiously against the gilt letters on the wall, but they seemed indestructible; and he was going to assault them with a mattock, when suddenly a hand touched him on the shoulder, and said to him, "Gently, comrade; thy pains are all thrown away." Schroll uttered a loud exclamation of terror, for in these words he heard the voice of Weber, and, on turning round, recognised his whole person.

"What wouldst thou have?" asked Rudolph. "What art thou come for?"

"To comfort thee," replied the figure, which now suddenly assumed the form and voice of the pedlar to whom Schroll was indebted for the fortunate die. "Thou hast

forgotten me; and thence it is that thou art fallen into misfortune Look up and acknowledge thy friend in need that comes only to make thee happy again"

"If *that* be thy purpose, wherefore is it that thou wearest a shape, before which, of all others that have been on earth, I have most reason to shudder?"

"The reason is, because I must not allow to any man my help or my converse *on too easy terms. Before ever my* die was allowed to turn thy fate, I was compelled to give thee certain intimations from which thou knewest with whom it was that thou wert dealing"

"With whom, then, was it that I was dealing?" cried Schroll, staring with his eyes wide open, and his hair standing erect

"Thou knewest, comrade, at that time, thou knowest at this moment," said the pedlar laughing, and tapping him on the shoulder. "But what is it that thou desirest?'

Schroll struggled internally, but, overcome by his desolate condition, he said immediately, "Dice. I would have dice that shall win whenever I wish."

"Very well, but first of all stand out of the blaze of this golden writing on the wall; it is a writing that has nothing to do with thee. Here are dice; never allow them to go out of thy own possession, for *that* might bring thee into great trouble When thou needest me, light a fire at the last stroke of the midnight hour, throw in my dice and with loud laughter. They will crack once or twice, and then split At that moment catch at them in the flames, but let not the moment slip, or thou art lost. And let not thy courage be daunted by the sights that I cannot but send before me whensoever I appear. Lastly, avoid choosing any holy day for this work; and beware of the priest's benediction. Here, take the dice"

Schroll caught at the dice with one hand, whilst with the other he covered his eyes When he next looked up, he was standing alone.

He now quitted the burying-ground to return as hastily as possible to the gaming-house, where the light of candles was still visible. But it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained money enough from a "friend" to enable him to make the lowest stake which the rules allowed He found it a much easier task to persuade the company to use the dice which he had brought with him. They saw in this nothing but a very common superstition, and no possibility of any imposture, as they and he should naturally have benefited alike by the good luck supposed to accompany the dice But the nature of the charm was, that only the possessor of the dice enjoyed their supernatural powers; and hence it was, that towards morning, Schroll reeled home intoxicated with wine and pleasure, and laden with the money of all present, to the garret where his family were lying, half frozen and famished.

Their outward condition was immediately improved The money which Schroll had won was sufficient not only for their immediate and most pressing wants. it was enough also to pay for a front apartment, and to leave a sum sufficient for a very considerable stake

With this sum, and in better attire, Rudolph repaired to a gaming-house of more fashionable resort, and came home in the evening laden with gold.

He now opened a gaming establishment himself, and so much did his family improve in external appearances within a very few weeks, that the police began to keep a watchful eye over him.

This induced him to quit the city, and to change his residence continually. All the different baths of Germany

e resorted to beyond other towns . but, though his dice erseveringly maintained their luck, he yet never accumulated any money Everything was squandered upon the issipated life which he and his family pursued

At length, at the Baths of ——, the matter began to ake an unfortunate turn A violent passion for a beautiful oung lady whom Rudolph had attached himself to in vain t balls, concerts, and even at church, suddenly bereft him of all sense and discretion. One night when Schroll (who now styled himself Captain von Schrollshausen) was anticipating a master-stroke from his dice, probably for the purpose of winning the lady by the display of overflowing wealth and splendour, suddenly they lost their virtue, and failed him without warning Hitherto they had lost only when he willed them to lose : but, on this occasion, they failed at so critical a moment, as to lose him not only all his own money, but a good deal beside that he had borrowed

Foaming with rage, he came home He asked furiously after his wife · she was from home. He examined the dice attentively, and it appeared to him that they were not his own. A powerful suspicion seized upon him Madame von Schrollshausen had her own gaming circle as well as himself Without betraying its origin, he had occasionally given her a few specimens of the privilege attached to his dice and she had pressed him earnestly to allow her the use of them for a single evening It was true he never parted with them even on going to bed · but it was possible that they might have been changed whilst he was sleeping The more he brooded upon this suspicion, the more it strengthened from being barely possible, it became probable from a probability it ripened into a certainty, and this certainty received the fullest confirmation at this moment when she returned home in the gayest temper, and

announced to him that she had been this night overwhelmed with good luck; in proof of which, she poured out upon the table a considerable sum in gold coin. "And now," she added laughingly, "I care no longer for your dice; nay, to tell you the truth, I would not exchange my own for them."

Rudolph, now confirmed in his suspicions, demanded the dice, as his property that had been purloined from him. She laughed and refused. He insisted with more vehemence; she retorted with warmth; both parties were irritated: and, at length, in the extremity of his wrath, Rudolph snatched up a knife and stabbed her; the knife pierced her heart; she uttered a single sob, was convulsed for a moment, and expired. "Cursed accident!" he exclaimed, when it clearly appeared, on examination, that the dice which she had in her purse were not those which he suspected himself to have lost.

No eye but Rudolph's had witnessed the murder: the child had slept on undisturbed: but circumstances betrayed it to the knowledge of the landlord; and, in the morning, he was preparing to make it public. By great offers, however, Rudolph succeeded in purchasing the man's silence: he engaged in substance to make over to the landlord a large sum of money, and to marry his daughter, with whom he had long pursued a clandestine intrigue. Agreeably to this arrangement, it was publicly notified that Madame von Schrollshausen had destroyed herself under a sudden attack of hypochondriasis, to which she had been long subject. Some there were undoubtedly who chose to be sceptics on this matter: but nobody had an interest sufficiently deep in the murdered person to prompt him to a legal inquiry.

A fact, which at this time gave Rudolph far more dis-

turbance of mind than the murder of his once beloved wife, was the full confirmation, upon repeated experience, that his dice had forfeited their power. For he had now been a loser for two days running to so great an extent, that he was obliged to abscond on a misty night. His child, towards whom his affection increased daily, he was under the necessity of leaving with his host, as a pledge for his return and fulfilment of his promises. He would not have absconded, if it had been in his power to summon his dark counsellor forthwith, but on account of the great festival of Pentecost, which fell on the very next day, this summons was necessarily delayed for a short time. By staying, he would have reduced himself to the necessity of inventing various pretexts for delay, in order to keep up his character with his creditors, whereas, when he returned with a sum of money sufficient to meet his debts, all suspicions would be silenced at once

In the metropolis of an adjacent territory, to which he resorted so often that he kept lodgings there constantly, he passed Whitsunday with impatience, and resolved on the succeeding night to summon and converse with his counsellor. Impatient, however, as he was of any delay, he did not on that account feel the less anxiety as the hour of midnight approached. Though he was quite alone in his apartments, and had left his servant behind at the baths, yet long before midnight he fancied that he heard footsteps and whisperings round about him. The purpose he was meditating, that he had regarded till now as a matter of indifference, now displayed itself in its whole monstrous shape Moreover, he remembered that his wicked counsellor had himself thought it necessary to exhort him to courage, which at present he felt greatly shaken However, he had no choice. As he was enjoined, therefore, with the

last stroke of twelve, he set on fire the wood which lay ready split upon the hearth, and threw the dice into the flames, with a loud laughter that echoed frightfully from the empty hall and staircases Confused and half stifled by the smoke which accompanied the roaring flames, he stood still for a few minutes, when suddenly all the surrounding objects seemed changed, and he found himself transported to his father's house. His father was lying on his deathbed just as he had actually beheld him. He had upon his lips the very same expression of supplication and anguish with which he had at that time striven to address him. Once again he stretched out his arms in love and pity to his son, and once again he seemed to expire in the act

Schroll was agitated by the picture, which called up and re-animated in his memory, with the power of a mighty tormentor, all his honourable plans and prospects from that innocent period of his life At this moment the dice cracked for the first time, and Schroll turned his face towards the flames. A second time the smoke stifled the light in order to reveal a second picture He saw himself on the day before the scene of the sand-hill, sitting in his dungeon The clergyman was with him From the expression of his countenance, he appeared to be just saying—"Blessed are the dead that die in Lord" Rudolph thought of the disposition in which he then was, of the hopes which the clergyman had raised in him, and of the feeling which he then had, that he was still worthy to be reunited to his father, or had become worthy by bitter penitence. The next fracture of the die disturbed the scene —but to substitute one that was not at all more consolatory. For now appeared a den of thieves, in which the unhappy widow of Weber was cursing her children, who—

left without support, without counsel, without protection—had taken to evil courses In the background stood the bleeding father of these ruined children, one hand stretched out towards Schroll with a menacing gesture, and the other lifted towards heaven with a record of impeachment against him.

At the third splitting of the dice, out of the bosom of the smoke arose the figure of his murdered wife, who seemed to chase him from one corner of the room to another, until at length she came and took a seat at the fireplace; by the side of which, as Rudolph now observed with horror, his buried father and the unhappy Weber had stretched themselves, and they carried on together a low and noiseless whispering and moaning that agitated him with a mysterious horror.

After long and hideous visions, Rudolph beheld the flames grow weaker and weaker He approached. The figures that stood round about held up their hands in a threatening attitude A moment later, and the time was gone for ever, and Rudolph, as his false friend had asserted, was a lost man With the courage of despair he plunged through the midst of the threatening figures, and snatched at the glowing dice—which were no sooner touched than they split asunder with a dreadful sound, before which the apparitions vanished in a body.

The evil counsellor appeared on this occasion in the dress of a grave-digger, and asked, with a snorting sound, —"What wouldst thou from me?"

"I would remind you of your promise," answered Schroll, stepping back with awe, "your dice have lost their power."

"Through whose fault?"

Rudolph was silent, and covered his eyes from the

withering glances of the fiendish being who was gazing upon him

"Thy foolish desires led thee in chase of the beautiful maiden into the church; my words were forgotten; and the benediction, against which I warned thee, disarmed the dice of their power In future observe my directions better"

So saying he vanished; and Schroll found three new dice upon the hearth.

After such scenes sleep was not to be thought of; and Rudolph resolved, if possible, to make trial of his dice this very night. The ball at the hotel over the way, to which he had been invited, and from which the steps of the waltzers were still audible, appeared to present a fair opportunity Thither he repaired; but not without some anxiety, lest some of the noises in his own lodgings should have reached the houses over the way. He was happy to find this fear unfounded. Every thing appeared as if calculated only for *his* senses, for when he inquired, with assumed carelessness, what great explosion *that* was which occurred about midnight, nobody acknowledged to having heard it

The dice also, he was happy to find, answered his expectations. He found a company engaged at play, and, by the break of day, he had met with so much luck, that he was immediately able to travel back to the baths, and to redeem his child and his word of honour

In the baths he now made as many new acquaintances as the losses were important which he had lately sustained He was reputed one of the wealthiest cavaliers in the place, and many who had designs upon him in consequence of this reputed wealth, willingly lost money to him to favour their own schemes, so that in a single month he gained sums

was not occupied in the eating-room was spent at the gaming-table, and dedicated to the dice, of whose extraordinary powers the owner was at this time availing himself with more zeal than usual, having just invested all his disposable money in the purchase of a landed estate. One of the guests having lost very considerable sums in an uninterrupted train of ill luck, threw the dice, in his vexation, with such force upon the table, that one of them fell down. The attendants searched for it on the floor, and the child also crept about in quest of it. Not finding it, he rose, and in rising stept upon it, lost his balance, and fell with such violence against the edge of the stove, that he died in a few hours of the injury inflicted on the head.

This accident made the most powerful impression upon the father. He recapitulated the whole of his life from the first trial he had made of the dice; from them had arisen all his misfortunes; in what way could he liberate himself from their accursed influence? Revolving this point, and in the deepest distress of mind, Schroll wandered out towards nightfall and strolled through the town. Coming to a solitary bridge in the outskirts, he looked down from the battlements upon the gloomy depths of the waters below, which seemed to regard him with looks of sympathy and strong fascination. "So be it, then!" he exclaimed, and sprang over the railing; but instead of finding his grave in the waters, he felt himself below seized powerfully by the grasp of a man, whom, from his scornful laugh, he recognised as his evil counsellor. The man bore him to the shore, and said, "No, no! my good friend; he that once enters into a league with me, him I shall deliver from death even in his own despite."

Half crazy with despair, the next morning Schroll crept out of the town with a loaded pistol. Spring was abroad;

spring flowers, spring breezes, and nightingales.* They were all abroad, but not for *him* or *his* delight. A crowd of itinerant tradesmen passed him, who were on the road to a neighbouring fair. One of them observing his dejected countenance with pity, attached himself to his side, and asked in a tone of sympathy what was the matter. Two others of the passers-by Schroll heard distinctly saying, "Faith, I should not like, for my part, to walk alone with such an ill-looking fellow." He darted a furious glance at the men, separated from his pitying companion with a fervent pressure of his hand, and struck off into a solitary track of the forest. In the first retired spot he fired the pistol, and behold the man who had spoken to him with so much kindness lies stretched in his blood, and he himself is without a wound. At this moment, while staring half-unconsciously at the face of the murdered man, he feels himself seized from behind. Already he seems to himself in the hands of the public executioner. Turning round, however, he hardly knows whether to feel pleasure or pain on seeing his evil suggester in the dress of a grave-digger. "My friend," said the grave-digger, "if you cannot be content to wait for death until I send it, I must be forced to end with dragging you to *that* from which I began by saving you—a public execution. But think not thus, or by any other way, to escape me. After death, thou wilt assuredly be mine again."

"Who, then," said the unhappy man, "who is the murderer of the poor traveller?"

"Who? why, who but yourself? Was it not yourself that fired the pistol?"

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* It may be necessary to inform some readers, who have never lived far enough to the south, to have any personal knowledge of the nightingale, that this bird sings in the daytime as well as the night.

"Ay, but at my own head."

The fiend laughed in a way that made Schroll's flesh creep on his bones. "Understand this, friend, that he whose fate I hold in my hands cannot anticipate it by his own act. For the present, begone, if you would escape the scaffold. To oblige you once more, I shall throw a veil over this murder."

Thereupon the grave digger set about making a grave for the corpse, whilst Schroll wandered away—more for the sake of escaping the hideous presence in which he stood, than with any view to his own security from punishment.

Seeing by accident a prisoner under arrest at the guard house, Schroll's thoughts reverted to his own confinement. "How happy," said he, "for me and for Charlotte, had I then refused to purchase life on such terms, and had better laid to heart the counsel of my good spiritual adviser!" Upon this a sudden thought struck him, that he would go and find out the old clergyman, and would unfold to him his wretched history and situation. He told his wife that some private affairs required his attendance for a few days at the town of ——. But, say what he would, he could not prevail on her to desist from accompanying him

On the journey his chief anxiety was lest the clergyman, who was already advanced in years at the memorable scene of the sand-hill, might now be dead. But at the very entrance of the town he saw him walking in the street, and immediately felt himself more composed in mind than he had done for years. The venerable appearance of the old man confirmed him still more in his resolution of making a full disclosure to him of his whole past life: one only transaction, the murder of his first wife, he thought himself justified in concealing; since, with all his penitence for it, that act was now beyond the possibility of reparation.

For a long time the pious clergyman refused all belief to Schroll's narrative; but being at length convinced that he had a wounded spirit to deal with, and not a disordered intellect, he exerted himself to present all those views of religious consolation which his philanthropic character and his long experience suggested to him as likely to be effectual. Eight days' conversation with the clergyman restored Schroll to the hopes of a less miserable future. But the good man admonished him at parting to put away from himself whatsoever could in any way tend to support his unhallowed connexion.

In this direction Schroll was aware that the dice were included; and he resolved firmly that his first measure on returning home should be to bury in an inaccessible place these accursed implements that could not but bring mischief to every possessor. On entering the inn, he was met by his wife, who was in the highest spirits, and laughing profusely. He inquired the cause. "No," said she; "you refused to communicate your motive for coming hither, and the nature of your business for the last week. I, too, shall have my mysteries. As to your leaving me in solitude at an inn, *that* is a sort of courtesy which marriage naturally brings with it; but that you should have travelled hither for no other purpose than that of trifling away your time in the company of an old tedious parson, *that* (you will allow me to say) is a caprice which seems scarcely worth the money it will cost."

"Who, then, has told you that I have passed my time with an old parson?" said the astonished Schroll.

"Who told me? Why, just let me know what your business was with the parson, and I'll let you know in turn who it was that told me. So much I will assure you, how-

met at the inn, she now, for the first time, proposed a separation herself. "Very well," said her husband, "I am content." "So am I," said his father-in-law, who joined them at that moment. "But take notice that first of all I must have paid over to me an adequate sum of money for the creditable support of my daughter: else—"

Here he took Schroll aside, and the old threat of revealing the murder so utterly disheartened him, that at length in despair he consented to his terms.

Once more, therefore, the dice were to be tried; but only for the purpose of accomplishing the separation: *that* over, Schroll resolved to seek a livelihood in any other way, even if it were as a day-labourer. The stipulated sum was at length all collected within a few hundred dollars, and Schroll was already looking out for some old disused well into which he might throw the dice, and then have it filled up; for even a river seemed to him a hiding-place not sufficiently secure for such instruments of misery.

Remarkable it was on the very night when the last arrears were to be obtained of his father-in-law's demand—a night which Schroll had anticipated with so much bitter anxiety—that he became unusually gloomy and dejected. He was particularly disturbed by the countenance of a stranger, who for several days running had lost considerable sums. The man called himself Stutz, but he had a most striking resemblance to his old comrade Weber, who had been shot at the sand-hill, and differed indeed in nothing but in the advantage of blooming youth. Scarce had he leisure to recover from the shock which this spectacle occasioned, when a second occurred. About midnight another man, whom nobody knew, came up to the gaming-table, and interrupted the play by recounting an event which he represented as having just happened. A certain man, he

said, had made a covenant with some person or other that they call the Evil One—or what is it you call him? and by means of this covenant he had obtained a steady run of good luck at play "Well, sir," he went on, "and would you believe it, the other day he began to repent of this covenant, my gentleman wanted to rat, he wanted to rat, sir. Only, first of all, he resolved privately to make up a certain sum of money. Ah, the poor idiot! he little knew whom he had to deal with. the Evil One, as they choose to call him, was not a man to let himself be swindled in that manner No, no, my good friend. I saw—I mean, the Evil One saw—what was going on betimes, and he secured the swindler just as he fancied himself on the point of pocketing the last arrears of the sum wanted."

The company began to laugh so loudly at this pleasant fiction, as they conceived it, that Madame von Schroll-shausen was attracted from the adjoining room The story was repeated to her, and she was the more delighted with it, because in the relater she recognised the gay cavalier whom she had met at the inn. Everybody laughed again, excepting two persons—Stutz and Schroll The first had again lost all the money in his purse, and the second was so confounded by the story, that he could not forbear staring with fixed eyes on the stranger, who stood over against him His consternation increased when he perceived that the stranger's countenance seemed to alter at every moment, and that nothing remained unchanged in it, except the cold expression of inhuman scorn with which he perseveringly regarded himself.

At length he could endure this no longer and he remarked, therefore, upon Stutz again losing a bet, that it was now late, that Mr. Stutz was too much in a run of bad luck, and that on these accounts he would defer the

further pursuit of their play until another day. And thereupon he put the dice into his pocket

"Stop!" said the strange cavalier, and the voice froze Schroll with horror, for he knew too well to whom that dreadful tone and those fiery eyes belonged

"Stop!" he said again, "produce your dice!" And tremblingly Schroll threw them upon the table

"Ah! I thought as much," said the stranger, "they are loaded dice!" So saying, he called for a hammer, and struck one of them in two "See!" said he to Stutz, holding out to him the broken dice, which in fact seemed loaded with lead "Stop, vile impostor!" exclaimed the young man, as Schroll was preparing to quit the room in the greatest confusion, and he threw the dice at him, one of which lodged in his right eye The tumult increased; the police came in; and Stutz was apprehended, as Schroll's wound assumed a very dangerous appearance

Next day Schroll was in a violent fever. He asked repeatedly for Stutz. But Stutz had been committed to close confinement, it having been found that he had travelled with false passes He now confessed that he was one of the sons of the mutineer Weber; that his sickly mother had died soon after his father's execution, and that himself and his brother, left without the control of guardians, and without support, had taken to bad courses

On hearing this report, Schroll rapidly worsened, and he unfolded to a young clergyman his whole unfortunate history About midnight, he sent again in great haste for the clergyman He came. But at sight of him Schroll stretched out his hands in extremity of horror, and waved him away from his presence, but before his signals were complied with, the wretched man had expired in convulsions

From his horror at the sight of the young clergyman,

and from the astonishment of the clergyman himself, on arriving and hearing that he had already been seen in the sick-room, it was inferred that his figure had been assumed for fiendish purposes. The dice and the *strange* cavalier disappeared at the same time with their wretched victim, and were seen no more.

END OF TENTH VOLUME

NEILL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH